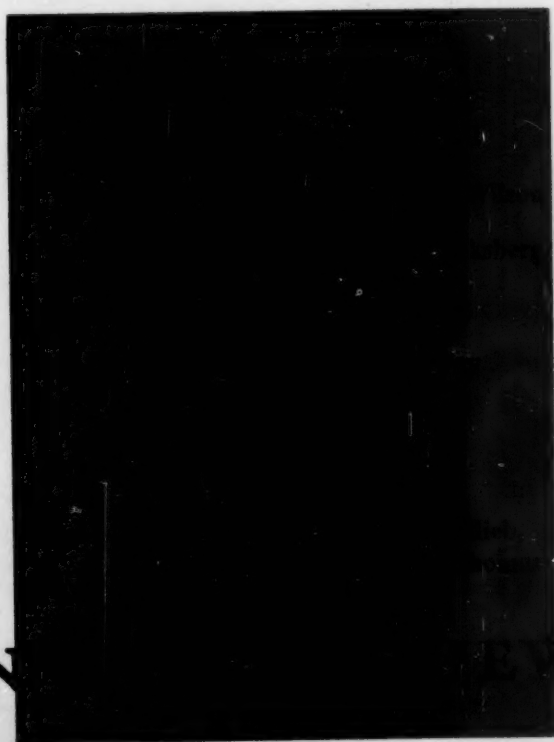


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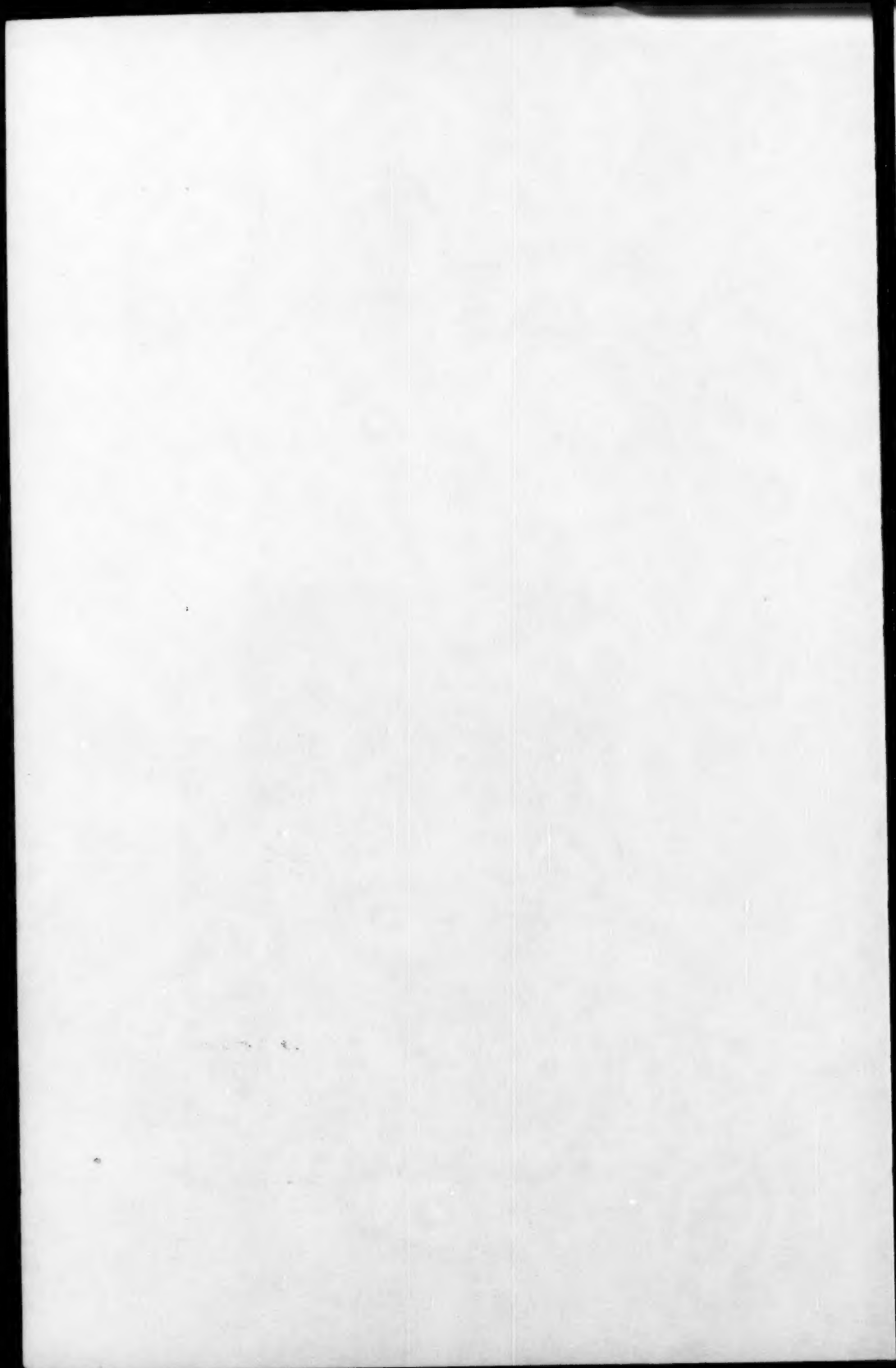
# QUEEN'S *Quarterly*



A CANADIAN JOURNAL OF LITERATURE AND ART

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# QUEEN'S *Quarterly*

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## TO OUR READERS:

With the publication of this issue my duties as editor of the *Quarterly* will be passed on to Glen Shortliffe, Professor of French at Queen's. Dr. Shortliffe, a gold medalist from the University of Alberta, studied at the Sorbonne and later at Cornell University where in 1939 he received his doctorate. He joined the Department of French at Queen's in the same year. As a staunch advocate of a truly bilingual Canada Dr. Shortliffe was recently appointed Director of the Queen's Summer School of English which each year attracts many French-speaking Canadians. He has a wide-ranging, perceptive interest in world and domestic affairs, having written and broadcast frequently on such topics. For the past year, as member of the Editorial Board, he has maintained an informed interest in the welfare of this journal. As the editorial torch passes on to him, it is gratifying to know that the future of the *Queen's Quarterly* is entrusted to such capable hands.

In registering this transfer of editorship, I should like also to record publicly my personal tribute to the 'vital centre' of the *Quarterly*, namely the Secretary. Until she joined the secretariat of the Canada Council, Miss Muriel Williams proved an ever-present help and repository of wisdom to an untried editor. Mrs. Marion Hardtman, the present Secretary, has established the same exemplary pattern of discretion, dedication and indispensability. I thank them both for lightening my load and brightening my day.

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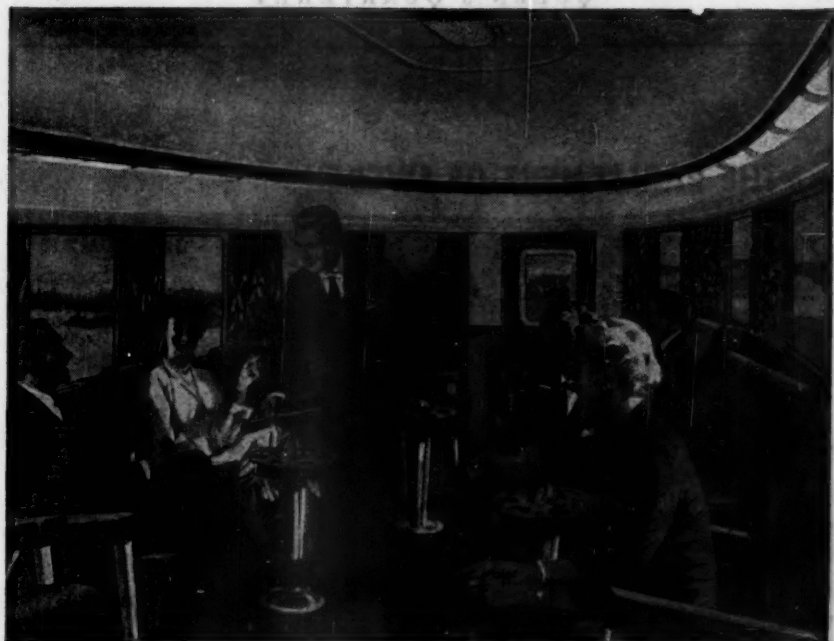
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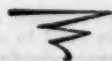
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## IN THIS ISSUE . . .

R. A. PRESTON, Professor of History at the Royal Military College, shares with us in his article on N.A.T.O. the valuable and informative impressions which he has obtained through attending a N.A.T.O. briefing course in Paris and the General Assembly of the Atlantic Treaty Association in Boston this year.

ALASTAIR M. TAYLOR, who was with the UN Secretariat for a number of years, and served with a field mission in Southeast Asia, presents a series of concrete, constructive proposals for a long range plan which would not only advance scientific training in Canada but would also make a positive contribution to the underdeveloped nations.

MAX NOMAD, a free-lance writer who has lectured and written widely in politics and history, is a specialist in European left-wing movements. We here publish an excerpt from his forthcoming book which reveals the gap between Marxist ideals of equality and contemporary Russian practices.

RICHARD VAN ALSTYNE, Professor of History and International Relations at the University of Southern California and managing editor of "World Affairs Quarterly" presents a provocative article on the folklore of American nationalism.

Three of our contributors discuss the relationship between civil and military life. H. F. WOOD, Lieutenant-Colonel and Secretary of the Army Council, seeks an explanation for the civilian attitude to 'the brass', which detects a Colonel Blimp under every army uniform. D. J. GOODSPEED, a frequent contributor to our pages, is a Captain at Army Headquarters and has two volumes of military history now coming from the press. His article deals with the rôle of military hero as civilian leader. Finally, G. F. G. STANLEY, Head of the History Department, Royal Military College, has written a review article dealing with the ancient problem of maintaining civilian control over the military.

The domestic scene has attracted two contributors. J. E. SMYTH, Commerce Department, Queen's University, deals critically with the present legal requirements for publication of the financial affairs of Canadian companies. H. H. HANNAM, who has been President of the Canadian Federation of Agriculture since 1939, gives us the views of the organized farmers on a variety of problems now confronting Canadian agriculture.

In our literary criticism section CHARLES I. GLICKSBERG, Professor of English, Brooklyn College, N. Y., author of several volumes on American literature, provides a penetrating analysis of the predicament of the modern playwright. CARL F. KLINCK, Professor of Canadian Literature, University of Western Ontario, resurrects and assesses the contribution of an interesting early Canadian poet, Adam Kidd. CLARA LANDER, free-lance writer, resident of Winnipeg, has written about a much more recently deceased poet, Dylan Thomas — her theme being the intimate connection between Thomas's poetry and the Bible. In a review article G. W. FIELD, of the German Department, Victoria College, Toronto, examines the major works of Hermann Hesse and seeks an explanation for the author's neglect in North America.

Our two short stories are by DAVID GALLOWAY, of the English Department, University of New Brunswick, whose work has been read on the CBC and BBC; and JACK LOWTHER WILSON, who after a war-time tour with the Navy joined the R.C.A.F. in 1950, where he continues to write both poetry and prose. Poems in this issue are by PERCY ADAMS, 'a former fiction writer with a yen for poetry' residing in Toronto; PHYLLIS GOTLIEB, a Toronto mother of three children, whose work has been published in other Canadian periodicals and broadcast over CBC Anthology; H. E. HAMILTON, English Department Rutgers University, who has published verse and is completing a novel on China; and MARTHA BANNING THOMAS 'a Connecticut Yankee by heritage, long a lover of the Nova Scotia Fundy,' who has contributed her work to many publications, here and abroad.

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*Canadian Index of Ottawa, Ontario.*



# N. A. T. O.

—A New Departure in International Politics—

by

RICHARD A. PRESTON

---

*As N.A.T.O. approaches its tenth anniversary how does its balance sheet read? Professor Preston, a recent visitor to N.A.T.O. headquarters, presents a clear picture of the organization, achievements and future prospects of this great venture in international cooperation.*

---

ONE feature of this year of crises, 1958, has been the increasing volume of Western complaints about N.A.T.O. At the beginning of the year the Kennan disengagement thesis led some people in the West to believe that N.A.T.O. was a source of instability in Europe rather than the bastion which it had claimed hitherto to be. About the same time, when the U.S.A. wished to place nuclear weapons in Europe, obvious hesitancy on the part of some European members of the alliance was hailed by N.A.T.O.'s opponents as a sure sign that the Organization was disintegrating through internal pressures. The Cyprus problem, which embroils three N.A.T.O. members and which resulted in one of the three, Greece, withdrawing its officers from a N.A.T.O. command H.Q., was taken as further proof that N.A.T.O. cannot hold together nations with divergent interests. Similarly, the Lebanon-Jordan crisis, in which the United States and Britain took precipitate action that was similar in some ways to the Anglo-French action at Suez in 1956, was widely regarded as proof that N.A.T.O. could not speak with a single voice and was therefore ineffective.

All these disparaging criticisms have tended to divert public attention away from facts of permanent significance and towards superficial and temporary situations. On the other side of the ledger it should be remembered that N.A.T.O. has stabilized a potentially

dangerous situation in Europe and that it is therefore achieving the purpose for which it was created on April 4, 1949. If threats and dangers are now more serious elsewhere than in Western Europe, for instance in the Far East, that is partly because N.A.T.O. has turned the Soviet effort away from the crucial West European Area. Furthermore, the only proper way to regard friction within N.A.T.O. is to measure that friction against the efficiency of the machine in performing the task for which it was built. Despite its difficulties, N.A.T.O. continues to run and to run successfully in the area in which it was meant to operate. It will continue to do so as long as the peoples in N.A.T.O. countries want to co-operate to preserve Western Europe from Soviet Communist domination.

Much of the current criticism of N.A.T.O. represents the opinion of people who, for one reason or another, have never accepted it. In addition to the crypto-Communists and fellow-travellers, there are also many congenital nationalists from whom any form of international organization is anathema. For these people N.A.T.O. is a concept that is no more pleasing than is the United Nations itself. At the other extreme are idealistically inclined internationalists who regard N.A.T.O. as a competitor of the United Nations Organization. Criticism from all these sources becomes more influential when, as at present, crises force attention to immediate dangers and away from fundamental realities.

The building-up of anti-N.A.T.O. opinion in this way is serious because, as is now very clear, the full significance of the N.A.T.O. experiment has been missed by many students of international affairs as well as by the general public. Lord Ismay, the former N.A.T.O. Secretary-General, used to say frequently that many people thought that N.A.T.O. was a kind of breakfast food. He also said that he met many people who asked him how he got along with the Russians in N.A.T.O. It is probable that these exaggerations of the ignorance of the general public did more harm than good. For the real problem is not crass ignorance of this kind so much as a failure to know the details of N.A.T.O.'s set-up and to realize the extent to which they represent a revolutionary innovation in international affairs. To some extent this failure is caused by a short-sighted view of N.A.T.O.'s

external appearance as "just another military alliance of the old kind". It is also due to the disappointment of the "internationalist idealists" who expected or hoped that N.A.T.O. would go further than it has done, especially in the implementation of the well-known Article 2 dealing with economic co-operation.

It is important to note that N.A.T.O. has achieved a degree of international political and military co-operation that is unprecedented in peacetime. This achievement points, hesitantly perhaps, but nevertheless definitely, towards a revolutionary re-organization of the prevailing national-states system. The shrinking of the world has led many thinkers to anticipate an inevitable diminution of national sovereignty and the creation of some form of international organization. It has led to the production of schemes for federation on universal, or more limited, scales. It has led to the belief that super-states will inevitably appear either as a result of mutual agreement between states or as a result of domination by a single state. N.A.T.O. must be regarded as a useful step in the former direction. It was a step taken because Soviet intransigence prevented a similar step on a universal scale while at the same time the Soviet Union deliberately carved out a single-state domination behind the iron curtain.

\* \* \*

The purpose of this article is to examine the structure and operation of N.A.T.O. in order to illustrate the ways in which it has brought innovations into the practice of the old diplomacy and the structure of international organization. The most obvious departure is that N.A.T.O. has succeeded in creating, in time of peace, an international military force to carry out the purposes of the alliance. Being an alliance of democracies it, quite naturally, proceeded to set up an international political body to supervise the international military force and to co-ordinate the policies of the member-countries in so far as they affect the aims of the alliance. Realising the necessity for building up the economic strength of the alliance through fostering the economic well-being of its member countries, and of building up morale through realization of a common purpose, N.A.T.O. also set itself the goal of some degree of economic and cultural integration.

If progress in these latter respects has not, so far, been spectacular, the aspiration itself is significant of the extent to which the architects of the alliance regard themselves as pioneers in the field of international politics. Their success in the military and political fields is a measure of their success as political inventors.

Article IX of the North Atlantic Treaty was the foundation clause of the organizational machinery which has made the N.A.T.O. alliance unique. It reads as follows: "The parties hereby establish a council, on which each of them shall be represented, to consider matters concerning the implementation of this Treaty. The Council shall be so organized as to be able to meet promptly at any time. The Council shall set up subsidiary bodies as may be necessary; in particular it shall establish immediately a defence committee which shall recommend measures for the implementation of Articles III and V. (Article III says that N.A.T.O. members will "maintain and develop their individual and collective capacity to resist armed attack"; and Article V states that "an armed attack against one or more of those in Europe or North America shall be considered an attack against them all").

The N.A.T.O. Council, as first conceived, consisted of Foreign Ministers who could meet only infrequently. A big step forward was taken on May 15, 1950 when the Council created a permanent civilian body to supervise the activities of all parts of the Organization and to meet in the intervals between ministerial meetings. This body, known as the Council of Deputies, consisted of representatives of the Foreign Ministers. A further big step was taken in 1952 when a Permanent Council, consisting of Permanent Representatives of the member countries, began to meet weekly at the Palais de Chaillot in Paris and to be responsible for the execution of the directives of the member governments. The Permanent Council, which can, if required, sit as a council of heads of states, is presided over by the N.A.T.O. Secretary-General, who now heads an International Staff/Secretariat. In January 1957, as one result of the report of the "Committee of Three" which had been asked to recommend means for the improvement of N.A.T.O.'s co-operation in non-military fields, there came into being a Committee of Political Advisers, which, under

the Chairmanship of the Assistant Secretary-General for Political Affairs, also meets weekly and does much of the spadework for the Permanent Council at a lower level. This committee discusses and presents reports on all matters that come within the framework of N.A.T.O. The Committee of Political Advisers has greatly strengthened N.A.T.O.'s political machinery and has supplied a means for discussion at a less critical level than that of the Ambassadors and Ministers.

Thus, slowly over the course of a decade, N.A.T.O. has evolved machinery for co-operation in defensive preparations and for the co-ordination of pertinent policies. It has set up permanent machinery to achieve this end. It has not created a super-state or a confederation. It does not cloak domination by a single super-state. In the words of the Committee of Three, it has worked to develop "effective and constructive international co-operation" and "practices by which the discharge of this obligation becomes a normal part of governmental activity". It aims to do so by consultation on problems that might affect the purposes of the Alliance at an early stage in the process of policy formation before national positions become fixed. "At best", said the Committee of Three, "the principle of political consultation will result in collective decisions on matters of common interest affecting the Alliance. At the least it will ensure that no action is taken by one member without a knowledge of the views of the others."

No one believes that the fifteen nations of N.A.T.O. will always see eye to eye on all matters, great and small. But the political machinery which has been created makes it possible for them to avoid blundering unwittingly into actions which might destroy their co-operation for the purpose which brought them together, namely, mutual defence against Soviet aggression. As long as they are agreed on the nature of the danger and the means of combatting it, and as long as the Soviet threat appears to be the greatest danger, the alliance will endure. Whether the political machinery which N.A.T.O. has created would survive if the threat from outside disappeared, is not, at the moment, a practical question or issue.



It is easy to point to areas in which N.A.T.O. nations do not see eye to eye. The Suez crisis in 1956 was the most spectacular of these. At that time, and again in the more recent Middle East disturbances, the Permanent Council discussed these problems fully and, if it did not discover a solution acceptable to all parties, it at least avoided a fatal crisis within N.A.T.O. Similarly, with regard to the diplomatic response to the flow of Bulganin letters a few months ago, the N.A.T.O. Council discussed fully what should be said in reply, and drafts were considered by the Council. Concerted action of this kind is a most remarkable and unusual departure in the field of diplomacy. The N.A.T.O. Council has also provided a convenient forum for the discussion of proposals for a Summit Conference. Even though the urgency of the matter has led to the initiative being taken at times by heads of state and foreign ministers, discussion within the N.A.T.O. Council has undoubtedly helped to prevent wide variations in the policy of N.A.T.O. members.

It would be mischievous to deny the existence of difficulties in the way of political co-operation between N.A.T.O. members. Such difficulty is the price of an alliance between sovereign democratic states, as contrasted with the political concentration of power behind the Iron Curtain. Difficulties will continue to exist. What N.A.T.O. has done is to invent machinery supplementing more traditional methods of diplomacy, whereby political co-operation can be achieved between states allied for mutual protection. The political organs which have been created consist of committees of the representatives of sovereign states and might therefore be unlikely to take part in discussion of, let alone agree upon, action with regard to any matter to which one or more of the member-states had very serious objection. They are not a device to force reluctant states to participate in measures against their better judgment. Indeed, the political organs of N.A.T.O., being diplomatic bodies, might shy entirely away from issues likely to rupture the organization. Although this feature imposes obvious limitations on the strength of the organization, it has certain advantages. Only by recognition of the right of independent judgment can an international body of this kind exist. N.A.T.O. recognizes the sovereign independence of its members. The machinery

which it has evolved, is designed for that purpose and its weaknesses are a condition of its very existence. However, through the Committee of Political Advisers and the Permanent Council, N.A.T.O. is furnished with organs for the discussion of many matters upon which differences of opinion exist; and discussion can take place at levels which will not disrupt the alliance. Following the customary practice of preparatory diplomatic "homework" before actual negotiation begins, difficult matters can be tentatively sounded out in the corridors and elsewhere before they are brought to the Council table. Thus, what has been created is a permanent political organization of the member states which follows well-established diplomatic practices in order to ensure the permanence of the Alliance on the one hand and the independence of the members on the other. This is no chimerical scheme for "Union Now" but a natural development of well-tried methods.

On the military side the achievement of co-operation and co-ordination within N.A.T.O. is yet more significant. It has taken place in a sphere in which one might expect the greatest reluctance to accept measures diminishing the external appearance of national sovereignty, for military forces exist primarily to defend national sovereignty and soldiers have always insisted that armies fight better when they use methods in which they have traditionally been trained, under their own officers, and with their traditional national organization. Nevertheless, N.A.T.O. has striven to create an international force with an international command. The precedents which it has followed were those developed by the armies of the Western members of the United Nations during World War II when international commands first appeared on an appreciable scale. N.A.T.O. has, however, gone much further towards military integration than proved possible during the war.

Because of the urgency of the situation in 1949, military organization for defence preceded the development of N.A.T.O.'s political framework. Article IX said that a defence committee must be set up "immediately". The N.A.T.O. defence committee is called the Military Committee. It consists of the Chiefs of Staff of the members and meets at least once a year, usually at the Palais de Chaillot, to

lay down the main lines of policy. Between its meetings, day-to-day matters of policy which do not require the endorsement of a plenary session are settled by the Military Representatives Committee which meets in Washington and which consists of the representatives of the various chiefs of staff. The execution of N.A.T.O. military policy is undertaken by a Standing Group composed of the representatives of the Chiefs of Staff of France, of the United Kingdom, and of the United States which has its headquarters in Washington. This body issues strategic directives and co-ordinates the planning of the various N.A.T.O. military headquarters and defence committees.

Under the Standing Group, to cover the four geographical areas into which N.A.T.O.'s commitments conveniently divide themselves, there are two major commands, a joint command, and a defence planning group. These are, respectively, the European Command under the Supreme Allied Commander Europe with headquarters called Supreme Headquarters Allied Powers Europe (SHAPE) near Paris; the Atlantic Command under the Supreme Allied Commander Western Europe (SACLANT) with headquarters at Norfolk, Virginia; the Channel Committee and Joint Channel Command; and the Canada-United States Regional Planning Group. The latter body, which meets alternatively in Ottawa and Washington, predated N.A.T.O. but has been fitted into the newer organization.

All these four major commands differ in structure to suit the circumstances of the area for which they have been set up. Only one of them, SHAPE, in the vital area of Western Europe, has troops permanently assigned to it. And the troops assigned to SHAPE by the European powers and by Canada and the United States are not as fully under the command of SACEUR as they would be if they were a national force. SACEUR is responsible for the defence of Western Europe and in time of war would direct all land, sea and air operations in this area. At present, his chief task is the training and organizing of the national forces assigned to him or earmarked for his use in war. For this purpose, he has set up four subordinate headquarters, the Northern Europe Command, the Central Europe Command, the Southern Europe Command, and the Mediterranean Command. The function of the officers at these headquarters is, like



SACEUR's, primarily planning and training. N.A.T.O. commanders are thus charged with the duty of organizing and equipping N.A.T.O.'s forces for war, but they are not in full command of those forces. They cannot, for instance, give orders for their own logistics. In that sphere their command is advisory only and the troops of member nations are still under the command and control of their own military chiefs.

SACLANT and the Commander-in-Chief Channel only command fleets assigned to them periodically for training and they have no permanent international forces comparable to the N.A.T.O. land and air forces in Europe. Their function, like that of the Canada-United States Regional Planning Board, is chiefly to make plans for joint action in the event of war. But the fact that the first important step of creating international headquarters and staffs has already been taken is of inestimable importance, especially when the difficulties and problems connected with the creation of such commands during World War II, and even more during World War I, are borne in mind.

Even so, the existence of N.A.T.O. headquarters must not be allowed to obscure that fact that there is no centralized international force at N.A.T.O.'s disposal. N.A.T.O.'s task is to organize and prepare for defence against a specific potential aggression in a specific area. While its defensive preparations have proceeded very much further than those made by any other group of independent nations in time of peace, it has not set up a N.A.T.O. military force in any way comparable with the armed forces of a nation-state. N.A.T.O. is an alliance and its military strength is based on the forces voluntarily placed at its disposal for the purposes of the alliance by the member states.

One of the most successful parts of N.A.T.O.'s military organization is the creation of international military staffs. The first of these was largely the work of General Eisenhower whose wartime headquarters had been noted for the degree of international co-operation which they attained. The officers who have been attached to N.A.T.O. headquarters have invariably become filled with the belief that they are pioneers in a new internationalism. They develop a strong "N.A.T.O. spirit" and even a certain degree of working multilingualism. A British officer at S.H.A.P.E. was heard to comment that

there was a better spirit there than at the War Office! Despite big differences in staff methods, the N.A.T.O. headquarters have worked out staff systems which can be used for controlling the kind of international force which a N.A.T.O. H.Q. would have to command in the event of war.

Theoretically, the N.A.T.O. staffs are built up on the principle of selecting the best man for each job. In fact, of course, there has to be a certain balance between the nations based on their relative contributions. Thus Germany and Turkey seek to increase their representation on the N.A.T.O. staffs on the basis of their numerical contribution of troops. Canada, on the other hand, is inclined to argue that her representation should be greater because her financial contribution is proportionately greater. One result of the necessity for meeting these various claims is that N.A.T.O. headquarters tend to be larger than would be the case with the military staff of a national state. N.A.T.O. staff procedures are, in the main, based on American patterns and officers from other nations do not always fit easily into an alien system. This again tends to make it necessary to employ more officers than would otherwise be the case. But a superfluity of staff officers is one of the inevitable burdens of an international command. The development of a true N.A.T.O. spirit among these officers more than repays the cost in terms of money and manpower by strengthening the capacity of the armies of the West to work together for mutual defence.

One of the most difficult tasks which N.A.T.O. military planners face is standardization of materials and methods. Many civilians may not appreciate how much differences between weapons and military organization make difficult, if not impossible, the effective co-operation of troops from different countries in military operations. Standardization of material is the concern of N.A.T.O.'s Division of Production of Logistics, a section of the civilian secretariat, and also of the Military Agency for Standardization in London. Special studies have also been made both in Germany and in the United States. Some useful progress has been made, for instance by reducing the number of types of batteries, explosives, and munitions used by the different forces. But the history of the discussions over differences

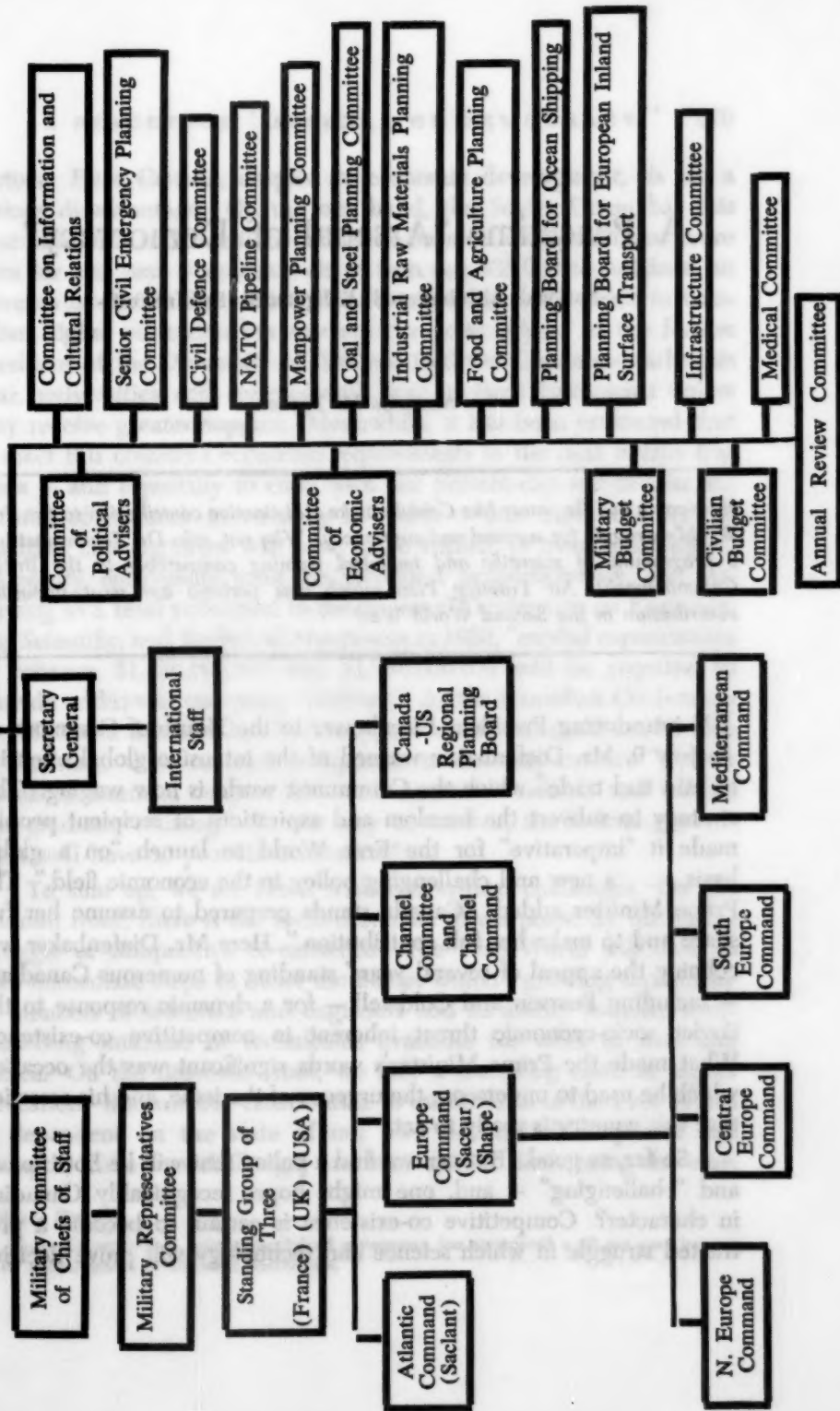
in industrial usage as regards screw-threads, which began between Britain and the United States during the war, and the post-war debates about the adoption of a new infantry small-arms weapon, show how obstinate the question of standardization can be, especially when private industrial interests are involved. Furthermore, military conservatism makes soldiers reluctant to abandon methods and weapons which they know in favour of those which are unfamiliar. Although N.A.T.O. military officials have made important progress in the direction of standardization, it is still true that variations between the divisions available from different national forces would make the interchangeability desirable in operations difficult to achieve. Perhaps the most hopeful sign is one that is a direct result of technological change rather than of deliberate planning by international staffs. The introduction of new weapons, which are more often than not of American design, tends to lead to the introduction of standard patterns in material and of standard forms of tactics and army organization.

The third sphere in which N.A.T.O. has made remarkable strides is in what its officials call "infrastructure", a word adopted from the French railroads where it means "everything except the trains". For N.A.T.O. infrastructure means the fixed facilities necessary for the use of the troops, air forces, and navies assigned to N.A.T.O. commands. The question which an international organization like N.A.T.O. had to face was, "How are such facilities used in common or for a common purpose to be paid for?". The principle adopted was one invented by the Brussels Treaty powers before N.A.T.O. came into existence, namely, that of common funding through an infrastructure budget. This eliminates individual and separate bargaining which would have made the provision of adequate facilities difficult if not impossible. In practice, the host country, where the facilities exist, pays for the land on which the installations are built and also for local utilities. The infrastructure budget pays for all other costs. Contributions to the infrastructure budget are based on a formula worked out from two factors: the capacity of a country to pay, and the amount that its forces will use the installations set up in any given territory. By this means, airfields, signals facilities, P.O.L.

(Petrol, Oil, and Lubricants), and the cost of international headquarters, have been paid for by an international fund. The practice of common funding in N.A.T.O. is still growing. It has recently been extended to include some aspects of training. The infrastructure principle is undoubtedly one of the most important innovations in the N.A.T.O. experiment and one which can be expected to be widely developed by N.A.T.O. itself or by future international organizations.

It is clear that in the field of military organization, N.A.T.O. has gone far from the old concept which holds that military power is the exclusive weapon of a single sovereign independent state. Whether N.A.T.O. itself endures or not, it is reasonable to assume that the devices for political and military co-operation which it has built up will be models for future international organization. These devices fall far short of the political and military organization of a unitary, or even of a federal state. They also entail certain weaknesses in action and effectiveness. But these weaknesses are the inevitable consequence of the fact that N.A.T.O. is an alliance of sovereign states and are, indeed, the necessary price which has to be paid to ensure concerted action by independent democracies. N.A.T.O. is thus pointing out the way by which the nation-states of our time can work together without entirely losing their cherished autonomy. It is fashioning a new form of political organism.

## COUNCIL OF MINISTERS





# A Peacetime "Arsenal of Democracy"

—National Altruism and Enlightened Self-Interest—

by

ALASTAIR M. TAYLOR

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*How can a middle power like Canada make a distinctive contribution to the Free World's struggle for survival and supremacy? Why not, asks Dr. Taylor, institute a programme of scientific and technical training comparable to the British Commonwealth Air Training Plan which was perhaps our most important contribution in the Second World War?*

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IN introducing President Eisenhower to the House of Commons on July 9, Mr. Diefenbaker warned of the intensive global offensive of "aid and trade" which the Communist world is now waging. This strategy to subvert the freedom and aspirations of recipient peoples made it "imperative" for the Free World to launch "on a global basis . . . a new and challenging policy in the economic field." The Prime Minister added: "Canada stands prepared to assume her full share and to make her full contribution." Here Mr. Diefenbaker was echoing the appeal of several years' standing of numerous Canadians — including Pearson and Coldwell — for a dynamic response to the Soviet socio-economic threat inherent in competitive co-existence. What made the Prime Minister's words significant was the occasion which he used to underscore the urgency of the issue, and his assertion that this country is ready to act.

So far, so good. But can we find a policy that will be both "new" and "challenging" — and, one might hope, recognizably Canadian in character? Competitive co-existence is certain to become a protracted struggle in which science and technology will prove decisive

factors. Here Canada, despite its economic development, is at a serious disadvantage. On the one hand, the Soviet Union has this year allocated 18,200 million rubles to science — 81.8 millions more than for last year — and expects to turn out 838,000 technicians, an increase of 64,000 over 1957. On the other hand, the crisis in Canadian higher education has reached the point where, as the former President of the University of Toronto told the Commons early this year, universities and colleges will have to limit enrolments unless they receive greater support. Meanwhile, it has been estimated that to meet this country's economic requirements in the next twenty-five years — and especially to cope with our present-day spectacular expansion of research in virtually all fields — our current force of scientists and engineers will have to be tripled, or even quadrupled. University enrolments must be increased proportionately, and according to a brief submitted to the National Conference on Engineering, Scientific, and Technical Manpower in 1956, "capital expenditures of between \$1,250,000,000 and \$1,750,000,000 will be required to provide additional university facilities." As the Canadian Conference on Education declared last February, our universities will not be able to discharge their national obligations unless they receive "greatly increased financial support for basic scientific research and related post-graduate training." In one way or another, the federal government will have to provide assistance.\*

To sum up, we are faced with two critical challenges. On the external front, there is the socio-economic threat posed by the global struggle of competitive co-existence. The Free World will have to take immediate steps to offset the Soviet Union's growing superiority in numbers of scientists and engineers and its ability to make ever-increasing numbers of technicians available for work in Asia and Africa. On the domestic front, we face a mounting crisis in higher education. Because our contribution to the survival of the Free World is dependent on the state of our own national development and strength, these two challenges are interrelated. Such being the case,

\*Editor's Note:

Since this article was written the federal government has announced a 50 per cent increase in its annual grants to Canadian universities.

the purpose of this article is to propose a method and programme for assistance in their joint resolution.

We might begin by recalling Canada's experience in the Second World War with regard to a unique experiment in the mass training of technicians — the British Commonwealth Air Training Plan. In that ambitious programme, Canada offset its own limited manpower resources by concentrating upon its technical and financial power in order to train the personnel from other nations quickly and on an unprecedented scale. Not without reason is the BCATP "frequently regarded as Canada's major contribution to the victory of the United Nations." Praised for its "remarkable ingenuity, persistence and resourcefulness" in developing this Plan which trained and graduated 113,553 airmen, the Canadian government spent more than \$1,281,000,000, so that by January 1944, 154 air and ground training schools and 203 ancillary units were operating from 231 sites.<sup>1</sup> Several important conclusions deserve mention. There might have been no Allied air victory without this mass technical training. It demonstrated how a Middle Power such as Canada, by concentrating its resources and technical skills, was able to make a contribution at once unique and out of all proportion to its demographic status. Thirdly, the Plan more than repaid its wartime investment by laying the foundations — in plant, sites, and technicians — for our peacetime aviation industry. Those resources, moreover, were ready for use at a crucial period of transition in our economy.

What we need today is a peacetime version of the BCATP. The federal government should embark as soon as possible upon a large-scale scientific and technical training programme — with a double-barrelled objective. Like the wartime scheme, it would be concerned in the first place with training large numbers of technicians brought here from the underdeveloped countries of the Commonwealth and elsewhere. In the second place, by concentrating this programme in Canada itself, we could expand plant facilities and train Canadian technicians in time to cope with our own future technological demands — which are certain to increase even more rapidly than the gross national product.

<sup>1</sup>*Encyclopaedia Britannica (Ten Eventful Years)*, 1947, Vol. I, p. 505.



Those demands can be expected to reach an acute stage in the 1960's. To ease some of the pressure, a comprehensive plant expansion programme might be initiated at this juncture, especially as it would benefit from lower construction costs than are likely to obtain a decade hence. Furthermore, a start on the programme within the next year would be of substantial assistance in combatting our present economic recession. On the other hand, such plant expansion might be difficult to justify unless it could be fully utilized between now and the period of swollen enrolments some ten years hence.

Here we come to our first objective. For the next decade, the scheme would concentrate primarily — though not exclusively — upon the training in this country of large cadres of scientists, engineers, and other technicians from underdeveloped countries connected with the Colombo Plan and the United Nations Technical Assistance programmes. It would be accelerative in character, expanding in consonance with the development of plant and other facilities, together with the progressive expansion in the numbers of available instruction personnel. The ultimate size of the programme would have to be considered in the light of (a) existing and expected needs of recipient countries; (b) the emerging pattern of competitive co-existence; and (c) the requirements of the Canadian economy for the next quarter century. To obtain optimum results, the programme should be conceived and implemented with the imagination and drive that went into the BCATP. If anything like a comparable effort were to be made, it would be difficult to exaggerate the moral, political, and long-term economic advantages that could accrue to this country.

The size and duration of the programme must of course ultimately determine the financial outlay required. In any case, it seems almost certain that an amount less than half of that expended on the BCATP — or one-third of Canada's defence appropriations for 1958 alone — would be necessary. In other words, this training programme might be drawn up on the basis of an average annual expenditure of say \$50,000,000 over the ten-year period (though naturally this figure is suggested solely to provide a starting point for discussion of the overall scope of the programme). Because of the accelerative nature of the project, the initial expenditures would be less than the

average annual estimate. As envisaged, the sums involved would be used for three basic objectives: to expand laboratory and other technical facilities; to defray administrative costs and instructional salaries; and to accommodate the trainees brought to this country.

Careful thought would of course have to be given to the construction and siting of facilities as well as to the question of jurisdiction. In some instances, the federal government could conceivably want to set up new and self-contained technical establishments; in others, to augment existing facilities. Such questions, including the actual siting of plant (either on a provincial or regional basis) would call for consultations between the federal and provincial governments, assisted by the appropriate educational authorities. In order to maintain uniformity of administration and curriculum especially during the period when the programme was geared primarily to meeting its "external" requirements — that is, for the next decade — it would appear logical to have the new facilities remain under federal jurisdiction. At the end of a stipulated period — say when the programme shifted to its "domestic" phase in order to cope with university enrolments and technological demands in the middle 1960's — they could be transferred, debt-free, for use by the provinces as each saw fit.

A word might be injected at this point regarding the type of new plant envisaged under the scheme. While here again no definitive answer can be given prior to detailed governmental study, certain types of facilities come to mind. These include laboratories in such fields as nuclear physics, chemistry and, perhaps in view of Canada's particular experience, geography and geology, as well as engineering and medical schools. It would also seem logical to envisage an enlargement of our present agricultural colleges since our environment and economy have equipped us to turn out agronomists and ecologists more readily up to this point than nuclear physicists. We also need more technical institutes of the Ryerson type.

Besides the expansion of facilities, the initial phase of the programme would emphasize the training of technicians from overseas. Consequently, it must provide for transporting and accommodating these trainees on a scale much larger than is now the case. This will

necessarily entail the construction of additional dormitories and residence halls on Canadian campuses. In view of domestic enrolments and their requirements in the decades ahead, however, such construction will be very much needed after it ceases to house foreign trainees. Even in its initial phase, however, the programme ought not to concentrate exclusively upon the training of overseas personnel. A set number of places should be reserved for Canadian trainees who, in return for their technical education, would contract to serve for a specified period either in one of the recipient countries or as instructors in the accelerating programme itself. Such an arrangement would have the additional value of bringing together sizable numbers of Canadians and other nationals studying and working for a common purpose — a situation analogous to the stimulating environment created in the BCATP.

Ideally, the programme should call for a follow-up scheme in the underdeveloped countries. As their contribution, the recipient governments could be asked to undertake action on various levels so as to enable the returning trainees to maximize the usefulness of their newly-acquired skills. As one means of realizing this objective, the recipient countries should ensure a growing supply of high school graduates to whom the trainees can in turn impart their specialized information. Again, the Canadian programme could provide for the dispatch of selected instructional personnel — wherever possible acquainted on a personal basis with the returning trainees — for the purpose of supervising and assisting in the initial stages of field training. These Canadian instructors, recruited from those Canadians who contracted to serve overseas in return for their own government-sponsored training, would have their accommodation and other local wants defrayed by the recipient countries. Again, these governments could undertake to erect technical facilities for permanent use either in their own countries or in sites suitable for servicing the needs of larger geographical regions — and here again agree to defray construction and maintenance costs as much as possible out of their own resources.

While follow-up overseas training projects would appear to be both logical and feasible, it remains basic to our thesis that any large-

scale programme must take the form of a rapid expansion of training facilities within Canada itself. Apart from the long-term domestic *raison d'être* of the programme, large-scale training must necessarily require the concentration, not the dispersal, of our limited numbers of technical instructors. In this matter we can be largely guided by the example of the BCATP.

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In this paper we can do little more than adumbrate the purpose and general structure of the programme. We might, however, dwell briefly on several specific questions that come to mind.

*Financing the project.* We appear to be entering a period of reappraisal of the military *vis-à-vis* socio-economic factors involved in our defence commitments. Conceivably, funds could become available from present military sources in the event of a cutback due either to some partial disarmament or, and this is more likely, to the discontinuance of the production of various types of military hardware. Another possible source of saving may be found in a greater rationalization of armament programmes between Canada and its British and American allies. But it should be made clear that the projected technical training programme need not depend for its financing upon savings in the military sphere. On the contrary, it can be justified as strengthening, rather than weakening, the defence shield because of its usefulness in offsetting Soviet technological penetration in underdeveloped countries. In any case, funds are more likely to be granted by the legislators if the government can demonstrate that it has ready a practical programme capable of being implemented with a minimum of delay. In the present mood of both Parliament and the public, it seems fairly safe to say that Canadians want something more constructive and imaginative than simply "massive retaliation" — nor is this country anxious to engage in campaigns of intervention in the Middle or Far East, or elsewhere. Mr. Diefenbaker was undoubtedly gauging public opinion correctly when he told President Eisenhower that he spoke "for all Canadians" in calling for new policies — and in saying this, the Prime Minister could rely on the House of Commons to vote appropriations for measures designed to strengthen our economic offensive.

Yet even from a strictly military standpoint, the programme can be justified. The military potential of this country is causally related to our scientific and technical potential. In an age when technology has become the decisive factor in warfare, and neither side can afford to be second best in the constantly accelerating race for superiority in weapons, the armed forces require the presence in this country of greatly expanded facilities for fundamental and applied research, and for the training of scientists and engineers of all kinds. A programme which has as one of its objectives the creation of those facilities should prove very welcome to our military establishment.

*Availability of instruction personnel.* Admittedly, Canada has limited instruction resources, and any large-scale training programme will have to augment the existing number of available personnel. Such augmentation might be accomplished in various ways. To begin with, let us retain technicians at home for such a programme rather than dispersing them in disparate projects in the field as we do at present. Next, it should prove possible to recruit technicians from private industry by means of the proper financial and other inducements. Again, a concentrated teacher-training programme could be inaugurated to equip students — especially at the graduate level — to take over various teaching functions and perhaps (by arrangement with the universities concerned) thereby earn academic credits against a post-graduate degree. Finally, we should endeavour to recruit scientists and other technicians from abroad.

The possibilities of this last source should be thoroughly canvassed. It is conceivable that the Scandinavian countries and the Netherlands, for example, have more technicians than can be absorbed at home, so that an opportunity to obtain assured instructional posts at attractive salaries could prove a genuine inducement. Furthermore, most of these technicians would possess a good command of English, and their taking up residence in Canada might well be facilitated by their respective governments as part of a movement to strengthen economic cooperation with this country. Nor should the possibility of recruiting instruction personnel from the recipient countries themselves be overlooked; occasions may well arise where it would be advantageous for say an Indian or Indonesian specialist



to give instruction to his compatriots and other trainees in Canada with its advanced facilities.

*The question of "education" in the federal structure.* Under the British North America Act, education falls within provincial jurisdiction. The programme need not, however, be rejected on constitutional grounds. To begin with, this is not an "educational" project *per se* but is designed in the first place for the scientific and technical training of non-Canadians. In that respect, it is a continuation on an augmented scale of the method now employed in instructing Colombo Plan trainees. Even when the programme is being utilized chiefly for domestic purposes, its frame of reference will preclude — by definition — the teaching of such course-matter as religion, philosophy, history, economics and law — which, as we appreciate, are subject to various doctrinal and ideological interpretations and consequently constitute the chief reason for a strict insistence in some quarters upon provincial autonomy in the educational sphere.

Earlier it was suggested that the programme should remain under federal jurisdiction at least during its "external" phase. While in our view this would ensure maximum rationalization of resources and uniformity of standards, it need not be an indispensable condition. The programme could be based on joint federal-provincial administration or, alternatively, be entrusted solely to the individual provinces. (It goes without saying that any province would be free not to participate.) Inasmuch as the "domestic" phase of the scheme calls for provincial control, this modifies the original plan only to the extent that individual provinces would also contract to train cadres of technicians from overseas. In implementing the dual objectives of the scheme, a province would be free to allocate as it saw fit the funds at its disposal. (This might prove of some significance. It has been argued that the utilization of federal funds for capital construction — say for new laboratories at the Université de Montréal — would constitute a non-recurrent grant and hence not infringe provincial rights.)

While on this subject, it should be recalled that education in the United States is also a non-federal activity, yet constitutional provisions have by no means excluded Washington from providing

assistance in that sphere. This year, in fact, the federal government is augmenting its already large financial aid to the individual states, while at the same time respecting the latter's constitutional prerogatives.      \*      \*      \*

One point needs to be emphasized — the importance of timing. A start should be made as quickly as possible if the programme is to achieve optimum results in (1) providing large-scale assistance to the under-developed countries in the decade ahead — that is, at the time when the pressures of competitive coexistence can be expected to become critical; and (2) meeting the longer-term technological requirements of Canada itself. But a further aspect of the timing factor deserves to be restated. No drastic cut-off between (1) and (2) is envisaged. On the contrary, the programme calls for a gradual, but progressive, shift of emphasis — though with "built-in" flexibility of administration to ensure maximum effectiveness.

At the time it announces the programme, the federal government might engage in informal talks with the heads of Canadian universities and other interested institutions, as well as with the National Research Council (which would be expected to play a major rôle in the programme). These bodies will be asked for their criticisms and suggestions, and invited to submit their individual requirements in order to participate effectively in the project. Once this information has been collated, a federal-provincial conference should be convened to work out financial and administrative details. To this conference might also be invited an appropriate number of scientists and engineers, educationalists, and industrial leaders. This latter group has already established its own organization on higher education and its problems, and has evinced concern over the approaching crisis in scientific and engineering manpower.

The scheme has several major advantages. It will enable this country to undertake a comprehensive programme of scientific and technical assistance on a scale commensurate with the Prime Minister's appeal for an "imperative" response to the threat now being mounted against the Free World in the social and economic sphere. As a peacetime analogue of the BCATP — of which all Canadians have cause to be proud — it will be recognized as distinctively Can-

adian in conception, imaginative in approach, constructive in purpose, and in consonance with both our resources and the kind of rôle which we want to play as a Middle Power. Participation in the past in UNRRA and today in the Colombo Plan and the technical assistance programmes of the United Nations attests to a long-held conviction of the Canadian people that, in the final analysis, the only realistic approach to peace and security lies in "helping people to help themselves". Finally, the scheme is designed to meet the longer-term technological requirements of our own continually expanding economy — requirements which by one method or another we shall have to meet. This programme for making Canada a peacetime "arsenal of democracy" is therefore submitted as a necessary, and practical, expression of national altruism and enlightened self-interest.

## The Soldier As Hero

—Reassurance through the father-image—

by

D. J. GOODSPEED

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*Throughout history military talent has received disproportionate acclaim. Here a professional soldier examines the psychological basis of this adulation, and adds an appraisal of the particular temptations and dangers which the cult of the military personality presents today.*

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... Only they see not God, I know,  
Nor all that chivalry of His,  
The soldier-saints who, row on row,  
Burn upwards each to his point of bliss . . .

ROBERT BROWNING

Consistently, from the days of the Homeric heroes until our own time, prominent soldiers, much more frequently than men from other walks of life, have been held up to universal adulation. The world has notoriously starved its poets, scorned its philosophers, and murdered its Messiahs. The garret, the cup of hemlock, or the cross have been the common rewards of greatness. As animals neglect or kill the freak in the litter, so the world has defended itself against inspiration. Yet while misunderstanding, hatred, and persecution have been the customary lot of genius, the soldier, even when he has possessed merely talent, has usually been given disproportionate honour.

All throughout history, only two other classes of men can be said to have even approached the soldier in the magnitude of his popular appeal — and neither of these has approached very nearly. Some saints and some civilian statesmen have been held in great esteem, but in both cases their popularity has been a different — and a lesser — thing. The saints, it is true, are in a class by themselves, their

memory being perpetuated by a system which has other values than those current in the world. Yet even such lovable men as St. Francis of Assisi have never, during their lifetime, received the measure of affection or veneration which has been accorded to them after death, while those saints who have gained a martyr's crown were obviously unpopular with at least some elements of the population.

As to those statesmen who took the nearest way and climbed to eminence without ever putting their armour on, it may plausibly be maintained that they have seldom achieved the foremost rank. The Talleyrands, the Metternichs, and the Bismarcks have indeed enjoyed great power, but they have commonly had to exercise it by indirect means and in the shadow of a Napoleon or a Moltke. The Prussian Chancellor, even at the height of his influence, was excluded, as a civilian, from attending the war councils of the Prussian king and his general staff.

Sometimes too, the saint and the statesman have been soldiers first, and when this is so they are commonly remembered more for their military fame than for their statecraft or their sanctity. Grant became president of the United States, but we associate him in our minds more with Appomattox Court House than with the White House. Even in the Church there would seem to be some partiality for the military virtues. St. Peter, as we know, was not afraid to use his sword, and although he was rebuked for it, Christendom does not really seem to have taken the lesson to heart. And great St. Michael the Archangel, who is, as it were, the seraphic counterpart of St. Peter, is the very symbol of battle and war. When we speak of Frederick the Great we think of his battles, and when we recall St. Louis of France we think of the crusades.

Generally too, famous soldiers have been treated by the populace with an entirely untypical generosity, their private flaws and their public faults being alike eclipsed by their martial fame. England has had worse kings than Richard Coeur de Lion and worse prime ministers than the Duke of Wellington, although — fortunately for her prosperity and reputation — not very often. King Richard seems to have spent much more time in foreign prisons than in governing his realm, while Wellington, doubtless with memories of the Peninsula



in mind, waged a tenacious guerilla war against Parliamentary reform. These shortcomings, however, have completely failed to diminish their reputations. The crusading king, almost in his own lifetime, became a figure of high romance, a chevalier *sans peur et sans reproche* who was coupled in legend with Robin Hood and associated with all that was best in the tradition of chivalry. The arrogant despotism which Wellington attempted to transfer to English politics has long since been forgiven and he is now remembered only as the general who defeated Napoleon at Waterloo — a judgment which, perhaps, does something less than justice to Blücher and his Prussians. But then, the aura of military glory is frequently so bright that it blinds.

Nor has the public paid its military heroes in praise alone. Time and again the most unlikely individuals have been thrust forward into positions of influence and power in the state because of some feat of arms with which their names were associated. This hero worship which is accorded to the soldier is, if anything, growing more insistent and more indiscriminate as wars become larger. There has always been a natural, although perhaps an unwise, popular demand to give military leaders some measure of political power in time of war, but the hero worship which in recent years has been lavished on famous soldiers insists on much more than this. Clemenceau's *bon mot* is now all too frequently reversed and the claim made that peace is too serious a business to be left to the statesman. Marshals and generals are being found increasingly at the head of states, and in nations which are too small to afford such ranks, even the colonels are coming into their own. In the modern world it has become almost a rarity to have Cincinnatus go back to the plough.

The attitude behind this popular demand is basically an emotional one, but the argument which is most commonly used to rationalize the emotion is that a man who has proven his ability in the command of armies in war will also have an equal facility in the leadership of a nation in peace. Set down so, it is an obvious fallacy — the one which logicians term the false analogy. This is not, of course, to say that the results never justify the logical error. The fact that Washington earned his reputation on the battlefield certainly

does not detract from the just claim that he was the father of his country. Fortunately for all of us, there is no necessary correspondence between truth and validity, and the most glaringly erroneous syllogism can end with a perfectly sound conclusion. The results, however, have not always been as happy as in Washington's case. If Napoleon had not been a good gunner, he would never have become Emperor of the French — and all Europe would have been spared much futile bloodshed. The Western democracies may have looked upon Hitler as an upstart Austrian painter, but if the great majority of Germans had not regarded him as a front-line soldier who had been honourably wounded in his country's cause and who had won the Iron Cross First Class, it is probable that he would never have founded the Third Reich. The French and the Germans both regard themselves as martial races, and it seemed not unfitting that military heroes should rule over them.

To ascribe the increasingly prominent political rôle of the soldier entirely to the influence of tradition, however, is to ignore historical realities. Certainly in ancient days the man who would keep his crown had to be able to use his sword, but for many centuries that has not been true. The argument from analogy with the tribal chief can scarcely be said to apply to modern nations. Ulysses may have regained Ithaca only because he was able to bend the giant bow, and William the Conqueror may have had to lead his liegemen and his vassals at Hastings, but this tradition certainly began to die with the introduction of gunpowder into warfare. By the time the new propellant had made all men alike tall it was generally agreed that royal blood was too sacred to be spilled by the ball of some opposing mercenary. And as the military powers of monarchs declined, the political influence of soldiers increased.

Under the system of hereditary monarchies, however, the most which the great soldier could hope for was to be a great servant. If he sought more, he became a rebel, and a rebel not only against the temporal order but against the divine order as well. It was not by accident that Dante placed such traitors in the lowest of his seven hells. This old order, with its clearly defined duties and its spiritual sanctions, received its death blow at the time of the French Revolu-

tion, although it was — like King Charles II — an unconscionable time in dying. Napoleon taught men that the soldier could, by his own efforts, become head of the state. He never, it is true, convinced the legitimate monarchies of Europe that a soldier could become Emperor — that came only by Divine Right. And in the end the kings overwhelmed him. But the monarchies too had suffered a mortal wound. The ideas of the Revolution which Napoleon had carried across the continent on the point of his sword eventually triumphed, the kings disappeared; and throughout all Europe the military dictators began to take their place. The fashion was too flattering not to be widely adopted, and now not only in Europe, but in Asia, in Africa, and in South America there are numerous soldiers at the head of governments.

Yet there is more to it than this. The truth of the matter would seem to be that there is some basic impulse in nations to elevate the soldier to the position of hero, and this almost regardless of the necessities of politics or of the merits of the man. There is a sort of halo about the profession of arms, a divinity which does hedge the soldier, frequently ennobling him beyond his deserts or often even his ambitions.

A goodly part of this undoubtedly springs from the natural desire of common people to be reassured. They like to believe that their affairs are in strong and able hands, that problems which appear to them to be incapable of solution are being dealt with by wiser brains and by more courageous hearts. It is a type of father complex, by which the individual identifies his destiny with something bigger than himself and symbolizes the whole with some heroic figurehead in whom he can put his trust and his faith.

"There is," they say, "an invulnerability about the Emperor which sets him apart from common men. His eagles have spread their wings in every capitol of Europe, and they will always lead us to victory and to glory. He has a star, this man, and its light shines a little on all of us. *Vive l'empereur!*"

"While Hindenburg, the wooden titan, is at the helm of the republic" — they tell themselves, "there can be no real danger. He saved us at Tannenberg and at the Masurian Lakes; he was a symbol

of staunchness in defeat. And how our hearts went out to him as he stood, impassive and unshaken, to greet our returning soldiers as they marched for the last time through the Brandenburger Tor towards disbandment and oblivion! He is the eternal spirit of Potsdam, and while he remains we may rest easy in our beds."

"We are safe", they say, "when the defender of Verdun, the old Marshal, commands our armies. He represents all that is best in the nation, the roots which go deep into the soils of Avignon and Normandy and Anjou, the old sanctity of the family and that ancient strength which was formerly our deliverance. He beat back the field-grey hordes before, and he is to us the incarnation of that living flame which burns eternally before the tomb of the Unknown Soldier in the heart of Paris."

These misplaced confidences are pathetic not only because they ended with the defeat of Waterloo, the dissolution of the Reichstag, and the provisional government of Vichy, but also — and chiefly — because they represent the eternal child in man. The emotion of hero worship springs from a craving for guidance and from a mistaken belief in the inadequacy of the common man. Almost any conceivable ruler of the French would have caused less human misery than Napoleon; almost any German could have seen the menace of Hitler more clearly than the senile von Hindenburg; almost any *poilu* could have defended France more courageously than did Pétain in 1940. Even committees, chosen at random from the streets, would have been an improvement. That is not surprising, indeed, for it is a tenet of democracy that a jury of any twelve nondescript men can see the eternal verities more clearly than can the professional judge. The exaltation of the soldier, however, is the denial of all such democracy, for it is based upon an unworthy self-abnegation of the people, a refusal to accept responsibility and the terrible burden of power. Nations which idolize their great soldiers seek comfort, and safety, and reassurance; they cry out for these things as babies cry for baubles; but they do not generally find them.

This need for reassurance is probably the foundation of the soldierly legend. Without it, the rest could not have come. But on this as a basis much more has been built. For one thing, there has

frequently been an urgent desire in the men themselves to be so elevated. Even when this desire was not originally present, it has often been developed by the course of events. It is doubtful if any opiate, any derivative of hashish or cocaine, is one-half as habit-forming as the taste of power. Moreover, although in his saner moments the addict to opium may realize with shame that he is living in a world of fantasy and illusion, the addict to power is deceived by the simulation of reality. There is a sense in which all men exist only as others see them, and for anyone who has had some small taste of glory — at the Battle of Marengo, say, or even at an investiture, or on a military parade where a general salute is taken — there must be some temptation to eat more of so sweet a fruit. The old Romans were wise in their generation when they placed behind each conqueror in his moment of triumph a slave to whisper reminders of mortality. This wholesome custom has been much neglected in subsequent civilizations, and the wonder, perhaps, is not that so many soldiers have sought self-aggrandizement, but that so many have been able to resist and turn away.

In addition, and perhaps even more dangerously, there is that temptation which comes to the dedicated man, the man who cares nothing for himself but who thinks only of his cause. He welcomes his grandeur not as an end in itself but only as a means to an end. For ordinary mortals there are always so many petty difficulties to be overcome, so many inconsequent objections, so many trivial annoyances. If only he were a hero, these things would all be wiped away and the rough way made smooth. From whatever motive, there is unfortunately little doubt that the halo of the hero is almost invariably burnished by the man himself.

If we ask why the public should be more ready to idolize the soldier than other men, we may find the answer in the drama and the glamour which is — or was, until recently — inherent in war itself. There is that in conflict which appeals to some ancient instinct of the heart. It is the moment of truth, the time when shams are exposed and when patient merit may come at last into its own. There is a fairy tale quality about it, for in war the miller's son, the little cobbler, or the peasant boy may prove himself the equal of kings. In battle



it may be seen that the dukes are not always the bravest men of all and after that the viscounts. Wars, like fairy tales, make possible sudden reversals of fortune. The mighty may be put down from their seats, and in the alchemy of conflict there may be an exaltation of the humble and the meek. Men who hunger for the dignity of equality find that there is a democracy in the nearness of death, and they welcome this, if only vicariously, as an addition to their own stature. Fairy tales, they know, cannot come true for everyone. Not every shepherd boy can become a king or every Cinderella marry a Prince Charming, but at least it is something to live in the sort of world where these things occasionally happen.

Besides the romantic hazards of his profession, the soldier also has the additional advantage of acting always in the spotlight. The statesman — at least before the days of open covenants openly arrived at, and possibly even since — does most of his work in secret council. His treaties have their most vital clauses protected from the public view; his aims, his motives, his deepest aspirations must be clouded, lest conniving foreign enemies, or dissident internal opposition, or the very electorate itself should guess what he is about and prevent him. The saint, who is the only other major candidate for preëminent fame, does not normally qualify for sainthood if the hair shirt is visibly worn. The ostensibly pious may have his reward, but it will not be canonization. The soldier on the other hand is — in war at all events — the focus of attention. Not only how he fights his battles is fit subject for public comment, but even such inconsequential matters as his mode of dress or what kind of pipe he smokes may help to make or mar his legend.

This by itself would not be a matter of any great moment were it not that for those who play the hero in the fairy tale, who have risen from subaltern to field marshal, there is always a temptation to believe in the magic. Ludendorff, although he was writhing in epilepsy at a crucial moment of the war, nevertheless could not long doubt that he was an incarnation of Teutonic valour and of Germanic destiny. There is real danger when this happens. Whom the gods wish to destroy they first make mad, but the pity of it is that the madmen are not destroyed alone.

There are, it would seem, two main objections to the modern trend of exalting famous soldiers to positions of political power. In the first place their judgment has often been adversely affected by the increase of means at their disposal. As soldiers they were always concerned with means to an end, for all wars have a political aim. As statesmen they find themselves in another, and more rarefied, air where they must deal with the ends themselves. Their military, no less than their political, balance has seldom been equal to the change. Napoleon's best campaigns were not fought when the Iron Crown of the Lombards was secure upon his head. They were fought when he was the obscure General Bonaparte leading a ragged army across the mountains into Northern Italy and again when, after the tragic defeats of 1812, he had become the desperate leader of a forlorn hope. In between there were too many battles like Borodino, and Eylau, and Friedland where brute strength played a greater part than military skill. To give a soldier a blank cheque on manpower and on the industrial resources of a nation generally results in a strategy of the slugging match. In the past, often enough, this type of error has had tragic results, but now, when killing has been made so much easier, the results could easily be fatal.

Even more serious, perhaps, is the tendency of soldier-statesmen to consider all conflicts in military terms. The Marxists have already done much to exacerbate this trend with their talk of "industrial fronts" and "agricultural offensives" and "fighters for peace". Foreign policy is not war, but to refer to it continually as though it were, certainly does something to blur the distinction. The Balkans and the minor republics of Central and South America were dangerous enough in all conscience even when their statesmen were hereditary monarchs or elected presidents, but now that the marshals and the colonels have taken over, using the new vocabulary of military diplomacy and considering all questions of trade or foreign investment in terms of "offensives" or "penetrations", we are in a sorry way indeed. Perhaps the only solution for this, as for so many of our other problems, is a prolonged period of peace in which hero worship will be at a discount and where more objective standards of evaluation are likely to prevail.

## The "Military Mind"

—from an Army viewpoint—

by

H. F. Wood

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*Why do references to the "army mind" conjure up pictures of Colonel Blimp? Why should the Army, rather than the Navy or Air Force, bear the main brunt of public criticism? Here a spokesman for the Army seeks explanations for this unflattering stereotype.*

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**L**URKING in the minds of most civilians is the more or less hardened conviction that the average professional soldier is a rather stupid man. Whenever a military anomaly is uncovered for public view, the usual reaction of the public and its press is to hold up the oddity as an example of the operation of the "military mind".

Now it is certainly true that "names will never hurt you" and most men can live with charges against their politics, their dress, or even their taste. But to call to question anything so basic as one's thinking process, and to aim the accusation at an entire group, is to prefer grave charges indeed.

The soldier of course is outraged, for while the term is innocuous enough as it stands, it is invariably used to denigrate. Further, the military are unable to give an effective retort, since those using it seldom amplify the term by describing the unpleasant or undesirable characteristics associated with it.

A person using the phrase "the military mind" is resorting to the same sort of deprecation implicit in such expressions as "suburban living" or "Irish logic". Since the audience thinks it knows what is meant, the meaning does not have to be spelled out.

There are clichés associated with this scornful label, however, which help to pin down its meaning. Professional soldiers are believed to be guilty of "planning the next war from lessons learned in the last

one." They are "hidebound", "unresponsive to new ideas" and "cling to outworn traditions". In their occupation they "live by the book" and if given half a chance will develop into that anathema of the civilian, the "parade ground martinet".

It took David Low to crystallise these unfortunate impressions in the public mind. Mr. Low has denied that in creating Colonel Blimp he had any intention of disparaging the Regular officer, but his cartoon succeeded in doing just that. Overweight Army officers with large moustaches must henceforth forego the luxury of uttering platitudes if they wish to avoid the tag which Low so obligingly provided.

Army officers may be forgiven for uneasiness when they reflect that the Navy and the Air Force have largely escaped this "military mind" charge. But lest soldiers conclude from this that there may be something in it after all, one can quickly state that the explanation probably rests with the infrequent appearance on land of the Navy, and the remoteness from civilian view in which the Air Force carries out its rôle. Further, the other services have developed two excellent methods of avoiding public censure, which it is difficult for the Army to adopt. It is hard for the public to criticize a service that never provides it with ammunition, as the Silent Service knows full well. It is even harder when a service appears to be made up of heroes who are also reasonable men as Steve Canyon so ably demonstrates on behalf of Air Forces.

Were the Army to attempt to silence its critics by either reticence or advertising, it would collide with the fact that the average citizen, while knowing little or nothing of those mysterious services of sea and air, feels quite competent to give advice to armies, which after all are anchored with him on the same firm ground.

The fact that the Army pays as little heed to uninformed advice as does the Navy and the Air Force, and for the same reasons, brings down on it a resentment bred of being ignored, which other services escape. The civilian whose advice is thus spurned, reacts in a predictable way by seeking out faults which will feed his resentment. When he talks of the military mind he uses the same inflection as when he is discussing women drivers.

The Army is rather defenceless in the face of this attitude. By its very nature and occupation it places emphasis on a set of values which differ to some extent from those of civilians, and since it lives and works in and around civilian centres, its activities are there for all to see and judge.

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Military values are hard to define, but are probably rooted in the emphasis placed by the Army on discipline, loyalty and comradeship. These qualities are present in civilian life but do not dominate it. An Army must live by all three to the greatest extent possible for they are the basic battle winning qualities. In emphasizing discipline and loyalty above all else, the Army foregoes some cherished civilian values and substitutes the atmosphere of comradeship.

Soldiers do not help their cause by neglecting to explain why they do certain things. The methods which the Army uses for training soldiers, for instance, have been tested on many fields. These methods are employed almost instinctively by good officers in their day-to-day Army life. When as sometimes happens, the civilian community pounces on some isolated aspect of that training with a cry of callousness or brutality, the incident is promptly added to the evidence as a typical example of the military mind at work. The Army reacts indignantly, but privately, with the charge that as usual the civilian has missed the point. But because of the lack of rebuttal, the legend receives added confirmation.

The public, uninformed as to the methods which must be employed to prepare men to kill efficiently in war while behaving themselves in peace, has always tended to believe that soldiers can be produced painlessly and made to perform successfully in battle by some mysterious alchemy of spirit, will and motivation. The truth is, of course, that some can, but tens of thousands can't, and these must be trained rigorously. One can hardly blame the public for its viewpoint, for many popular books and films tend to support it and the man in the street is rarely briefed by soldiers on the matter. To the soldier, his values are so obviously sound for him that he becomes restless when it is suggested that they need to be defended.



The soldier's silence in the face of criticism is both instinctive and explicit in his regulations. He is bred to be loyal to his superiors, to accept their rulings in the face of any of his own diverging views and to receive criticism cheerfully as part of his military education. He is forbidden by regulation to communicate with the press, speak to public gatherings, or write letters to the editor, without permission. The permission is usually granted when the material seems unlikely to stir up controversy, for it must not be forgotten that controversy sooner or later involves the Parliament, whose servant the soldier is.

Another characteristic which the public supposes to be a facet of the military mind is the soldier's tendency to "live by the book". This attitude toward his work, more than any other, typifies for the public the peacetime Regular. It never occurs to the public that the regulations followed so meticulously by the soldier were not created by the Army, but by the Army's master, the public itself, acting through its elected or appointed representatives.

The Army is an organ of Government, and as such is subject to regulation designed to protect the public purse. It is an expensive organization which no government would maintain if there were any alternative. There is continual pressure to reduce waste and conserve matériel and this pressure usually takes the form of restrictive regulation. Soldiers who ignore these regulations do so at their peril and repeated attempts to by-pass or frustrate the spirit of regulations will fore-shorten an officer's career. Though a regulation appears unsound or impractical, it is nevertheless difficult to change, since the soldier who suggests it is at once suspected of trying to loosen the bonds of civilian control. The alternative is often to follow the offending rule to the letter until it becomes patently obvious that it is unworkable. This is sometimes known as the Idiot Boy technique, and it is often the only recourse the soldier has. The process, if observed by the public, must indeed seem irrational. But the soldier's code of loyalty to his superiors, prevents him from explaining his curious behaviour.

At some point in any discussion of the military mind, the civilian is going to differentiate between the peacetime and the wartime soldier, to the detriment of the former. But if the public thinks that

a wartime Army grows from dragon teeth without professional experience to guide it, it still believes in myth. It is demonstrably true that had Britain's or Canada's armies, in the First or Second World Wars been made up of fully-trained professionals rather than hurriedly trained amateurs, they would have won faster, and with fewer casualties. To insist on this point of view, however, is to seem to disparage the splendid contribution made to Canada's war effort by the civilian who enlisted in the Militia.

Indeed, on surveying the whole problem of defending the military mind, one feels that the chances of doing so successfully are slim. The public is not going to stop disparaging the things it doesn't understand. The soldier must continue to keep silent, for he must not participate in public debate. Government is not likely to give the Army complete control over its affairs. Qualities designed to win wars rather than show profits must continue to influence the Army and these influences will baffle a profit minded public attempting to understand what makes a military mind work.

Since the rôle of the silent martyr does not sit well on men trained to destroy the country's enemies, the only attitude that will bring peace of mind to the Regular is a cheerful disregard of brickbats, a humble gratitude for small mercies, and a pride in his record of successful wars. Thus armed, the soldier can proceed to do his best according to his lights and within the regulations, humming Kipling's small refrain:

Oh, it's Tommy this and Tommy that, and Tommy go away, —  
But it's Thank you Mr. Atkins when the bands begin to play.

# Financial Disclosures by Subsidiaries

—The Case of Canadian and Foreign-Controlled Companies—

by

J. E. SMYTH

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*"One of the chief of our social problems is the pervasive influence which decisions reached by management of large companies may have throughout a whole community." Why is it, then, that standards of disclosure of business affairs in Canada are so capricious and uneven? Professor Smyth here provides an answer to the question and offers some solutions.*

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*Cave quid dicis quando et cui.*

(Take care what you say, when, and to whom.)

The changes which have been taking place in the nature of economic enterprise invite reflection on what kind of business information is private, and what kind is properly made available to the public. As the typical business organization has grown in size, the interests affected by its operations have become diffuse. The old "private ledger" with its locked clasp, to which only the most trusted clerk had access and in which entries were always recorded with appropriate gravity, is a charming anachronism today; its recollection brings, perhaps, a nostalgic sigh for less complicated times gone by.

But the concept of what information is private is somehow related to the concept of what *property* is private. Those who are sensitive about their property rights are likely also to have precise ideas about what business is their own, and no one else's. The ownership of property implies the right to exclude all others from a knowledge of its use (as long as the use is lawful) and of the results of its use. The problem today, however, is to decide in what sense the property of large businesses is private, and if it is private, who is entitled to the amenities of such privacy. The assets of large corporations are financed by shareholders and by creditors (including employees who

must wait for payment until they have rendered their services). Public relations programmes are designed to convince the consumer that he, too, has a stake in the corporation. The government reserves (and exercises) the right to poke its smoky finger in the corporate pie, to see what is cooking, and to take a slice. Still another group of men, the management of the business, have a direct control over the uses to which the assets of the business are put; and there may be little or no overlapping between these managers, the shareholders, the suppliers, the employees, the customers, and the government.

It is only in a technical sense that the shareholders are described as the "owners" of the modern large business organization. They have an interest in a total of business assets over no specific part of which they have any direct control: the shareholder who removes as much as one brick from the factory wall on the grounds that he has decided this represents his particular investment in the business is in for a disillusioning brush with the law. The shareholders' "property rights" are really a right to receive dividends in the discretion of the company directors and a right to sell their shares. Many would argue that it is as an investor (or prospective investor) within the capital market rather than as a part owner of company assets that the shareholder has a right to a knowledge of the company's financial affairs.

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What we have in Canada today is a distracting unevenness in the publication of financial information. Generalization is difficult, but by disposition Canadian management is supposed to be somewhat less taciturn than English management, with its paternalistic tradition in communication; somewhat less effusive than American management. With becoming modesty we tell ourselves that the Canadian position is eclectic, quietly and effectively drawing the best from both systems. What we really ought to realize is that our standards of disclosure of business affairs are so capricious from one business to another that we have the advantages of neither system. For if all head office pronouncements are cryptic, then at least every business is on the same footing; and if in the public interest more disclosure is to be required, the required changes may apply equally to all. Or if all financial pronouncements are so communicative that

their detail becomes tedious, no one business is much worse off than another for having told all; even the evidence of inefficiency may be lost in the superfluity of data provided. It is when some businesses disclose their financial affairs and condition with candour and others (equally large) are allowed to maintain an inscrutable silence that we can never know where we stand, and that some businesses may enjoy, unfairly, such advantage as there may be in secrecy.

Of all types of incorporated business, the small company with very few shareholders has the best case for keeping its affairs private. The existence of a few shareholders means that the relationship between shareholders and management will be close; the fact that the company is small means that the consequences of its operations are less likely to affect the public. The case for non-disclosure of the affairs of many foreign-owned subsidiaries is that their shareholders and management comprise, together, a small group with common interests. The case against this kind of secrecy is that many of the companies cannot be said to be small (or, in other words, that their operations are "affected with a public interest") and second, that some of their Canadian competitors are incorporated in such a way that they must report their financial affairs and conditions.

The list of companies which, as foreign controlled subsidiaries, are not required to publish the financial results of their Canadian operations is sufficiently long, and the names of the companies sufficiently familiar, to impress one with the relative importance of these businesses in the Canadian economy. The point can be illustrated by noting that the list includes such companies as the Borden Company, Bristol Myers of Canada, Campbell Soup, Canadian International Paper, Chrysler Corporation of Canada, Coca-Cola, Colgate Palmolive, General Foods, General Mills (Canada), General Motors of Canada, H. J. Heinz, International Harvester, Iron Ore Company of Canada, Kellogg Company, Kraft Foods, Nabisco Foods, National Cash Register, Quaker Oats, Standard Brands, Swift Canadian, F. W. Woolworth Co. — to name only a few.

It is not the purpose of this article to point an accusing finger at these companies: they operate quite within Canadian law. If we wish these companies to disclose separately the results of their Can-



adian operations, the onus is on us to devise a means of changing the law within the context of what may reasonably be required of all similar businesses operating within Canada, whether foreign-owned or not.

The fact is that by a quirk in the history of companies legislation in Canada some large businesses are able, because of the way in which they have been incorporated, to enjoy an immunity from the need to disclose their financial affairs and condition; while other large businesses must publish this information.

When Canadian company law was conceived, a category for "private companies" was reserved, quite reasonably, for small family businesses which ought to be spared the cost of publishing their financial results and the expense of an independent audit, as required for other larger incorporated businesses. The incidence of the financial prosperity or misfortune of these companies is confined to a small group of owners and is unlikely to be of concern to the public at large. Accordingly, a company which undertakes to restrict its membership to fifty shareholders may be incorporated on the terms that it will not have to provide shareholders with copies of its financial statements, at least without a request from a shareholder, nor is such a company required to file the financial statements in a public office. Unfortunately, in trying to give effect to what seems a reasonable proposition, the criterion for a "small" business was taken to be the *number of its shareholders*. This criterion is now outdated. As time has taught, one of a very few shareholders may be another company (for example, a U.S. parent company) and the other few shareholders may be its directors or officers. It is therefore possible for a "private" company in Canada to be a very large company indeed, with its capital provided by a single shareholder, a large parent company either within or outside Canada.

It is fair to mention that in Canada any private company, whether controlled by a U.S. parent or not, enjoys immunity from the requirement that it publish the results of its affairs and operations. A high percentage of the large private companies in Canada are U.S. controlled, but a few are not. (The T. Eaton Co. Ltd. is, for example, a large

Canadian owned private company.) Further, it is open to Canadian companies to relegate a part of their operations to subsidiaries which are incorporated as private companies; but if the parent company is itself Canadian, it must satisfy companies legislation governing disclosure of its affairs including, to some extent at least, the operating results of its subsidiaries.

In addition to the private company, the other category of limited company recognized in Canadian company law is the "public" company which reserves no right to approve the sale of its shares by present shareholders, which is not restricted to 50 shareholders in number, and which is required to send to its shareholders before their annual meeting a set of financial statements containing information in prescribed detail. The financial statements of a public company are required to be audited by an independent person appointed by the shareholders. It is not essential that a public company have as many as fifty shareholders but most of them have large numbers of shareholders and their shares are therefore traded on the stock exchanges. The Companies Act (Canada) requires as a further condition of "publication" that public limited companies file their annual financial statements with the office of the Secretary of State, Companies Branch, Ottawa, where for a nominal fee any member of the public may inspect the statements. There is no comparable provision for filing under the Corporations Act (Ontario).

It is sometimes said that the reason companies are reluctant to divulge any more information than they have to is not that they fear possible public criticism based on such disclosure, but rather that they would be giving valuable information to their competitors. A recent article in *The Queen's Quarterly* asserts, for example, that the publication of separate financial statements for U.S. controlled subsidiaries "might require disclosure of confidential business data affecting competitive relationships in the Canadian market and in this case it would not only be socially useless but positively harmful." There are two ways of attacking this argument. In the first place, there is no reason why the foreign controlled company should be protected from public scrutiny while the native company is exposed. In the second place, the danger of telling valuable secrets to competitors

through published financial statements is in any case often exaggerated. There is nothing in Canadian law requiring disclosure of details of manufacturing costs — perhaps the most important area in which information might be of advantage to competitors. Further, financial statements are by no means the only channel by which competitors can secure the information they want; for competitors, information is often anti-climactic by the time it is published. As an example, a report to the Committee on Corporate Information about the publication practices of drug companies in the United States stated:

... Where there is keen competition in a product, the competing companies watch each other very closely. There is much exchange of scientific information between the laboratories of the drug houses. The technicians attend conventions and meetings together and visit socially. In this regard, they are very like the security analysts.

A point of interest is that even were the Canadian subsidiaries of U.S. parent companies required to publish their financial information according to the most stringent requirements for disclosure presently prevailing under any companies legislation in Canada, the disclosure would be considerably less in detail than that required of the parent company in the United States by the Securities and Exchange Commission.

It is, of course, quite possible for U.S. controlled companies operating in Canada to be incorporated in this country as public companies, with some Canadian ownership of their shares and disclosure of their financial affairs and condition. All that is necessary for control by the U.S. parent company is that it own 51% (or perhaps even less) of the voting shares of the Canadian subsidiary; Canadians can own the rest. Concerns like Imperial Oil Limited, Ford Motor Company of Canada Ltd., Famous Players Canadian Corporation Limited, Canadian General Electric Company, Ltd., and Goodyear Tire & Rubber Co. of Canada Ltd. are subsidiaries incorporated as public companies.

One of the unfortunate by-products of the present situation, quite apart from its larger implications, is that research in the field of business finance in Canada is stymied at many points because of the

large blind spots in our knowledge of what is taking place in the Canadian economy. The incidence of the operations of subsidiaries upon the Canadian economy is so great that one can never be sure that such published financial statements as we do receive give a typical picture of economic trends and financial developments in Canada. Until about four years ago the Bank of Canada compiled and published financial data from a sample of Canadian companies; it has since abandoned the series. One of the important limitations of these data was that they were drawn entirely from published financial statements, and that the proportion of Canadian economic activity which was affected by large private companies, for which no statements were available, was so significant as to invalidate any conclusions which might be drawn from the published figures.

The Dominion Bureau of Statistics has authority under the Statistics Act to require disclosure to it of financial information by any company operating in Canada, but the Bureau is in turn prevented from publishing these data if the effect would be to reveal the affairs of any one company. Furthermore, the Bureau has wisely adopted the policy that cooperation in a relatively few things is more to be preferred than resentful compliance in many; and that its stick is really only a big stick as long as it is kept in the closet and not left menacingly in sight. Likewise, the Department of National Revenue, which receives financial data in the form of corporation income tax returns, must treat as confidential any information relating to an individual concern.

A possible solution for the Canadian dilemma may be to adopt the classification of companies used in the British Companies Act. That Act recognizes three types of limited companies: the public company, the private company and the "exempt" private company. All companies except "exempt private companies" are required to send a certified copy of their annual financial statements to the Registrar of Companies (presumably a form of publication). The definition of an exempt private company includes the proviso that "no body corporate is the holder of any of the shares or debentures". If our Canadian companies legislation were amended in this way, the subsidiaries of parent companies would not qualify as exempt private

companies and would, in common with Canadian competing businesses incorporated as public companies, be obliged to disclose their financial affairs.

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The precise form in which the financial information of companies should be disclosed to the public deserves attention. In the past it has been assumed that sending financial statements automatically (without request) to shareholders was equivalent to publication; an assumption which was valid for public companies in which there were a considerable number of shareholders. The formal requirement that financial statements in prescribed detail be filed as a matter of record in a public office may be a more important requirement than formerly if companies which at present have very few shareholders are to be required to "publish" their financial results. A provision that the companies affected send their financial statements on request to any recognized newspaper is also a conceivable method of publication, because the affairs of these companies would then be subject to comment and analysis in the press. In the past most public companies have been willing to send their financial reports on request to non-shareholders.

We have usually supposed that public disclosure of the financial condition of a company is a natural result of the company having a considerable number of shareholders. Certainly once the number of shareholders is sufficient to establish a market in the shares, a persistent demand for financial information about the company will come from prospective and present investors. In the special circumstances of the Canadian situation, however, it is conceivable that the cause and effect could be reversed. Is it not possible that if subsidiaries were required to "publish" their financial affairs, the whole *raison d'être* for confining ownership to a very few shareholders would disappear? A requirement for disclosure might remove some of the resistance which many U.S. controlled subsidiaries have shown to making a part of their shares available to Canadian investors. There has been a good deal of talk about the inability of Canadians to invest in many of the large Canadian subsidiaries of U.S. companies. The relationship between the breadth of share ownership and the public



disclosure of financial data should not be overlooked in seeking a solution.

We need to be careful in distinguishing between a demand for disclosure of financial information concerning the affairs and condition of a business and a demand for disclosure of management *strategy*. It seems less reasonable to insist that management divulge its objectives than that it disclose operating results, if only because it is so difficult to be articulate about one's objectives, and the effort to state them is usually embarrassing and sometimes — perish the thought — even sentimental. In his book *Great Enterprise*, Herrymon Maurer offers further reasons why executives dislike talking about their policies:

Reluctance in some cases is the result of a belief that the less a company says, the less it will be misunderstood. In other cases it is the result of having repeatedly given testimony before government bodies. Shyness is not abnormal to men who are frequently the objects of public scrutiny, and silence is the normal choice for those who fear that whatever they say will be used against them. In talking for public ears, almost all managers will stick to the exact truth, but not all will tell the whole of it. The fact that a company has nothing whatever to hide will not, of itself, stop some companies from trying almost instinctively to hide something.

Whether it is a good or a bad thing, the concentration of financial information about the affairs of a company in the minds of the few top senior executive officers is becoming less and less feasible. The modern tendency in management—an inevitable development in view of its ramifications—has been towards “group management”, decentralization of the management prerogative, decisions by committees, and systems of budgeting which require extensive interchange of information between departments. Secrets tend to lose their mystic qualities when they have to be shared widely. The domineering old tycoon who cast the deciding vote before a quailing and obsequious board of directors is giving way to the “team man” who reaches his decisions so unobtrusively that his subordinates actually think they have made the decision themselves. In the process, everybody has to know more about the business.

There is pressure, too, for disclosure of financial information from a public relations point of view. Some material of substance must be included in every glossy annual report. Besides, an appearance of candour encourages an inference of straightforward plain dealing on the part of management — good public relations. Publilius, who lived a long time ago, is reputed to have said, "I have often regretted my speech, never my silence", a view modern management cannot now practise as much as it might like. G. B. Shaw is more contemporary: "Silence is the most perfect expression of scorn."

One of the chief of our social problems is the pervasive influence which decisions reached by the management of large companies may have throughout a whole community. The problem is one of holding management to account for its actions. The need to publish audited financial statements has been a suitable means of impressing upon management something of its responsibility to the public and something of the idea of its stewardship, although the financial statements can reveal only the consequences of management decisions as they affect the particular business. As Professor M. St. A. Woodside has written,

One of the important facts about the twentieth century is that within its first fifty years the businessman, in the widest meaning of the term, has become the heir of all ancient aristocracies, challenged for pride of place only by the professional athlete and the professional entertainer, and challenged by them only in very small degree. Within his own community, whether it be small or large, he is at once the prop and stay of almost everything, and the leader in almost every worthy enterprise. National governments and international organizations seek his advice and support. Without him scientific research would languish. And in addition to all this, the physical and social welfare of millions of individual human beings depends on his knowledge, his wisdom, and his judgment. Whether or not he has sought it, history has assigned to him a rôle of tremendous responsibility.

Professor Woodside's comments were inspired by his reflections on the rôle of business education in modern society — possibly our best hope in the long run of assuring the needed sense of responsibility. In the meantime, the public disclosure of financial data must serve that purpose as best it can.

## The Farmers' Front

—Current trends, problems, and policies—

by

H. H. HANNAM

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*The President of the Canadian Federation of Agriculture comments on the new farm price support legislation and discusses other problems that confront the farm worker whose productivity, in recent years, has been increasing about twice as fast as in the rest of Canadian industry.*

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THE most significant feature in the agricultural picture in Canada is the very remarkable gain achieved by farmers in technical efficiency, particularly during the past 15 years. Output per farm is, on the average, away up. Output per man has more than doubled since prewar. We calculate it has reached 220 per cent of prewar. Speaking to our Canadian Federation of Agriculture Annual Meeting last year, Dr. John J. Deutsch of the University of B.C. said: "During the post-war period the productivity per worker in agriculture has on the average increased about twice as fast as in the rest of Canadian industry."

This very increase in productivity and the resulting abundant output of farm products, outstripping as it has effective market demand, is a basic factor underlying our most serious farm problems of today, and in particular those associated with the establishment and maintenance of adequate and stable farm incomes and those of surplus accumulation and surplus disposal.

Barns and bins bulging with crops and stables over-flowing with livestock are a delight to every farmer, just as growing abundance is a blessing to all citizens as consumers. And is not this picture of expanding output with less manpower the criterion of an advanced society? Why then, the farmer asks, does not our income and our standard of living increase at least in line with our increase in productivity?

Instead, in one of the greatest periods of prosperity this country has experienced, we have seen the thriving prosperity of the general economy bypassing the farmer.

True, the farm family is living better than in prewar years. Mechanization of farm practices and modernization of farm homes with all the improvements that electric power (to mention only one) brings, has meant a big advance in rural living and the elimination of much drudgery in farm work. But on the farm income and economic level, the farmers' relative position as compared with other major groups declined seriously for five or six years.

An overall farm price parity relationship that stood high in 1951 at 110 (according to our CFA formula) receded year by year to 97 in 1952 and then in ensuing years dropped to 88, 84, 85, 84 and reached a low of 82 for 1957. Not until last autumn did this parity relationship halt its decline and start an upturn. At the moment it stands at around 85. Farmers hope that the five or six years' agricultural slump has run its course and that the upward trend of the past nine months will be maintained.

In favour of a continued uptrend in the farmers' relative position are the following:

- (a) Stronger market prices for livestock and livestock products domestically.
- (b) A stronger market demand for some farm products from the United States, notably for beef.
- (c) Some increase in price supports on a number of commodities, with the assurance of added stability under the new price support program.
- (d) Some enlargement of the domestic market for home producers by reason of recently imposed import controls on dairy and poultry products.
- (e) Prospects appear favourable for the relatively strong domestic demand for farm products of recent years to hold firm since the domestic market is taking a gradually increasing proportion of our total agricultural production.

On the other hand, against the possibility of a continued improvement in the farmers' relative position are the following:

- (a) Better farm prices may prove to be an incentive to increase production of some products with the accumulation of stocks which would lower market prices and require support prices to be lowered. For example substantial storage stocks of dried skim milk have prompted the cutback of two cents a pound in the support price for spray-type powder from 17 cents to 15 cents a pound.
- (b) The health of the grain economy is, of course, critical and the western grain growers' purchasing power is seriously depressed. In the ten year period, 1947 to 1957, the index of the cost of goods and services used by western farmers has increased by 50.3 per cent. During this period the average price of wheat to the farmer at country points in the prairie provinces has dropped 20.8 per cent. In contrast with this tragic slump in farm purchasing power, during the same decade Canada's gross national product has doubled; average weekly earnings of those employed in industry (exclusive of primary production industries) have increased by 77.3 per cent; and wholesale prices have risen 39.5 per cent. Moreover, even at this abnormally great disadvantage in his cost price relationship, the grain farmer can sell, or get cash advances on, only his quota under the Wheat Board program — a limited number of bushels per acre.
- (c) Subsidized export of surplus wheat in world markets by Canada's competitors is continuing and shows little sign of being substantially reduced.
- (d) Farm costs could continue to rise but it is expected that these may level out during the current year. If farm costs rise more than do farm prices, the parity relationship will fail to hold its present level, let alone continue an upward trend.

World trade in wheat this year, for the second consecutive year and the third time in history, will probably exceed one billion bushels. In spite of this 50 per cent increase in the volume of world trade since prewar, at the end of this crop year (July 31) there are estimated



excess stocks of over one billion bushels on hand. High overall production in wheat importing as well as wheat exporting countries is largely the explanation for this situation. These stocks, together with the inability of the Canadian grain grower to sell all he produces, are at the crux of our problem.

The above-mentioned production, cost-price and market situation on wheat with little prospect for an alternative program feature which would greatly improve the grain growers' income, prompted the western grain farmers and the Canadian Federation of Agriculture last year to come out strongly for a deficiency payment program for the western grain producer.

In connection with this matter of deficiency payments it was stated by the Gordon Royal Commission that a deficiency payment, made after the close of the marketing year, is less likely to constitute an incentive to expanded production than would, for example, a similar increase in the level of market support.

The new farm price support bill, known as the "Agricultural Stabilization Act" will undoubtedly go down as top farm news of the past year. In it are important features which organized agriculture looks upon as progress in a price support program. One of these is that price supports are to be in effect on key commodities at all times. Another is that price supports will be reviewed annually and established on key commodities for one year in advance. A third is that a minimum long-time floor will be set by law and will be mandatory on nine key commodities. This means that, for some commodities, two levels of price support will be maintained; one a guaranteed long-time floor, the other a higher support established annually for twelve months in advance. Also the bill provides for a larger revolving fund to finance support operations.

In short the new bill and the administration of it to date indicate a more systematic use of farm price supports, and promise a more generous use of price guarantees for farm products as an integral part of national policy.

The CFA was disappointed that, instead of a parity formula being included, the average market price of the ten most recent years

was chosen as a base price. Organized farmers, generally, would have preferred to see basic prices move forward from year to year, not solely according to market prices which have prevailed, but up or down in line with the trend of farm costs.

The CFA's price support policy has provided for a large measure of flexibility. It has never advocated price supports at 100 per cent of parity. Nor has the CFA ever asked for price supports to be rigid at any stated percentage of parity. In fact the mandatory support for the long-time minimum floor at 80 per cent of the base price in the new bill (although not a measure it would oppose) provides a larger measure of rigidity than has ever been adopted as CFA policy. Our recommendation has been to use a parity formula in the legislation as a measuring rod of the farmers' position in the economy, and as a guide to the level at which annual supports would be established.

Fundamental in CFA policy has been the statement that, in general, price supports should be applied at non-incentive levels. Our dependence on export markets, the absence of any satisfactory procedure for surplus disposal in domestic markets and the lack of a workable international program for surplus disposal, limits our price supports to levels which will not continue to pile up unmanageable surpluses of supported products.

A new line of thinking in respect to policies for agriculture suggests that it may be advisable to have different program features for different categories of farmers. This arises because of the belief, now widely held, that some programs such as price supports which are helpful to the majority of farmers may be of little value to the family on a submarginal farm without enough land or equipment or stock or credit to have an economically operated unit and without sufficient income for even a minimum standard of family living. In spite of the spectacular rise in farm productivity I have mentioned, a significant number of Canada's farmers do not have enterprises and operations large enough to function on an efficient business basis.

Then there are the larger commercial farms, those which have developed some mass production practices and those which have swung in a large way into contract farming or vertical integration

programs. Between these two extremes are the great majority of the nation's farmers — even though an appreciable portion of these are still small operators and often too small to qualify as economic commercial units.

The 1956 Census reports that our farms fall into the following categories:

Commercial crop and livestock	— 455,000.
Other	— 120,000.

The "other" category includes all those farms which are estimated to produce less than \$1,200 worth of product in a normal year. Part-time and small scale farms would come into this category. In connection with part-time farming it is of further interest to note that of the above farms nearly 100,000 of them reported off-farm work, outside of agriculture altogether, for 4 months or more in the year.

The commercial category, besides including the top group includes also a substantial number of small farms. For example those farms with cash receipts of \$1,200 and up to \$3,000 could not well be considered anything but small units.

Often the large efficiently managed farm unit can do extremely well because of its lower cost per unit and expert handling of its operations (which enables it to capitalize in its marketing on the lower efficiency of the majority of its competitors) and also because policies applied on behalf of farmers generally, designed to provide income support and stability, give guarantees that to it are quite generous. There are those who claim that government payments to farm units in this category are unwarranted and constitute an unfair charge upon treasury and taxpayer. How and where to draw a line and how to administer a policy that would provide for government payments to one farmer and none to his neighbour is a political problem of the "hot potato" species. One proposal for dealing with this problem is to place a ceiling on the amount of payment which any producer is entitled to receive under a particular program. This is only one of many aspects of the problem to be faced if and when different programs are considered for the different categories of producers mentioned above.

Some suggestions for facing the problem of the low income farmer were made by the CFA in a brief presented to the Senate Committee on Land Use in March of last year. As one part of a comprehensive presentation, the CFA recommended:

- (a) In the case of lands which are definitely submarginal, there should be a program under which farmers on these lands may be given an opportunity of selling their farms to some public authority, and given, too, assistance in relocating in some other farm area or establishing themselves in some other occupation.
- (b) In areas which are marginal, special programs should be instituted for their rehabilitation. Such programs would almost certainly involve some farmers giving up farming in the areas, and assistance in re-establishment should be available to them. Those farmers left should then be encouraged to enlarge their farm units to the size necessary for economic operation, and given special assistance to undertake necessary drainage, clearing, enlarging of fields, construction of buildings, purchase of machinery, reforestation of wood lots, and so on. This clearly involves a number of special services, including farm management service, engineering and other technical assistance, and probably special assistance for the use of necessary heavy equipment for drainage and clearing.
- (c) Such special rehabilitation programs would necessitate establishing entirely new and special credit facilities that would not only enable the farmer to buy any necessary land, but also essential buildings, machinery, livestock and equipment, on reasonably long terms and at low interest rates. Such credit should be accompanied by farm management supervision and other necessary technical help.

I would add further that the loan should cover land, buildings, equipment and stock preferably as one package deal.

But the problem of farm credit, or what should more properly be termed "farm financing", is an increasingly serious one for most farmers, made more so because of the necessity to adjust to current technological developments with steadily decreasing manpower for the farms. Because of the nature of agriculture, and because other industries provide more attractive use of credit for the ordinary private lending agencies, farmers feel they must depend more and more upon government credit programs.

The CFA has developed a comprehensive national program on farm credit. This includes:

- (a) Major changes and improvements in the Canadian Farm Loan Board policy and the Farm Improvement Loans policy
- (b) The setting up of a Disaster Loans program to provide a special type of emergency credit for producers in areas struck by sudden natural catastrophes such as large scale flooding, severe drought, hurricanes, insect plagues, plant diseases of epidemic proportions and such natural hazards, and
- (c) A new division to be created within the present Canadian Farm Loan Board to provide for supervised loans. The two categories of producers where a special type of supervised credit would be of great value are: first, the young man starting farming and, second, the farmer on a small unit or a moderate sized farm who is severely handicapped by lack of good buildings, not enough land, not enough livestock, or poor drainage, or any combination of the above, which limits his efficiency of operation. Loans under this feature of the Board's program should be on the basis of loaning \$3.00 for every \$1.00 of equity supplied by the farmer. After some years, when the total farm debt has been lowered to the point of approximately one-third of the total farm capital, the loan would be transferred to the regular commercial loan rate and supervision would cease.

Trends and developments I have mentioned in agriculture, including higher investment per farm and per man in land, equipment and stock; higher cash operating costs; increasing vulnerability to the insecurity of uncertain markets and of widely fluctuating prices; the pressures toward integration of modern large-scale operations involving production, processing and distribution; the increasingly evident fact that the small low-income farmer is a special problem; the vastly increased credit needs of farming today; and above all the growing unwillingness of farmers to tolerate excessive insecurity or inadequate returns for labour and investment; all these things are forcing major changes in agricultural policy.

Most of the changes are in the direction of increased organization of farmers and of production and marketing procedures. We find a marked increase in control over marketing operations. In some cases



there is a tendency toward production control in order that agriculture may produce for a known market, as is being done, farmers note, in the business world. Increasing integration is appearing in some products with the object of achieving greater security and stability of price and income. Also, because of the impossibility, otherwise, of coordinating the operations and output of hundreds of thousands of family-type enterprises, there is a strong tendency toward securing increased governmental involvement in farm policies and programs.

This is the thinking behind the emphasis given in the last few years to obtaining amendments in marketing legislation, both provincial and federal, and the drive to develop and get underway an increasing number of producer marketing boards which use such legislation to enable them to achieve regulatory powers, particularly over the initial sale of 100 per cent of the product in question for the area concerned.

This also is the thinking behind the general and solid support amongst agricultural producers for a farm price support program on a systematic and somewhat permanent basis, even though at the same time there is a growing conviction amongst them that a support program alone cannot be expected to assure them a parity income or to raise and guarantee them a status in the economy on a par with those in other occupations. In addition to appreciating more clearly how relatively high and rigid supports in some products can jeopardize the success of a support program, producers are noting that relatively high supports may work to the disadvantage of the average family farm by encouraging the large operator into abnormal expansion or to encourage a substantial number to swing rapidly into vertically integrated projects. The danger they see here is two-fold; an expanded production program, which may include contract marketing, could seriously curtail their "free" market — if such a term can properly be used any more — and/or the integrated program tends to undermine the potential solidarity of the industry as far as keeping the control of farm products in producers' own hands for orderly marketing on a collective basis.

It would be quite wrong to give the impression that producers see only dangers and disadvantages in vertical integration. In fact I know of no subject on which there is a greater diversity of opinion than on this one. Some have hopes that integration will put agriculture on a rational basis, more in line with urban industry, where production is more closely coordinated with the needs of the available market and where they believe production can be adjusted to a known market so that erratic price and production fluctuations can be eliminated. More immediate to other farmers is the advantage that an integration contract will also easily solve, for them, an acute financial or credit problem. That technical supervision, perhaps also some management supervision, will be regularly available at no extra or undue cost can be an advantage with a strong appeal alike to those who realize their lack of training and to those forward looking producers striving for top efficiency in technical and management matters.

Undoubtedly there is an important development here that represents real challenges to farmers to retain for themselves, and to some extent individually, but perhaps more particularly through their organizations, independent control of their own destiny. The question more and more appears in articles and pamphlets:

"Who is going to control farming?"

And finally, adding to the complex maze of economic problems, farmers are also deeply concerned about the social values involved for themselves at least, but also I am sure for society as a whole. There is the traditional independence and freedom of the family-type producing unit and way of life. There is the close connection with the biological and natural facts of growing crops and livestock production in all their challenging complexity. Farm people want to preserve the social values represented here and, at the same time, live and work as contributing and respected members of our economy and our culture.

# American Nationalism and Its Mythology

—Lifting the Veil on Some Historical Orthodoxies—

by

RICHARD W. VAN ALSTYNE

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*Historians, says Professor Van Alstyne, have not as yet "turned a full shaft of light on American nationalism." Setting an example for the fearless scholar, the author here dissects, with startling results, several of the myths that have contributed to the making of American nationalism.*

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"The test of truth," remarked the late Justice Oliver Wendell Holmes, "is its ability to get itself accepted in the competition of the market." This is something for historians to ponder, at least those historians who, like Voltaire, are skeptics and determined to resist entrenched ideas and patterns of thought. Any historian who has worked with sources, and who in consequence emerges with new knowledge and new ideas, knows how hard it is to alter established beliefs. The accepted version is "the truth", as Justice Holmes defines truth. Yet "the truth" turns out to be only a myth, and the result brings disillusionment, shock, and sometimes flat denial on the part of the faithful. I have been told that Paul Kruger, "Oom Paul" of the South African Republic, stubbornly insisted to the end of his days that the earth was flat. Most people who call themselves Christians today seem to have adjusted themselves to the findings of Mr. Darwin. Yet the *Origins of Species* exploded the Biblical version of man's divine origins and, more than that, it undermined the foundations of Christianity. It brought pain to, and vehement denial from, millions of believers who, like William Jennings Bryan, continued through the years to cling to the myth in preference to the unpalatable reality. The famous Scopes trial of some thirty years ago in Tennessee is proof enough of that.

Now, the historical myth is somewhat different from the religious myth, and yet there is an affinity between the two. The historical myth may – and not unusually does – contain an element of fact. It does not necessarily require belief in the supernatural. Many times, to be sure, historical myths originate in the minds of romantic fiction writers and even, it must be said, of reputable historians who, lacking full possession of the facts, draw in good faith upon their imagination. Then there are myths which can be traced to downright frauds perpetrated by some practical jokester for one reason or another. There have been scores of myths of the first kind in American history, and no doubt some of the second kind too. But this simple type of historical myth is not the kind with which I am here concerned. What I have in mind is the kind that arises out of certain fundamental assumptions, that has, or may have, a considerable modicum of fact, and that, like the religious myth, has a profound effect on human values. Even if fictitious, yet it influences behaviour and determines loyalties. Such a type of myth is familiar to students of nationalism and the nation-state.

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Nationalism is a complex phenomenon of mass psychology which developed out of the wars and revolutions of the 18th century in Europe and America. Conceptually it has been the central force operating among all Western nations, including the United States, since 1789; and since that time it has been customary to think and write history in terms of separate nations. In Canada it is, of course, of much more recent vintage, and it will be interesting to observe the pattern that Canadian nationalism ultimately assumes. Unlike its American counterpart, it does not have its roots in war and revolution, and therefore it would seem to be less susceptible to the process of myth-gathering as it goes along.

Like the Christian religion, the national state (Canada being apparently among the exceptions) is founded in myth, and the myth is separated from historical reality by a very wide gap.<sup>1</sup> And like the Christian church, the national state flourishes on a growing body of mythology or, if you please, of theology, enriched and affirmed by successive generations. Every national state has its creed, its articles

<sup>1</sup>See, for example, Boyd Shafer, *Nationalism. Myth and Reality* (New York, 1955).

of faith, which the citizens believe, and its catechism which the more simple-minded recite in proof of their loyalty. In the United States, for instance, the oath, "I pledge allegiance to the flag", recited in the public schools, originated in Chicago in 1892 as part of a patriotic publicity campaign.

The United States is one of the oldest of the national states — its history is coterminous with the history of nationalism; yet American historians have shown an indifference, one is tempted to say a reluctance, toward giving their attention to the subject, perhaps even to admit that there is such a thing as an American nationalism. Indeed, one might suppose from the tone taken by many American writers, that nationalism is a European disease which has never succeeded in infecting the American body politic. This attitude of implicit denial is itself, I think, symptomatic of national feeling: unconsciously it expresses the inherited anti-Europe bias which is as old as the "Pilgrim fathers". Historians, even the best of them, are, when all is said and done, national historians; and, being bound intellectually to the society of which they are members, they turn a blind eye to the forces at home which are really no different from what they see (and criticize) in other nations.

Then another problem arises. Charles Darwin exhibited great courage and perseverance in publishing his book. He knew he was challenging deeply felt religious values. The scholar who would dissect the nationalism of his own country must be equally fearless. Belief, faith, uncritical acceptance of doctrine (the Monroe doctrine is a good case in point) are as vital to the nation-state as to the church. Exposure, refutation through marshalling of the evidence, negation lead to dangerous heresies, as in religion. The historical agnostic is as unwelcome to the patriot as he is to the religionist. Yet historians who, whether consciously or otherwise, fail to separate the myth from the reality are no better than slaves to their own nationalism. They are chief priests to the gods, spurious followers of Clio.

Indirectly, I hasten to add, scores of American historians during the last generation or so have been playing the rôle of agnostics. Many a myth has been exposed mercilessly, and some have been expurgated by the textbook writers, thereby ceasing to enjoy the im-



munity of truth. There have, for instance, been notable works on the "railroad land grant legend", on the Federal Constitution as myth, on "the South" as myth, and, more subtly, on "the agrarian myth". Reinhold Niebuhr, in his penetrating little treatise *The Irony of American History*, comes closer than most writers to a frontal attack on American nationalism. Niebuhr dwells on the sentimentalities and illusions which he recognizes as characteristic of the treatment of their history on the part of Americans; and he quotes approvingly de Tocqueville's satirical comment on the "troublesome and garrulous patriotism" of the American nation. The cumulative effect of these numerous scholarly achievements, in their bearing upon nationalism, is really quite substantial, but nevertheless it is indirect. No one has as yet turned a full shaft of light on American nationalism.<sup>2</sup>

If Sir Francis Bacon were alive today and in search of examples of his "idols of the market place", he could find no richer collection than in the platitudinous words and phrases of the Revolution — "freedom", "liberty", "independence", "pursuit of happiness", etc.; or than in the dogmas and abstract principles like the Monroe doctrine, the Eisenhower doctrine, and the now obsolete freedom of the seas; or than in the numerous other clichés and formulae that adorn the vocabulary of American diplomatic history, such as "Washington's advice", "no entangling alliances", "neutral rights", "open door", "open diplomacy", "good neighbour policy", etc. Edward Gibbon remarked ironically that mankind is governed by names, rather than by facts; and the influence exerted on the American mind by phrases like these is a perfect illustration of this psychological truth.

American history, as I have said, is rich in myth. An anthology of American myths could begin with the "Pilgrim fathers" and end with President Eisenhower. But let me take for brief discussion four of the great myths contributory to the making of American nationalism: (1) The myth of the New England Puritans, (2) the myth of the American Revolution, (3) the myth of the Monroe doctrine, and (4) the Wilson myth.

<sup>2</sup>A book by Hans Kohn, *American Nationalism. An Interpretative Essay* (New York, 1957) is to be commended as a pilot study. But Mr. Kohn, an adopted citizen from Czechoslovakia, writes as an ardent, though urbane, nationalist. As Mr. Shafer points out, many of the strongest nationalists have been of a descent other than that of the nationality they are defending.

The Puritan myth has many facets. The Pilgrims and their little ship, the *Mayflower*, symbolize religious freedom, although they were concerned with freedom only for their own particular sect and not with freedom as an abstract principle. The very use of the word "pilgrim" by this small Separatist band, which was disliked by the main body of Puritans, has helped to give them an exaggerated importance in the stream of American history. The Boston Puritans, who were quite different from the Plymouth Separatists and who were unfriendly, have benefitted because tradition has lumped the two groups together and has made the simple virtues of the latter the common property of the whole body. The Boston Puritans conceived of themselves as "God's American Israel", and asserted this concept of the chosen people so vehemently that the memory of it has endured in many minds to this day.

Puritanism, it seems likely, must command the centre of the stage in any study of American nationalism. The Boston Puritans discarded the oath of allegiance to the king and substituted for it an oath to the Great and General Court; they underscored their independence by insisting that they were now living in a new sphere, or new world; they became rich and powerful by developing a commercial and shipping economy; and they pursued an aggressive program of conquest against their French neighbours to the north. There was in short a strong New England nationalism at work long before the Revolution. Puritan nationalism holds a unique historical importance not only because it boiled up eventually in war with the mother country, but also because of its continued success through the 19th century in impregnating much of the rest of the country — the Middle West and the Far West — with its ideals and its folkways. New England orators and writers in the 19th century made a "national Sabbath" out of the Fourth of July, the passover of the American Israel. John Quincy Adams insisted that July 4, 1776 was the most important date since the birth of Christ; the Declaration of Independence, he declared, "first organized the social compact in the foundation of the Redeemer's mission upon earth." George Bancroft asserted that God had ordained the United States as "the leader of civilization's triumphant parade to glory"; the colonists had fled from an "Egyptian bondage" to found

a new nation dedicated to freedom for all. To Bancroft's pious mind the hand of God never failed to guide the United States. Nevertheless, when he was secretary of the navy under President Polk, he thought it necessary to put in his own hand in order to make sure that the imminent war with Mexico started in the "right" way so that the United States would get the territory it wanted from that country.

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The heart of American nationalism is to be found in the myth of the Revolution, the simple-minded, but still living tale of the struggle of "American liberty" against "British tyranny". Many historians have attempted explanations of the origins, or the "causes" of the Revolution, but none has really succeeded. Like other revolutions, the American Revolution was the work of a minority, but the inner drives of the minority leaders have not been, and probably never can be, analyzed definitively. There is a current theory, Freudian in its aspects, that nationalism in Europe supplied the success formula which enabled many of the most ardent patriots to overcome their personal failures and disappointments and win fame; and it is possible to apply this theory to many of the American rebel leaders. There were the Tom Paines, who were personal failures in England; the Sam Adamses, who were frustrated local politicians; the Franklins, Lees, Washingtons and many other landowners who thought they saw their hopes of western empire, including their personal fortunes, shattered on the rocks of post-1763 British imperial policy.

A leading historian, Professor Gipson, has depicted the great Seven Years' War as the central event of the 18th century, and has concluded that the Revolution was climactic to the aftermath of disillusionment and intra-imperial quarreling that followed the great victory over France. The effect of this interpretation, of course, is to minimize the importance of the Revolution and therefore to weaken the underpinnings of national feeling. Far from being the "triumph of freedom", to borrow the title of a recent book, the Revolution was, from this perspective, a tragedy. Interpretations like this, which has much sound historical evidence to justify it, reject the hero worship of the Revolution and deal a shattering blow to the myth. Because they put emphasis on the interplay of complex socio-economic-

political forces, they imply an historical determinism. But make no mistake about it, to the nationalist they are heresies, and he must take measures if he would keep his orthodoxy undefiled.

Sometimes the Revolution is depicted as the supreme expression of the English idea of liberty. Thus Mr. Hans Kohn: "the Anglo-Americans fought England not because they felt themselves un-English but because they were English." The historical analogue is the bloodless English Revolution of 1688, a parallel which the English Whigs such as Charles James Fox were fond of drawing. But the parallel stops a long way short of the truth. The American Revolution was anything but bloodless. It was a long, bitter war which left a permanent scar; and it stimulated a strong nationalism in the United States which lingered on into the present century. It made of England an unfortunate stereotype in the American mentality which found expression, for example, in ironic dissent to Sir Winston Churchill's stout wartime declaration that he did not intend, as the King's first minister, to preside over the dissolution of the British Empire. Nevertheless, no man has ever done more than Churchill to dispel the evil effects of the myth.

The American Revolution started as a rebellion against "tyranny", but it quickly developed into a war for independence, that is, a war for the establishment of a new national state; and the "patriots" (nationalists) sought foreign aid and alliances far and wide in order to gain their ends. These ends (war aims) embraced not merely independence, ("freedom"), but territorial conquest, commercial gain, expansion of national power. The British became not only enemies, but foreigners; the large minority of Americans who opposed the rebellion, as well as the many neutralists who tried to stand aside, were "tories" and were treated like traitors. Since the patriots won their war (with foreign help), the British conception of them as rebels could hardly survive. It was to be different with the unfortunate Southern rebels when, almost a century later, they failed to win their war for independence from the Union. Many years of mellowing were required before they ceased to be rebels in the eyes of the victorious North. The victor in war determines the terminology and interprets the myth.

My own researches, still only half finished after eight years and focussed upon the external aspects of the Revolution, have led me to study it as a part of a great international complex. From the start of this war the Americans entertained large ambitions for territorial conquest and commercial gain. Although ill-equipped, they waged offensive warfare in Canada with a view to annexation. It was the failure of this campaign in 1776 that made an alliance with France a necessity. The story of the steps begun in 1775 and leading to the alliance which was consummated three years later is only partially known. Some textbooks hardly mention it! I can say with assurance that the American revolutionary leaders were more aware of their dependence on Britain's rivals in Europe, and much more frank in admitting it, than most historians have been since. Thus Robert Morris, the Pennsylvania financier and chairman of the Secret Committee of the Continental Congress, wrote confidentially on September 23, 1776 to John Jay:

It appears clear to me that we may very soon involve all Europe in a War by managing properly the apparent forwardness of the Court of France; it's a horrid consideration that our own Safety should call on us to involve other nations in the Calamities of War. Can this be morally right or have Morality and Policy nothing to do with each other? Perhaps it may not be good Policy to investigate the Question at this time.<sup>3</sup>

The war preparations of France and other states, eagerly watched from Philadelphia, created a potential battleground in the eastern Atlantic which in the long run was far more serious for Great Britain than the fate of her armies in America. From the outset she faced the danger of encirclement. Her failure to keep command of the seas was Britain's real failure in this war. In other words, the picture begins to emerge of a war whose principal theatre was the Atlantic Ocean, a picture of "the gathering storm" which Lord Chatham drew lucidly in a speech of May 30, 1777. The fighting between the armies in America was contingent upon sea power, and the emphasis should be shifted accordingly from the land to the sea. But if all these factors and forces are presented with proper documentation and emphasis,

<sup>3</sup>Edmund C. Burnett, ed., *Letters of Members of the Continental Congress* (8 vols., Washington, D.C., 1921-36), II, 197 n.



and a new picture of the Revolution drawn accordingly, what happens to the myth? Must not the heroes of the Revolution and their armies be put back stage? Must not the patriots be treated even more coolly than they already have been at the hands of revisionist historians? And will not the Revolution shrink alarmingly in prestige value? But myths do not die so easily, and sometimes they do not die at all. For various practical, as well as sentimental reasons, the popular school and college text writers are not likely to allow these agnostic influences to creep very far into their pages. This reminds me of Sir Robert Walpole's contemptuous dismissal of history as a school subject: "Anything but history, for history must be false."

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A hardly less potent myth is contained in the Monroe doctrine — the great shibboleth of American history, it has been called. The manner in which this dogma was gradually perfected during the 19th century provides a most instructive lesson in the psychology of nation-building. In 1823 President James Monroe assumed certain sweeping positions, knowing that if he were challenged he would have British support. Those positions were all couched in negative language. They were prohibitions laid on European powers, stating categorically what the latter could not do: (1) they could not colonize the American *continents*; (2) they could not extend their political systems to "this hemisphere", a vague geographical area which Monroe did not try to define; and (3) they could not intervene to put down revolutions that had occurred or that might occur in "this hemisphere".

The Monroe doctrine lowered — or purported to lower — a hypothetical curtain over the American continents, a curtain to stop the passage of political influence and the planting of colonies though not to stop the flow of commerce or of immigration. Its "Thou shalt nots" were assimilated gradually into the catechism of American nationalism through a process of popular affirmations. It is supposed to have a fixed meaning applied to a fixed area, the "western hemisphere". But of course the two American continents cannot by them-

selves constitute a hemisphere — that is a geographical absurdity — and the “western hemisphere” itself is an imaginary area. It is a conventional expression symbolizing an idea which grew out of the seventeenth century illusion of the two spheres. This doctrine is perhaps the most powerful of all the myths of American history, because it has created the illusion of geographical, and therefore political, isolation.

The Monroe doctrine began to assume the characteristics of positive law after 1865, when the North was able by its victory to consolidate the Union. Richard Olney brought this point of view out into the open in 1895 by declaring that “Today the United States is practically sovereign on this continent [these continents, by the rule of context], and its fiat is law upon the subjects to which it confines its interposition.” And though Olney has been repudiated, even ridiculed, still most writers on the subject — scholars as well as popular ones — have since fallen into the habit of saying that the United States *enforces* the Monroe doctrine.

The habitual use in sequence of these two words, “enforce” and “doctrine”, betrays an attitude and conveys a meaning. The verb implies the office of policeman which, translated into the language of international affairs, means the paramount power; while the noun, translated from its Latin as something taught, has had its most common usage historically in reference to the teachings, or beliefs, of the Christian Church. Thus the Monroe doctrine carries with it the mystical, but nevertheless positive authority of canon law; and to advance the analogy further, the United States, by reserving the right to define the law and then to enforce it, assumes unto itself a prerogative claimed by the mediaeval Papacy — the right to consider itself infallible. This affinity between church dogma and state sovereignty has been further strengthened in the twentieth century by the addition of three more “doctrines” to the theology of American foreign policy — the Stimson doctrine, the Truman doctrine, and the Eisenhower doctrine — the ideological content of each one of which is definable in terms of the Christian, democratic “mission” of the United States.

Like Joseph's coat, the Monroe doctrine is an ideological garment of many colours. It was conceived and practiced in the nineteenth century against Europe, but with the United States becoming mistress of the Caribbean after 1898 it was henceforth used as a club to regulate the affairs of the petty dictatorships of that area. During the 1920's a reversal of the policeman's rôle seemed advisable, and so the same doctrine was employed as justification for developing an opposite policy of non-intervention. The great power — little power equation remaining the same, however, I am reminded of de Tocqueville's intriguing paradox. Non-intervention, he observed, is "*un mot métaphysique et moral qui signifie à peu près la même chose qu'intervention.*" Non-intervention led in turn into the "good neighbour policy" of the 1930's, wherein was born a new myth. It was now explained that the Monroe doctrine had become multilateral, that is to say, the common policy of all the "good neighbours", in whose company the Canadians chose not to be numbered. But in 1938, with the approach of the Munich crisis, the doctrine was "extended" unilaterally to Canada, or so the American newspapers claimed, and the Canadians welcomed the reassurance it gave, whether or not they liked the implication. On the other hand, only two years later the State Department invoked it *against* Canada as reason for vetoing a Canadian desire to occupy Greenland in the face of an expected Nazi move into that island. The very next year the United States occupied Greenland itself, and Admiral King moved the "boundary" of the western hemisphere eastward to Longitude 26°W. so as to include Iceland in the protected area. The most recent use of the doctrine occurred in 1954 when Mr. Dulles invoked it as ground for unseating a communist régime in Guatemala.

The *myth* of the Monroe doctrine is that a verbal miracle is performed whenever the doctrine is mentioned. The *reality* is that the United States is the paramount power of the "western hemisphere", and that it regards the countries lying inside the "boundaries" of this hemisphere as comprising its sphere of influence. This *imperial* rôle is tempered and disciplined, however, by the historic respect for liberty, independence and the rights of other nations, and by considerations of practical international politics.

Now I come to the fourth and last myth which I have chosen for discussion in this essay — the “Wilson myth”. Let me make it clear before I begin that I am conscious of an almost absurd over-simplification in identifying so important a myth with a single man, even so prominent a man as President Wilson. The “Wilson myth”, as I am trying to explain it here, is the *Summa Theologia* of the American national creed. Its texts can be found in the writings of many of Wilson’s contemporaries of both parties — of, for example, William Allen White, the “sage of Kansas”, of William Jennings Bryan, of Chester Rowell, the California Progressive, of the editorial writers of the *New Republic*, to pick only a few at random. Theodore Roosevelt and his friends are members of this company too, but their creed has a text all its own and besides, were they alive, they would be outraged to have their names linked with Wilson’s. So I shall be discreet and avoid the risk of a challenge from the dead.

Woodrow Wilson is the Thomas Aquinas of the United States because, like the great mediaeval theologian, he attempted to arrange and collate the assortment of American national beliefs into a consistent, orderly and rational system. Bryan could frame his creed in the language of evangelical Christianity. Thus:

Behold a republic increasing in population, in wealth, in strength and in influence, solving the problems of civilization, and hastening the coming of an universal brotherhood . . . a republic gradually but surely becoming the supreme moral factor in the world’s progress and the accepted arbiter of the world’s disputes — a republic whose history ‘is as the shining light that shineth more and more unto the perfect day’.

But Wilson drew on the vocabulary of intellectual Presbyterianism for an expression of the idea. Thus in August 1914 when, as Sir Edward Grey put it, “the lamps were going out all over Europe”, the President declared: “I want to have the pride of feeling that America, if nobody else, has her self-possession and stands ready with calmness of thought and steadiness of purpose to help the rest of the world.” And in going into the war in April 1917 he asserted: “We are at the beginning of an age in which it will be insisted that the same standards of conduct and of responsibility for wrong done shall be observed among other nations and their governments that are

observed among the individual citizens of civilized states." This continued to be Wilson's theme through the speech on the "fourteen points" and through his later conduct at the Peace Conference. America was the "only disinterested nation", and alone was capable of "unselfish leadership". At the conference he lectured his doubting European colleagues on the evils of national self-interest; and his own unique contribution to the League Covenant was the ill-fated Article X, which supplies the formula for discipline and self denial among the nations.

Wilson's speeches are sermons such as the Puritan divines of the seventeenth century would have preached, had they stood in his shoes. The President revived the Puritan myth and embroidered it with what he had learned from Gladstone and the Manchester Liberals, whose books were the principal source of his education. The alternative to his proposals was "the idea of the Great Powers and of balance of power, and such an idea had always produced only 'aggression and selfishness and war'." Wilson's thinking was always in terms of the moral absolute; even history he defined as "a book of morals". America was republican, unselfish, righteous; Europe was monarchical, selfish, unrighteous. But Europe could be purified by making itself over in the American image. Wilson's sermons were studded with repetitive phrases which form the catechism, phrases such as "true neutrality", "self-determination", "opinion of mankind", "competitions of power", "concert of power", "freedom of the seas", "open covenants of peace openly arrived at", etc., etc. Not since Thomas Jefferson have so many platitudes been added to the American political vocabulary.

Wherein is the myth? There is, of course, the obvious gap between such ideological prodigality and the actual ways of men and nations. That part of the myth needs no elaboration. Nor do I mean to dwell on Wilson's exaggerated notions of the differences between the United States and Europe. These, to be sure, are to be discounted as expressions of the inherited anti-Europe bias, integral parts of the more extreme American nationalist orthodoxy. They should indeed suggest to the discerning reader that Wilson does not merit the title of "internationalist" that is so often gratuitously given him. I am not



sure how to define that word, but I should think that an "internationalist" is a person educated in, and tolerant of, the ways and attitudes of other nations. I see nothing in Wilson to fit this definition.

The Wilson myth is the Puritan myth magnified and adapted to the twentieth century position of the United States. In his earlier days he wrote of the coming American "commercial conquest of the world", and as president he attempted to suit the action to the word. Beneath the layer of Christian moralism is the shrewdness of the Puritan merchant. The World War was to furnish the opportunity. "The Government must open these gates of trade, and open them wide," he told Congress in December 1914; and the Shipping Bill, providing for the purchase of interned German vessels, was to be the first step. There is an ominous tone to his recorded observation to Colonel House in July 1917. "England and France," he said, "have not the same views with regard to peace that we have by any means. When the war is over we can force them to our way of thinking, because by that time they will, among other things, be financially in our hands." Wilson could preach "freedom of the seas" as an ideal, but at the same time he could push the Naval Bill of 1918 designed to challenge the sea power of Britain and Japan. He could solemnly declare that "never again" would the United States "seek one additional foot of territory by conquest", and then follow this up with an absolutist program of military domination of the Caribbean republics. In sum there is little that Wilson could not do, circumstances permitting, to make himself the Leader. That in essence is the Wilson myth.

## With Welsh and Reverent Rook

—The Biblical Element in Dylan Thomas—

by

CLARA LANDER

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*Like George Herbert, Thomas found in the Bible "millions of surprises". Mrs. Lander charts the poet's path along this "endless corridor of players' parts and parables."*

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*With Welsh and reverent rook*

*Coo roosting the woods' praise.*

Prologue BY DYLAN THOMAS

IN the interest of national unity Elizabeth in 1588 sponsored the first publication of the Bible in the Welsh tongue. And it has never left the Welsh tongue since. Even when a Welshman speaks or writes in English, a certain Biblical burr persists. If he lives close to the soil, like Mary Ann Sailors of *Under Milk Wood*, he will identify that soil with the Garden of Eden, and his long-suffering people with the chosen people of God's kind fire. If he lives by books he will discover that the Welsh language is kin to the Hamitic; and that the Hamitic, through Ham, is blood-brother to the Semitic; and that his own genetic roots descend, below the Celtic, to the post-glacial Afro-Asian migration north and westward. "My veins flowed with the eastern weather," wrote Dylan Thomas, as native to the Jordan as to the rivers of his own valley where every wood was like the First, "a green-leaved sermon on the innocence of men".

The innocence of men, or boys, is not the theme, however, of Cousin Gwilym's sermon in "The Peaches":

O God, Thou art everywhere all the time . . . in the preacher and the sinner, in the sparrow and big buzzard. Thou canst see everything, right down deep in our hearts . . . Thou canst see us when there aren't any stars, in the gravy blackness, in the deep, deep, deep, deep pit . . . in the little black corners, in the big cowboy's prairies . . . Thou canst see all the time. O God, mun, you're like a bloody cat.

Dylan's writing is somewhat like Gwilym's preaching. To both of them the parlor is a place "where the Bible opens itself at *Revelations*, and is there money still for tea?" In lieu of money, manna is the last hope, and "Bread of Heaven" the favorite hymn. And when the Bible does not open itself at *Revelations*, it does so at *Exodus*, or even more often at *Genesis*.

"In the beginning" is not just a beginning, it is an obsession with Dylan Thomas. Almost every poem is a birth-bed in which "endless beginning of prodigies suffers open". The life-in-death theme is constant. Such phrases as "the endless fall" express not only the sensation of dying but the intrapartum memory of birth. There are also "Mammoth and sparrow-fall", "A saint about to fall", and "many a hundred other falls". Pitfalls indeed abound, especially for poets: Thomas prefaced his own creations with the now famous

These poems, with all their crudities, doubts, and confusions, are written for the love of Man and in praise of God, and I'd be a damn fool if they weren't.

It is not unlikely that the writers of the Bible felt much the same way.

"The poetry of the Bible is that of imagination and of faith," said William Hazlitt. "Each man seems alone in the world, with the original forms of Nature, the rocks, the earth, and the sky." Even so, Dylan Thomas dreamed his genesis in sweat of death. He was born with the imagination for it. It was only the faith he had to acquire. It began with such grudging acknowledgments as "You unbelievable old father of Eva and Dai Adam" and grew into virtual manifestos on how freely he went lost

In the unknown, famous light of great  
And fabulous, dear God.

In poetry he had discovered the essence of Divinity:

By God, it moves! And so, of course, by God it does for that is another name for the magic beyond definition.

A more total comprehension was to come in the projected poem and existence "In Country Heaven" where we find

The godhead, the author, the milky-way farmer, the first cause, architect, lamplighter, quintessence, the beginning Word, the anthropomorphic bowler-out and blackballer, the stuff of all men, scapegoat, martyr, maker, woe-bearer — He on top of a hill in heaven, weeps wherever, outside that state of being called his country, one of his worlds drops dead, vanishes screaming, shrivels, explodes, murders itself. And when He weeps, Light and His tears glide down together, hand in hand.

In his own creations Thomas also bemoaned the "Murder of Eden and green genesis". Living in a sick world he was impelled, as others have been, to escape spiritually to the original garden planted Eastward. There, in his story "The Mouse and the Woman", a man and woman also walk in the cool of the evening: The man worships the woman as the inspiration of the Divine, "God at my side, he said"; but soon he begins to fear her as the incarnation of Evil. Rejecting Temptation itself as a natural and necessary condition of existence, the normal channels of his life are blocked and diverted, leaving him barren, isolated and bewildered.

To Thomas "All, men my madmen" are Adam incarnate and subject to the same sins of the flesh throughout the ages from "Upright Adam" to "Byzantine Adam" and beyond. Nonetheless, "Adam I love", he declares; and it is a total love incorporating every part and function of the body, and not least of all "the secret brain" of "The ribbed original of love". It is a brain that, in man, desires the curse and blessing of a woman "soft as Eve and sharp as sciatica to share his bread-pudding bed"; and, in woman, demands the giving of "the stripped and mother-of-the-world big-beamed and Eve-hipped spring of her self". "Fern Hill" depicting the idyllic age of childhood when all was shining, "it was Adam and maiden", bows in the end to the hard facts of a world which is each man's work and each woman's travail.

We are told, however, that

On Cader peak there was a school for witches where the doctor's daughter teaching the unholy cradle and the devil's pin, had seven country girls. . . .

The grammarian mind falters before the revelations that follow, and winces at the declaration "This world is half the devil's and my own".

Is Thomas announcing his identification with or his separation from Lucifer? The more ambiguous his meaning, the more exciting are the possibilities. The only time he worries is when the story is dead from the devil up. In this regard, he need not give himself up to melancholy. By his own account, he often encountered and even jostled the devil at his elbow.

Blake said that Milton wrote at liberty of the Devil and Hell because he was a true poet and of the Devil's party without knowing it. The same might be said of Thomas, except that he knew it: "If *Paradise Lost* had not already been written, I would have had a shot at it myself." So certain was he that the serpent who "fiddled at the shaping-time" might still be fiddling on the village-green.

Miltonic too is his concept of man as a congenital contradiction, vacillating between the bestial and angelic poles of himself, a sorrower and a merry-maker, "come to a bad end, very enjoyable" like Jonah Jarvis of Milk Wood. Whatever the end, the beginning was good, and Thomas tries constantly to get back to it. We read in "A Prospect of the Sea" how

When God was sleeping, he had climbed a ladder, and the room three jumps above the final rung was roofed and floored with the live pages of the book of days, the pages were gardens, the built words were trees, and Eden grew above him into Eden, and Eden grew down to Eden through the lower earth, and endless corridor of boughs and birds and leaves.

To him as to other Welshmen the Bible offers an endless corridor of players' parts and parables. The story ends

On a hill to the horizon stood an old man building a boat, and the light that slanted from the sea cast the holy mountain of a shadow over the three-storied decks and the Eastern timber . . . the cloudy shapes of birds and beasts and insects drifted into the hewn door. A dove with a green petal followed in the raven's flight. Cool rain began to fall.

The Deluge itself is a "climbing sea" of meanings. It symbolizes, from Genesis to Revelations, a complete cycle, but of many paradoxes: Creation out of chaos; the final cataclysm and/or the ruptured membrane. In his Prologue he identifies himself with Noah the Builder, even perforce with the backsliding "Drinking Noah of the



bay". But he has cause to celebrate, having launched an ark of poetry that would salvage the old and recreate a new literature. Moreover, he would inspire others and

Under the stars of Wales  
Cry, Multitudes of arks!

Despite a premature death which curtailed further production, he was a Welsh facsimile of James Joyce, the artist who as a young man had gone forth to bestir the uncreated conscience of his native race.

In his preface to *Cromwell*, Victor Hugo places the sources of poetry in the following order: The Bible before the Iliad; the Iliad before Shakespeare; and the "Colossi"—Adam, Cain, Noah—before all other men or Heroes. At such spring-wells Thomas not only refreshed himself, he literally over-indulged himself. If he did not waken then as Noah, he might do so as Lot. For the average Welshman is more familiar with visions of Sodom and Gomorrah than with the sights of Swansea and Cardiff. In fact, we are assured that, "If you go for a constitutional after stop-tap along the sands, you might as well be in Sodom and Gomorrah."

Thomas is no Ezekial preaching to the valley children. He is only a young poet surveying the scene. But by Saturday night he is part of it all, begging for the alms of love among the seaside houses where the "never-to-be-forgotten people of the dirty town had lived and loved and died and, always, lost." All they have lost, of course, is their innocence. This does not exactly obliterate them as a species. But loss of purpose, of the original purpose of creation, is more disastrous. When God promised Abraham a progeny as many as "the multiplying sands", it was a promise directed at greatness of purpose, not greatness of numbers. Man's purpose was to keep the garden of the earth green, fruitful, and enjoyable. But when enjoyment comes first, precluding or excluding all other gardening responsibilities, we have the kind of civilization reconstructed and destroyed again in the poem "Because the Pleasure-bird Whistles":

Because there stands, one story out of the bum city,  
That frozen wife whose juices drift like a fixed sea  
Secretly in statuary.  
Shall I, struck on the hot and rocking street,

Not spin to stare at an old year  
Toppling and burning in the muddle of towers and galleries . . .  
The salt person and blasted place  
I furnish with the meat of a fable . . .  
Over the past table I repeat this present grace.

Mere inclusion of Biblical imagery is not enough to assure the poet immortality. There were plenty of lumps in what Thomas called "the Apocalyptic batter" of contemporary poetry, and he had to steer a narrow course between pretentious prophecy and helpless futility. Hazlitt had despaired: "There can never be another Jacob's dream. Since that time the heavens have gone farther off, and grown astronomical." To re-establish the communion between heaven and earth once enjoyed by the bards of his race, Thomas declared that his own dreams were "star-set at Jacob's angle". And one Welsh editor agreed that of all modern writers of Wales, Thomas had fought "the Jacob fight" best. By this we are to infer that the poet not only gained recognition for himself but also for his native heritage, and, in so doing, effected a reconciliation between the estranged ancient British and modern English literature.

It is, in fact, with the Jacob story in the Bible that we first enter into family politics on a large scale. Though Dai Bread in *Under Milk Wood* is happy with two wives, the madman in "The Mouse and the Woman" can hardly abide one. He may boast that "He had not slept with Rachel and woken with Leah", but he is the victim of his own selectivity. For Jacob not only acquired two wives but, through them, twelve sons, and, through these again, twelve tribes. We need not envy him, however, the cost of upkeep. "How many Joseph-coats have I left uncalled-for in the Gentlemen's Cloakrooms of the year!" Thomas once bewailed, aware of himself both as father and son, "the bright pretender."

When he forgets the coat made by a patriarch, he can always don the mantle of a magician. So, up and down the "Dead Sea scale" of wilderness associations we travel with him, crossing and recrossing old trails. And when we cannot enter the Promised Land with Moses, we march in with Joshua. Moving northward we encounter, in such poems as "The Hand that Signed the Paper", the Five Kings of the

human hand, leagued and raised against the Lord's Commandments. The rest is history. Thomas's attempts to conquer himself, however, do not always meet with success. In "The Orchards" he tells how

He struggled with his story like a man with the sun, and the sun  
stood victoriously at high noon over the dead story.

The word is too much with us, he concludes, and the world too.

Once established, the Israelites also acquired kings and potentates "with their nightingales and psalms" — and sins. It was David who asked "Who shall ascend to the mountain of the Lord's house?" and then answered himself: "Only he with clean hands and a pure heart". But, Thomas quipped, "Under the skysigns they who have no arms / Have cleanest hands . . ."

The poem "Over Sir John's Hill" was a psalm, he said, "For the sake of the souls of the slain birds sailing". But did he include himself in the flight?

I open the leaves of the water at a passage

Of psalms and shadows . . .

And read, in a shell,

Death clear as a buoy's bell:

All praise of the hawk on fire in hawk-eyed dusk be sung . . .

If Cousin Gwilym can see the cat in God, Cousin Dylan can see the hawk in God. Cherry Owen, with a few drinks under his belt, can even see himself in God. "God has come home!" is how he announces himself to Mrs. Cherry. Milton's Eve saw God in her man, but Mrs. Cherry sees someone much more tangible: "You were my King Solomon and I was your Mrs. Sheba." There are other references to Sheba and to Solomon, "the yesman and the answer . . . he who split his children with a cure". Susannah too comes in for honourable, and the elders for dishonourable, mention.

And locked away forever in the secret brain of Miss Price, dress-maker and sweet-shop keeper, is Delilah, dreaming of the conquest of Mog Edwards, "her lover, tall as the town clock tower, Samson-syrup-gold-maned". As in the Book of Judges, Samson not only has the strength of ten, but a multiple personality to match. "The last

Samson of your zodiac", at the end "Deaths and Entrances", is an enemy airman about to topple the columns and towers of London down upon us. While in other poems Samson may be Thomas himself:

I make a weapon of an ass's skeleton  
And walk the warring sands by the dead town,  
Cudgel great air, wreck east, and topple sundown . . .  
And, for that murder's sake, dark with contagion  
Like an approaching wave I sprawl to ruin.

Allusions to Jonah are numerous. To Thomas, also, the belly of "Jonah's Moby" symbolizes the darkness of doubt, while ejection from that belly signifies renewed faith in himself and belief in a Divine Providence:

Up from the lubber crust of Wales  
I rocketed to astonish. . . .

To the mystic and punster in him, the whale represented also the hilly panorama of his birthplace. And what the high priest Eli (Jenkins) has to say about Llaregyb, can apply to all the world as well as to Welshmen:

We are not wholly bad or good  
Who live our lives under Milk Wood  
And thou I know will be the first  
To see our good side not our worst.

On the good side, and coming to the rescue in Sonnet V, is "two-gunned Gabriel". According to film protocol, he takes a hand or a sleight-of-hand in the game. And since it is the game of life itself, miracles anew are trumped up "from Jesu's sleeve". Boccaccio in his *Life of Dante* wrote: "What is it but poetic fiction to say in one place of Scripture that Christ is a lion and in another a lamb, now that He is a serpent and now a dragon, and in still another place He is a rock?" Thomas, in "There Was a Saviour", depicts Jesus as the rock of brotherly love that breaks all rocks. Earlier poems, of course, relay earlier messages but mainly of a phallic nature. With poetic development came a more spiritual but no less intricate image of the Saviour that is in Everyman, in Langland's "Piers Plowman" and Hopkins's "Harry Ploughman" too.

In an early story entitled "The Tree" the gardener loves the Bible: "But the death of Christ on a tree he loved best." We think immediately of the tree-worship of *The Golden Bough*: "Always pray to the tree, said the gardener, thinking of Calvary and Eden." The Bible is called "the book of trees", from the "white-hot tree" of Genesis to the "rude, red tree" of the Crucifixion.

"And Bethlehem," Thomas writes, "was nearer than he expected." But nearer to what? The Golden Age of Paganism or our own? From Sonnet I to Sonnet X of "Altarwise by Owl-light" we follow his Christian voyage, from the darkness and chaos of beginning, to the "Christward shelter" of light. He is indeed the cumulative prayer of modern poets, the multiple but not the borrowed faith. Obeisance is made at the altars of all his fathers, Egyptian, Hebrew, Phoenician, Babylonian, Hellenic, Iberian, Brythonic, and Cymric; and, finally, to the Father of them all. He sees himself as the incarnation of the Son or even Sun. And in the prevailing and fearful owl-light of his time, this was perhaps the most sustaining thought of all.

Primarily, he believed, like all mystics from the Druids to Blake, in an essential Unity of Being: We must all return, he said, to "The round Zion of the water bead" of our primordial origin, there to be reformed into other compounds of being, — mineral, animal, or vegetable like "the synagogue of the ear of corn". As Thomas Browne would have said: "He was ready to be anything, in the ecstasie of being *ever*." This expresses, in effect, the Messianic dream: As long as life exists on this earth, there is hope that a new Messiah will be born. Once there was a Saviour. Why not again and again?

In Wilfred Owen lay that power of redemption: Thomas saw him not only as the redeemer of Welsh creativity, but of world conscience as well. Owen described modern warfare as a holocaust to which the fires of Sodom and Gomorrah, and the destruction of Babylon the Fallen, could not hold a candle. And what Thomas wrote of Owen was only too true of himself: "It was impossible for him to avoid the sharing of suffering. He could not record a wound that was not his own. He had so very many deaths to die, and so very short a life within which to endure them all."



Haunted by the premonition of an early death, Thomas himself was as "one who rode upon a cherub, and did fly: yea, he did fly upon the wings of the wind," even as the Psalmist visualized. In a story called "The Visitor" the dying poet Peter is born aloft, in like manner, by Callaghan, the West Wind.

The birth-bed, to Thomas, is "a cross place" where Genesis and Gethsemane meet. The death-bed of "Lament", on the other hand, is one where innocence sweetens a last black breath,—where remorse may signify repentance for sins, as much as regret that one may sin no more. If all his poems and stories are, as he said, autobiographical, they are, as we all are, the meeting-place of contradictions. If Thomas identifies himself with Christ, he must also identify himself with Anti-Christ, "the angel of the bottomless pit, whose name in the Hebrew tongue is Abaddon", the "hangnail" of human defection and self-destruction.

As a personality, Thomas was the epitome of the archetypal hero-figure described by Maud Bodkin as standing poised between height and depth, between the Divine and the Devilish. But a poem like "Lament" may be something more than that: It may be Divinely Devilish. For though Thomas is a son of God, he is also a son of Satan; and it may be unwise to take even "This Bread I Break" on trust, as springing merely from the words of Matthew or Luke.

It is too simple to say, however, that he was either angelic or bestial, or both at the same time. We must realize, as he did, that he was composed also of all the gradations between the extremes, of "John's beast, Job's patience, and the fibs of vision". But one truth he knew, — Humanity in every form, function, shape, and age:

Adam I love, my madmen's love is endless,  
No tell-tale lover has an end more certain,  
All legends' sweethearts on a tree of stories,  
My cross of tales behind the fabulous curtain.

Over his words there hovers a sense of expectancy, as though the curtain indeed were about to be raised: It is the second last day before Judgment. The sea stands ready to give up its dead. The "certain promise" of Revelations 21:1 is at hand. In a matter of hours now the water will disappear and the garden-time endure forever:

And through the Sundered water crawls  
A garden holding to her hand  
With birds and animals  
With men and women and waterfalls  
Trees cool and dry in the whirlpool of ships  
And stunned and still on the green, laid veil  
Sand with legends in its virgin laps.

More than courage, he had the vision of his convictions. He prayed in no church, but alone. Yet it was not for himself only that he pleaded: "Teach us the love that is evergreen." T. S. Eliot, however, had already despaired of man as unloving and unloved. In an essay on "Religion and Literature" in 1936 he seemed pessimistic about other things as well:

... the Bible has had a *literary* influence upon English literature not because it has been considered as literature, but because it has been considered as the report of the Word of God. And the fact that men of letters now discuss it as 'literature' probably indicates the *end* of its *literary* influence.

It made Thomas uncomfortable to be considered "a man of letters". That was all right for classicists and critics. So were concepts of human limitations, and verdicts of finality. But a people of the Book, like the Welsh, simply cannot accept the finality of anything — even of a literary influence. A Welsh poet of the twentieth century was just as inclined as George Herbert, in the seventeenth, to find "in Bibles laid open, millions of surprises".

Dylan Thomas considered the Biblical element one well worth retaining in an era which has produced so many scientific surprises and so few spiritual ones.

# The Waiting

— A Short Story —

by

JACK LOWTHER WILSON

He sat on the shade side of the barn in the place where his father had brought him, and to which his father always brought him when he wanted the boy out of his way. He sat in the high, cool green grass and his head was full of the music of the world before him.

A haze hung in the trees beyond the stream that looped at the edges of the fields of the farm, and beyond the fence of crooked sticks that squared his horizons into the gold-green clouds of the forest and the areas of black-fallow soil. He ate at an apple, savouring the juices with wet-loud noises; and he sat quietly with the fancies of his sight. And when he had finished his apple he flung away the core and stretched back against the barn, still looking toward the fields; a big boy with large limbs and a full, round face. His head was huge and hilled with puffed bruises, though the pain had gone out of them. His eyes were bright and eager although sight was image and no more; but he joyed now in the sun spreading over the farms in the distance, and in the sound about him of poultry under the eaves, in this the last of his early years.

A small girl in jeans and pigtails came out of the farmhouse, crossed through the shouting yard of ducks and drew near the boy like a wraith. Nearing him, her walk slowed, and she stopped at the corner of an aged colony house and within the moment debated to continue toward the boy or to heed her mother's instructions that she stay from him. Her thoughts fluttered through indecision and she remembered the wild violence that had lately come upon the boy, and she was tempted to return to the house. Then, watching him, huge and silent, she felt rather than knew his helplessness and she felt a pity for him and the hurt that showed in the bruises of his face,

and she went to him. She knelt at his side. "Are you all right?" she said. The boy turned and stared at her and then turned again toward the fields and the fall-fired forest. "Tobin," the girl said, "please be nice to me. It wasn't me who hurt you." But the boy wouldn't recognize her; and the girl sat with him for twenty minutes, calling his name and talking her words into the music that drowned in his mind and turned all time into sound. At last the girl left him and returned to the house. She went upstairs to where her mother and father were. "He pretends he doesn't know me," she said.

"I forbade you to see him," her mother shouted, shocking her words into the girl. "Will you all disobey me?" And she glared challengingly at the man and the girl. But they made her no answer, and so she knit up her rage, felt the cuts of her face and rocked on in her chair.

The room was ridden in silence.

The girl looked to the man and the woman for understanding, but they were each in their own thoughts again and the girl stood unnoticed. She went to a couch near her mother and sat down. Sun swirled into the room, and as though the sun's warmth had first made the man conscious of his being he rose and walked from the girl and the woman, and into the kitchen to where the furniture showed scars of bright, ribboning lines of dried blood. He walked to the rear window of the room and looked down to where the boy sat beside the barn; and his mind jostled again with the memory of the chaos that had burst under his roof during the past night. And remembering, he saw the mind-bright images of his wife and the boy closed once more in their mad, shrieking fight; and he tried to make order out of all that had happened thereafter. Again he heard the fading, last-to-sleeping cries of his wife and daughter, and he relived the hurt and confusion that had assailed him, the long, sleepless hours of sitting with the boy, attempting to find a consolation for the bewildered Tobin and for himself. But now, as then, no solace would come. He remained at the open window, staring down at the boy. Presently he heard his wife speaking to the girl.

"When will they be here?" the mother said. "Didn't they tell your father they'd hurry?"

"Yes," the girl said. "They said they would hurry."

The mother straightened at the sound of the words. "Don't snap at me," she said.

"I didn't snap," the girl said tremulously. "I said the men said they would hurry."

The mother laughed. A high laugh that twitched out of her body. "They'll hurry now and it's years too late," she said. And suddenly she felt a wave of tenseness seizing through her body, the memory of the past night breaking over her again and the frightening, mind-clouding spasms of her body threatening her to some wild disorder she could not conceive. She grasped harshly at the arms of her chair as the shaking possessed her. She closed her eyes and after an effort of will the tremors ceased and she was still again. Pain started in a throbbing at the nape of her neck. Presently she opened her eyes and saw the girl standing before her. "My dear," she muttered, "it's all right. It's all right, my dear." And she saw that the girl was crying. "Here," the mother said, and she began comforting the girl, taking her into her arms and both giving and drawing a quietude with the girl.

"We are all to blame," the child said after a time.

"Shh, now."

"All to blame," the girl said again.

"Never, never," the mother said, rocking with the girl at her lap. The girl snuggled closer to her mother, enjoying the body warmth of the woman. It was a safe warmth and a safe feeling; and in a short time she stopped her crying.

Her mother stroked her hair. "It's been terrible for you, hasn't it?" the mother said.

The girl did not answer.

"Yes," the mother said, answering herself, "for all of us. It's been a great trouble." And to herself, out loud, she said, "but it will soon be over."

"Will they lock him up?" the girl said. She was kneeling at her mother's feet now. Her mother grasped her hands, disturbed by the implication of little-girl grief that was in the question, and disturbed by the fright that showed in the girl's eyes. "No," the mother said.



"They will just take him away to a place where people will be kind to him."

"Kinder than we could be?"

"Yes," the mother said. "Yes, I'm sure of that."

"Oh, I don't think that could ever be."

"Yes, my child. Believe me," the mother said.

"Why don't you tell her the truth?" the man said from the kitchen.

"Why don't you tell her?" He walked from the kitchen and stood in front of the woman. Anger, he thought, staring into his wife's face, will not make it right; but I have nothing but anger now. And loathing, he thought with surprise, for this woman who has never tried to love Tobin really; and because of that has never really loved me. "Tell her," he said, feeling delicious the sudden hatred within himself. "Tell her," he said again. "Tell her the bloody truth!"

"Go into your room," the mother said to the girl.

"No," the man said. "Let her hear it."

"She will not!" And quietly to the girl the mother said, "go into your room now." The girl got to her feet. It was all very bewildering. Her father loomed huge and like a stranger to her; and in contrast, her mother seemed comforting and safe, and she wanted to stay with her. She put her hand out to her mother, never taking her eyes off the face of her father. "No," her mother said, "you go into your room for a minute. Your father and I are going to talk. Go on," she said, gently and assuringly. The girl ran into her room and slammed the door. She stood in the centre of her bedroom. She thought it was all like sleeping and dreaming, and being very much alone and very frightened. And then she began crying again.

"Now," the woman said, hearing the girl, "I suppose you are happy. You've shouted and raged and made a big, damn fool of yourself and got everybody upset. You should be very happy about yourself."

"I want you to tell her the truth."

"There is no need to."

"There is a need," the man said. "If you are going to tell her anything you are going to tell her the truth. No fancy, half-way stories. She saw most of what happened last night, and so she will

suppose all kinds of things. And there is no need to tell her that Tobin is going to be with nice people who will love him very much, or anything else. You might as well tell her that Tobin is going away for good, and that she will not see him again. "And," he said, his anger roaring within him, "you might say too that Tobin is going away because you damn well can't stand the sight of him; never could, and never tried to!"

"That would be nice," the woman said sarcastically. "Should I also tell her, 'Tobin is not really your brother?' Should I say to her, 'Tobin is the imbecile son of your aunt Kate, who was your father's sister, and died from having Tobin?' Oh, what a lovely story to tell an eight year old girl," the woman said.

"Listen," the man said, knowing that he was defeated, but swinging now to another tack so that he might again let out his anger. "Listen," he said, "perhaps that was wrong, but what I say now is not wrong. This is the truth of it; and the truth is that if you had shown that boy more of love this would not have happened."

"You're mad," the woman said, acidly.

"Listen!"

"Stop shouting."

"Hear me," the man said, grinding his words. "I tell you that boy wasted for the love of you, and you treated him always like an animal. It sickened you to see Mary be affectionate with him; and it sickened you because I treated him equal. And all this has happened because of that."

"Give him love?" the woman said loudly.

"Yes."

"Give him what he cannot understand?" She looked at her husband, matching his anger. He has no solace for me, she thought. Because of something I could not control he turns from me, and blames me. She thought: to hell with him. "You are a fool," she shouted. "A stupid, unreasoning fool. You ask me to treat a gargoyle like a normal child!"

"I don't ask you to treat him like a normal child. I ask you to love him as he is," the man said. "His being misshapen in body and mind should make no difference. He is still a child, and affection is his only

communication with you or me or with anyone. It is the only thing he understands," the man said. His voice had become quiet, and he realized in himself that he was pleading. He thought: I should have begged for this a long time ago, if it is begging. Or perhaps I should have demanded it; but I have left it too long. And to his wife he said, "but you never gave him affection. With you it was being tolerant because you thought you owed that much to me. Nothing you ever did was for the boy's sake."

No, the woman said to herself. Nothing was done for the boy's sake: nothing . . . nothing — and the words screamed up under her mind. "You don't understand," she said at last.

"My God!"

"No, you don't understand," she said again, turning so that she could look at his suddenly averted face. "It was easier for you because you were with Tobin from the beginning. You forget that he was already beyond Mary's age when we were married."

"But you accepted him then?" the man said, saying the words loudly, and wheeling about like a huge bird. "If it was all right then, it should be all right now."

"Do you think time stands still? Tobin is no longer a child. He will soon be a young man, and how are we to know what he will be like when he's older? With you it will perhaps not change, because you are the only one he has ever really known. I am still a stranger to him, for all these years. And we know that he may become violently dangerous if anyone he does not accept should mistreat him. And what about Mary?"

"Tobin loves her," the man said flatly.

"Now. Yes."

"Well then," the man said, angry again in his distress, "why should it change? Mary loves him because she is a child and because she sees Tobin as another child. It is as simple as that. Why shouldn't all of us look upon him as a child? And there should be no fear of him here. This place is miles out of town. What trouble could happen?"

"How much proof do you need?" the woman said. "Doesn't last night convince you that Tobin is becoming dangerous. When he attacked me he might have killed me. It was only because you were here," she said, lowering her voice. "Think about that."

"Because you beat him," he answered, thrusting his head toward her. "And he didn't understand. I've told you never to hit him. He won't stand for it."

"Then for that reason alone I am right in saying he must go. You must realize that."

"I will not realize it," the man shouted, turning from her, and giving way. "I will do it if I have to. I'll send him away, but I will not believe it is right."

"Necessity makes it right," the woman said.

"Whose necessity?"

"Consider me," the woman said, loudly. "And am I to be given nothing but blame? Am I to be given no comfort from you?"

"You don't need it!" the man shouted, going from her and into the kitchen. "You are everything that Tobin isn't," he shouted with a steadily rising voice. "You need nothing from me!"

The woman rocked back in her chair. She felt exhausted, enmeshed in half-real emotion. Anger nagged at her. Tenseness as well. But for the moment she was silent. There is no use to this, she thought. He will not listen; and I must let him have time. And then she thought: perhaps I must, and perhaps not. He gives me no consideration and expects that I absorb all his unhappiness. It isn't fair. She rocked her chair again, and decided. I will not take his nastiness, she said to herself. She tilted her head. "Mary," she called. And when the girl had come to her from the bedroom she said to her, "Go and make tea for us."

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Outside, Tobin heard the voices rolling in loudness from the house. The sounds entered into his mind and stopped his images with the harshness of tone that was a confusion to him. He got up and swept quickly to the rear of the barn and there placed his head into the well of a window to escape his fear. But the sounds continued. Finally he pressed his great hands against the window, and from the

force of them it gave way. He stood still a moment and then climbed through the opening and into the forbidden building. At the noise of him the chickens rose in fright which in turn startled him. A rooster ran between his feet and almost convulsively he reached down and drew up against him the large white-fluffing bird. He babbled at it and stroked it to stillness while the rest of the flock rushed to the corners of the pen. The air was musty-warm and safe-smelling about him and the rooster pulsed hot against his skin. Slowly his wonder and his quiet began again. He stood unmoving and hugged the rooster, babbling the while; and presently the flock resumed its tick-chatter and chicken journeys to and fro.

A rooster in the deck above crowed and stepped, strutting toward the feeding trays. Hearing it the boy tilted back his head and smiled. The rooster crowed again and the white bird cradled in his arms struggled at the sound. Tobin crossed the floor, scuffling the straw before him and stirring the chickens to panic once more. He opened the door of the pen and waited, and listened at the foot of the barn stairs. Above him he heard the loud chatter of the birds and some-while again the crowing of the rooster. It was then that he walked up the stairs with the rooster in his arms twisting with bafflement. At the top of the stairs he opened the door leading into the deck and walked in. He did it quietly and did not disturb the colony; and when he was inside he crouched down in fascination, and out of his watching he tried to imitate the cluck-whirring chickens.

And then the rooster in his arms shouted, and Tobin, from some stirring in his mind, threw the bird from him. It fell in a huddle of feathers onto the strawed floor. And Tobin almost immediately swung erect in the anger of sound about him as four male birds of the flock rushed at their stranger. Tobin's rooster was beak-buried under them as they slashed and called. Tobin leaned against the wall in surprise. And then, with a whimper of anxiety, he reached into the white-feather mass of struggling males for his rooster. Immediately he drew back his hand with a cry of pain. The back of his hand was streaked white. For a moment the white claw lines spread and the skin swelled, and then as he watched in curiosity the blood oozed out sparkling bright from the torn skin. In an instant of thought, quick-after the



pain, the coloured voice-shapes came into his mind; and the one with long hair and the flower scent was making loud noises at him; the familiar sounds that had always puzzled him. But this time the shape did not stop at noises. It swung toward him, its arms raised around the shouting-red mouth, and suddenly his head was a blinded thing of hurt under the quick-falling arms that jarred against him with sickening blows. And he was struggling-bent-under the heavy shape, trying to escape the pain and the hot, squirming thing that wrestled against him until his mind burst in a globe of white, fierce air. And then the shape was making high, piercing sounds that frightened him, and its head was sticky and screaming between his hands. And then he did not have to struggle any more for the shape that comforted him had come and was holding him still; and a troubled peace came back to his heaving chest though around him hung the high shrillings of the shape with the long hair.

Tobin turned, his eyes staring with his mysteries. He looked down at his feet. The roosters were circling the fallen stranger now, clucking and knowing before their hens. Tobin reached for the rooster closest to him.

After one wild sound the bird exploded in blood and feathers between his hands.

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Inside the house the woman stopped her rocker and looked down at her hands, tightly closed in her lap. Remnants of her anger still tugged at her. Across from her, her husband, also silent, watched the daughter as she cleared away the tea things.

"They're an uncommonly long time in coming," the woman said.

"Credit it to your anxiety," the man said, roughly.

"I suppose there is little need to talk to you then?"

"None."

"I see," the woman said. "This is going to take time, is it?"

"Perhaps," the man said. "Anyways, there is no need of talk. Let me alone."

The woman mulled his words silently awhile, and resentfully. "Are you going to make this important over all of us?" she asked.

The man did not answer.

"You are like a fool," the woman said. "You sit in your ruin now like a sulky boy, even though you must have known this time would come." She spoke on, going over again all that had been said between them, and feeling a calmness welling within herself as her words fell out of her fires to her husband. "Did you have to bury yourself in farming so that Tobin could escape the city and the puzzle of people?" she said. "Attempt an escape that wasn't possible? Really, you had no reason ever to suppose Tobin could be helped; and there was a limit to this sense of duty toward your sister. There was the duty to yourself and to us."

"Stop it," the man said, quietly.

"But he escaped you, didn't he?" the woman said, taking no notice.

The man got up, thinking he could not trust himself to argument again and realizing within himself the beginning of an unreasoning distaste. "I'm going to the barn," he said.

The woman shrugged, making him no answer.

At the side of the barn the man stopped and watched a figure of birds splash in their feathers up from his land and against the walling sky. He looked down and saw the boy sitting beside the barn. "Do you see them, Tobin," he called, and pointed. "The beautiful birds?"

The boy babbled his answer, and the man sat down beside him, putting his arms around his son. And the boy turned toward the father, the great head troubled in wonder.

The man did not notice the spattered blood on the clothing of the boy, nor did he smell the chicken-stench of him. He hugged the unwitting giant toward him, letting his mind unravel in the space of time left to them.

The warmth of the boy's body seeped into his own, stirring his mind to the memory of a woman long since dead. Her blood and bone, he thought, piecing the fragments of reflection that gathered in his mind. It does not seem so long ago that we were together, or that she was huge with child. Or dead. And it does not seem so long ago that you used the aunt Kate lie to get you into the start of all this, he thought. Shame or whatever, bred the lie and now breeds

pain. Now, he thought, there is no way to explain and you'll just have to live with it, and with the woman who isn't half the woman this boy's mother was. Anyway, he said to himself, the answers were there before you asked the questions. They always are. And he thought again of the woman who had left him their child and a future of questions. He comforted himself that he had made answer as best he could; but a moment after the thought his mind went on again, trying to find somewhere a final answer to weigh against this last truth.

The man and the boy were there and without sound at the side of the barn when the men arrived some time later.

# The Modern Playwright and the Absolute

—The Decline of Tragedy—

by

CHARLES I. GLICKSBERG

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*Must the creative spirit wither in the blast of moral and intellectual nihilism? Surveying the tragedy from Chekhov to Tennessee Williams, the author analyzes the losing struggle of the "cosmically homeless" to retain some mastery of fact; — but beyond the depths of despair he glimpses new tragic heights.*

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Nothing is more paralyzing to the creative spirit than the loss of faith in life. The failure on the part of many contemporary writers to believe that the life of mankind is essentially meaningful has seriously affected the quality of their work and stripped it of vitality. Alone in a universe that they regard as alien and incomprehensible, infected with the deadly suspicion that the ferment of biological activity on earth is not only futile but absurd, they are incapable of uttering any heartening affirmation. To speak out loudly in praise of life, in the optimistic manner, say, of a Robert Browning—that is the last infirmity of noble minds. Even to write is a manifestation of the cosmic absurdity that gnaws like a worm at the heart of existence. For what conceivable purpose and to what end should one create? In *The Myth of Sisyphus*, Albert Camus composes a manifesto justifying the metaphysics and exalting the literature of absurdity.

Yet this nihilistic glimpse of the desolateness of reality could become charged with "religious" or "tragic" values if the writer pushed his inquiry far enough and arrived at the ultimate of despair: the vision of life without God, unsupported by any scheme of retributive

justice, and the conception of man as but the blind victim of mechanical forces. For then the playwright would either have to abandon life as an obscene affront not to be borne, an ontological ignominy that is insufferable, or else, if the will to live is stronger than the voice of reason, he would have to transform his negation into a philosophy of vital acceptance. If he is going to live — and write, he must in some way live — and write — meaningfully. Hence he must set his spiritual house in order, make it his home, and embrace those positive values that will integrate his life. The riddle of existence remains insoluble. Nevertheless, the dramatists, like the poets and novelists of our time, are unable to rest content with a tolerant skepticism. They must, through their work, affirm the meaning — or lack of meaning — of life; their recurrent message, especially during the past two decades, has been one of fairly consistent negation.

In its beginnings, the drama was closely related to the communal worship of the gods, the religious aspirations of a people. But today the playwright is compelled to come to grips with ultimate issues at a time when traditional religion has fallen apart and can no longer command universal assent. In an age of rampant disbelief, an age of anxiety and crisis, he looks out on life which has lost both its spontaneity and its certitude, not to speak of its supernatural sanction. His divided state of being, his metaphysical homelessness and hopelessness, his spiritual alienation — these are the symptoms of a "disease" afflicting his whole generation. Few writers of our day have been left untouched by this collective neurosis of the spirit, which expresses itself symptomatically as a painful sense of not belonging in the universe. Thus many writers are driven to face the question of their existence, the problem of their destiny, the meaning, if any, they can derive from a life that is overshadowed by the cruel finality of death or from a Nature that is utterly indifferent to their aspirations.

How can modern man take his fate seriously when he regards himself primarily as a biological accident, a conditioned product, no longer the special concern of God? What is there of grandeur in the atomic holocaust that is about to overtake him? His life, because it is meaningless, is lived desperately, without the support of the supernatural. Realistic drama is confined to the study of the commonplace



or the explorations of the abnormal, and it presents, as in *The Adding Machine* or *Death of a Salesman*, a hero who has been reduced to nullity, a pathetic embodiment of helplessness. The scientific revolution has been an agent of disturbance, a ferment of intellectual unrest, bringing everything into question, undermining the foundations of Christianity and leading man to suspect that his struggle on earth is without ultimate significance. He knows now that he is doomed to disappear and leave not a trace behind.

Those who contemplate the infinite starry spaces that frightened Pascal, seek at first to reaffirm the enduring goodness of life, its glory and beauty, the miracle as well as the mystery of being alive. Unfortunately they cannot long sustain this "innocent" ecstasy of perception. The mythical but symbolically alive serpent crawls into their Garden of Eden and destroys their happiness with the knowledge that life, interpreted in mechanistic or biological terms, is ugly and evil. William Saroyan, for example, composes plays that are vibrantly lyrical, dramatic hymns that celebrate the beauty and wonder of life, but since life, the subject of his song, is manifestly neither good nor beautiful he is trapped in a dismaying contradiction; the bitter truth of reality drowns out the music of his dream. Maxwell Anderson, too, has struggled to compose plays that rise to the authentic heights of tragedy, but his affirmations are lacking in dynamic power, the creative élan that springs from assured faith. A child of the twentieth century, stricken with its dismaying doubts and contradictions, he beholds a universe that is shaped in the image of science, but he expresses longings that are moral and metaphysical and he presents characters who are possessed of godlike longings and seek to commune with God even though they cannot get themselves to believe in Him. The most characteristic note of our age is surely struck by those playwrights who have gazed deep into the eyes of Medusa and are concerned to reveal their vision of the naked horror of life. Though they make a strenuous effort to disclose a pattern of redemptive meaning in naturalistic terms, they are usually foiled in their quest. Beholding only the specter of nihilistic futility, they dwell sadly on man's inescapable need for living in a compensatory world of illusions. Today, alas, there are no truly tragic poets in the theatre.

The tragic rhythm, as Suzanne K. Langer points out in *Feeling and Form*, is based fundamentally on the deathward progression of the individual, and the form of tragedy reflects this inexorable cycle. The failure of the modern hero to rise to tragic heights springs from his own realization that he cannot possibly fulfill his potentialities; he is doomed, and he knows it, before he plunges into battle or even understands the nature of the struggle he must wage. Stricken with the palsy of doubt, he cannot confidently pursue his destiny, for he is aware that it is rooted in frustration and despair. Though the dramatist does not set out to elaborate a system of philosophical ideas, he cannot altogether keep his spiritual perturbations out of the picture. Hence he represents modern man as struggling to achieve a salvation that is bound to elude him; he cannot escape from the disaster that is imminent and inevitable. In his efforts to portray the emptiness and therefore evil of existence, the dramatist falls short of the tragic, for his protagonist does not and cannot comprehend what is happening to him. Destruction finally overtakes the "tragic hero" of our time, but he never gains the grace of insight, the boon of self-understanding. In *Tragedy Is Not Enough*, Karl Jaspers declares fittingly: "Tragedy shows man as he is transformed at the edge of doom." But in the tragedy of our day, this transformation actually never takes place. The modern agonistic "hero" falters and draws back before the edge of doom. Lacking the strength to break the ties that bind him to existence, he cannot affirm the greatness of the human spirit. There is nothing particularly inspiring about the spectacle of life that such playwrights as Eugene O'Neill or Jean-Paul Sartre exhibit.

Confronted by a contingent, enigmatic, forever unknowable universe, the Existentialist of our time perceives only the terrible irrationality and absurdity of life. He has formulated all the haunting questions of the Sphinx but he can furnish no answer. Absurdity is thus rendered absolute. What reason, what justification, is there for man's existence on earth? None at all. Man is an utter stranger in the universe, without a vocation, without an excuse for being. Alone and useless in infinite space, he spawns religious and metaphysical systems which are but extravagant and vain methods of blinding himself to the knowledge of his abandonment. Out of this sense of

estrangement the playwright fashions his febrile dramas of despair. Recognizing the precariousness of its position, the human personality is aware of itself, in the words of Emmanuel Mounier, as "a frail existent lost in the bitter ocean of infinity; I am the weak and lonely god without whom this spontaneous creation of myself by myself is liable at any moment to sink in the depths of nothingness."

The language used here by a devout mystic is profoundly revealing. It is this motif of nothingness that is the source of perpetual anguish; it is this shattering spiritual insight that negates the condition which makes for tragedy. The anguish arises from the fact of the human predicament in a problematical world. It is born of the knowledge that man marches ineluctantly toward death. It is the expression of cosmic homelessness and absolute dereliction. Since man is driven relentlessly toward death, no one can ever hope to become the master of his fate. Each one lives for the sole purpose of dying, and if that is so, then it follows that life is utterly absurd. Moreover, what is there of tragic greatness in characters who live out their brief life in constant, demoralized expectation of death? How can death lend an exalted (or any kind of "tragic") meaning to life? If it is absurd for man to be born, it is equally absurd to be condemned to death. Both are accidental and meaningless. The modern "tragic" hero is reduced to the intolerable condition of trying to attain freedom in the face of death, of striving to affirm the nothingness that infects existence.

In *The Dream Play*, Strindberg pictures a queer surrealistic world, an insane world, full of contradictions, in which judgment is confounded and justice perverted. Life often seems a purposeless routine, a meaningless bore; people keep on asking the same questions until death finally releases them from their senseless torture. In the last scene, the Daughter of Indra declares that the earth is unclean and life evil. Victims of time, creatures of dust, men live as they can, but why must life be so full of suffering? *The Spook Sonata* contains the despairing cry: "A curse lies on the whole creation and on life."

In Chekhov's plays, too, the characters, wasting their years in apathy and indecision, are tormented by the question of what they shall do with their life. They feel the need to rest in illusion, for this

is better than nothing. In *Uncle Vanya*, Voitski cries out that his life has been a failure; he does not know what to do with the years that lie ahead of him. All that is left is the peace to be found in the eternity of the grave. But the Chekhovian characters, however bitter their existence may be, at least endure to the end. In *The Lower Depths*, a challenging naturalistic play, Gorky presents a number of derelicts who philosophize broodingly about the world that has treated them so cruelly, but the most wretched and degraded of these creatures has a soul, and cherishes a secret aspiration, a private dream, a longing to redeem himself by reaching out after goodness. For Luka, the pilgrim, all men, whatever their status, are alike. The deeper man sinks, the higher his aspirations soar. When he is asked by one of the lodgers whether God exists, he replies like one of Pirandello's "characters": "If you believe in Him, there is a God; believe not and none exists . . . What you believe in . . . exists."

Like Gorky, Arthur Schnitzler is saved from the doctrinaire extremes of naturalism by his tender compassion, his melancholy perception of the loneliness of the human situation, his awareness of the failures and frustrations that overtake the boldest souls. He knows the feverish longings that consume the heart, the dreams men seek achingly to fulfill, the defeat that inevitably overtakes them in their quest. Just as death annuls the brightness of love, so defeat ends the hopes of mankind. Schnitzler offers no scheme of salvation. He proposes no solution and even suggests that there is no ultimate meaning. Buoyed up by illusions, men cannot bear the traumatic shock of reality; they need illusions to nourish them as the bread of life, illusions which will conceal from them the shattering truth of the destiny toward which they are being dragged irresistibly. And who is to say what is illusion and what is reality? Men cling to their dreams even in the face of the most crushing truth. What else shall men do who are under sentence of death, condemned to the oblivion of the grave? *The Lonely Way* gives us Schnitzler's ironic but humane commentary on life. There are no categorical imperatives, no assurance of happiness on earth, no measure of correspondence between effort and achievement. Each one walks in darkness, and walks alone. In a world of flux and illusion that is the only abiding value: to be

true to the self. But Schnitzler, despite all his brooding skepticism, still believes in life and still values the truth.

So long as the playwright voices compassion, he is still attached to life and still projects a meaning, even if it is only the meaning to be salvaged from a solidarity born of human suffering. Throughout the history of civilization, the creative spirit has had to face the tragic truth of life, and each writer faces it in his own way. Whatever else might have been denied in the past, life was not negated, humanity was not relegated to the ash-heap, death did not become, not even in the Middle Ages, an all-devouring obsession. Today, however, we have come a long way from the mood of compassion that the work of Strindberg, Gorky, and Schnitzler communicates. Today we seem to have lost even the rationalistic faith that sustained the vision of George Bernard Shaw. In *Heartbreak House*, he poured out all his wrath of disenchantment and warned of the catastrophe to befall not only England but all of Europe. *Heartbreak House*, which is the England of his time, was mesmerized by the materialism of science. It is indicted on the ground of indifference, cynicism, and unconscionable cruelty. Since it did not know how to live, it experimented with death on a gigantic scale. The outbreak of the First World War tore off the masks of science, art, and religion and revealed the fundamental barbarism of our civilization. Yet even in this epidemic of destructive madness, Shaw was convinced that the theatre would survive and continued to believe in a number of values that transcend the mechanistic approach of science.

Although Shaw presented a heart-rending picture of Europe headed for disaster, he did not altogether despair; he was certain that while Nature would make men pay for their catastrophic folly by pronouncing the sentence of extinction, she would try another daring experiment. One character prophetically declared: "I tell you, one of two things must happen. Either out of that darkness some new creation will come to supplant us as we have supplanted the animals, or the heavens will fall in thunder and destroy us." What is terribly wrong with the inhabitants of *Heartbreak House* is that they have not only lost the capacity to love but are without a controlling sense of purpose. All this, cries Captain Shotover, is highly immoral. When



Hector asks: "And this ship that we are all in? This soul's prison we call England?" Captain Shotover replies like a modern Jeremiah: "The captain is in his bunk, drinking bottled ditch-water; and the crew is gambling in the forecastle. She will strike and sink and split. Do you think the laws of God will be suspended in favour of England because you were born in it? The English must learn the art of living or perish miserably."

What Shaw darkly prophesied has come to pass, but in an apocalyptic sense he could not then have possibly foreseen. Captain Shotover's reference to the laws of God is no figure of speech. For all his rationalist fulminations against the Church, Shaw was essentially a "religious" man, a visionary. All his life long he was dedicated to a high purpose, and his faith in mankind emerges not only in *Man and Superman* but in *Back to Methuselah*. The contemporary man, rid of God, alone in a mechanistic universe, committed to no ideal of transcendence, is wedded to a soul-corroding nihilism. The problem of the modern writer has become what it was for Nietzsche in moments of agonizing despair: How can he go on believing in nothing? How can he resign himself to a world that functions according to the principles set forth by scientific determinism and yet that is, from a human point of view, fundamentally lawless? How can he affirm his destiny in a world given over to wars, declared and undeclared, political purges, totalitarian tyranny, concentration camps, crematoria, and genocide?

It is not surprising to discover that Eugene O'Neill, who was deeply influenced by the philosophy of science, failed to create authentic tragedy. His plays — one thinks of *The Hairy Ape* — mirror the confusion and isolation of modern man, the spiritual homelessness and pessimism of our time. What a startling difference emerges if we compare two plays like *The Iceman Cometh* and *The Lower Depths*. The American playwright is engaged in exploring unimaginably dark depths of the human soul never lit up by a gleam of hope or faith. *The Iceman Cometh* paints a picture of contemporary hell from which there is no escape except through death. The scene opens in the back room of the bar of Harry Hope's saloon in the summer of 1912, where the jetsam and flotsam of society foregather, men who have lost their reason

for living. So hopeless, so lost, do they feel that the drama can never rise to the plane of tragedy. Lacking the spiritual energy and strength of will to become aware of their degraded condition, these creatures cling forlornly to their empty illusions—and keep on drinking. As Larry Slade, a former anarchist but now an unregenerate drunkard, declares, “a pipe dream is what gives life to the whole misbegotten lot of us, drunk or sober.” He abandoned his social idealism after he discovered that men did not wish to be saved from themselves. Hope’s saloon is thus the last harbour, the end of the world, the cesspool beyond tragedy. Larry Slade, who now believes in nothing, has no answer for any of the pathetic questions men ask, except to say that death is better than sleep and that it is best of all never to be born.

O’Neill, like Gorky, reveals that these derelicts in Hope’s back room cannot face the truth about themselves. The revelation of the truth, the honest perception of reality, would crush them. They must have their pipe dreams. One character in *The Iceman Cometh* lashes out with this piercing cry of disillusionment:

All I know is I’m sick of life! I’m through! I’ve forgotten myself! I’m drowned and contented on the bottom of a bottle. Honour or dishonour, faith or treachery are nothing to me but the opposites of the same stupidity which is ruler and king of life, and in the end they rot into dust in the same grave.

These men do not want to change. They know (it is the stock joke of the play) the Iceman of Death is coming soon. They want no salvation that is to be gained through the therapy of truth; they prefer the alcoholic consolation of the lie. In short, men cannot live without the opiate of illusion.

O’Neill, who was no philosopher, ended his work on a note of extreme negation; his dramas, unlike those of Chekhov, are not steeped in compassion. It is Existentialism that goes beyond O’Neill in giving shrill and systematic expression to the anxiety neurosis and nihilism of our age. Perpetually questioning the meaning of existence, the Sartrean “hero” finds life fortuitous, incomprehensible, absurd. Everything on earth is without reason, and it is this perception that is the source of “nausea”. Existence is simply gratuitous, contingent.

One is born and lives and dies without meaning. Reality discloses the nothingness of death that waits for all men. Nature has trapped man in this ridiculous and degrading predicament. Sartre's plays repeat a single theme: man is superfluous, life is a useless passion.

The heart of Existentialist doctrine is shadowed forth in *The Flies*, by Sartre, which celebrates the death of the gods. Orestes, tired of his rootlessness, his lack of fixed purpose, combats the old religious consciousness, the superstitious abasement of man before the gods. The veil has fallen, the reign of the gods has ended. Orestes, who has found himself, affirms his new-won freedom by voicing the liberating truth that justice is man-made. He defies Zeus to do his worst, fully aware that the god can have no power over him. Man comes of age when he arrives at the knowledge that he is entirely alone in the universe. "I am doomed," declares Orestes, "to have no other law but mine." But why, asks Zeus, should he open people's eyes to the truth and make them see that their lives are meaningless and futile? Orestes, however, like Sartre, believes that mankind should not be denied the precious gift of despair, for "human life begins on the far side of despair."

Some dramatists are striving to transcend the horror — the metaphysical plague of meaninglessness — in an act of creative synthesis. In *Camino Real*, a complex symbolic play, Tennessee Williams tries to communicate his interpretation of the hopelessness of this time of trouble. Though he does not explicitly state the theme, he is obviously seeking to portray, by the use of a series of dramatically viable symbols, the reality of our wasteland culture. Humanity has gone dry, its roots have been severed, its fountain is without the flow of living water. People are lonely and demoralized, deprived of faith in life. But though the human race has suffered staggering defeats and is drugged with inertia and despair, it is determined to move forward and fight the evil that impedes its progress.

*Camino Real* possesses the timeless, universal dimensions of myth. Here is an expressionistic fantasia, murky but poignant, of the condition of life in the modern world. The fantasy, however confused and illogical in its evocation of dream-imagery, does shadow forth an underlying truth of contemporary life. *Camino Real*, the place where

the spring of humanity has run dry, is charged with violence, and strange things happen there. Gutman, the proprietor of the hotel, who represents the forces of reaction, declares that dreams are dangerous and that love constitutes a menace to the security of the State. The most subversive word in any human tongue, he says, "is the word for brother". The arrival of Kilroy on the scene, though it adds a welcome touch of "comic" relief to the dominant mood of the play, intensifies the tragic action, for he hates all bureaucracy, all authority. He hears the Gypsy's loudspeaker proclaiming:

Do you feel yourself to be spiritually unprepared for the age of exploding bombs? Have you arrived at a point on the Camino Real where the walls converge not in the distance but right in front of your nose? Does further progress appear impossible to you? Are you afraid of anything at all? Afraid of your heartbeat?

Here is the ghastly fear, born of the awakening to the heartless cruelty of life, that constricts the soul of man. Always in back of them the people of Camino Real hear the piping of the Streetcleaners, the hirelings of Death, trundling their white barrels, giggling, pointing inanely at their victims, and waiting for the appointed moment to cart the corpse away.

Life in Camino Real, Kilroy discovers, is decadent, unreal. Men are not allowed to communicate with each other; some ideas are strictly forbidden; a state of totalitarian terror prevails; people are afraid of the unknown, terrified by the imminence of death. Neither wealth nor power can halt the obscene work of the Streetcleaners. The best one can do is to pretend to ignore them, though, sooner or later, everyone must deal with them. All men frenziedly but in vain struggle to escape this fate. In their loneliness and panic they distrust each other, not realizing that love is their only bulwark against betrayal, their only means of salvation. Marguerite, who has lost her faith in love, asks:

What are we sure of? Not even of our existence . . . And whom can we ask the questions that torment us? 'What is this place?' 'Where are we?' . . . What else are we offered? The never-broken procession of little events that assure us that we and strangers are still going on! Where? Why? and the perch that we hold is unstable! We're threatened with eviction, for this is the port of entry and departure, there are no

permanent guests! And where else have we to go when we leave here? . . . We're lonely. We're frightened. We hear the Streetcleaners' piping not far away.

In this speech, as in many of the symbolic snatches of dialogue, we hear the modern cry of alienation. Is the battle of life hopeless and lost before it is fought? The Streetcleaners at the end wait for Kilroy, who represents Everyman. His number is up, but before his end he is moved by pity — for himself, for the world, and for the God who made it. Though he is doomed, he does not cringe and deny his humanity. His heart belongs to no State, no external authority. There is nothing that man is not courageous enough to face.

All this illustrates that something has happened to the playwright during the past fifty years which has progressively robbed him of his illusions and compelled him to adopt a new attitude toward the absolute. In confronting the reality of death, he is led inevitably to seek a reason for living. He can find none that is convincing. His fundamental desire is to achieve a more authentic life, but how is this possible when he is ravaged by a moral nihilism that rejects God and insists on the absurdity of the universe? In *The Rebel*, Albert Camus challengingly sums up this spiritual crisis of modernity. If one is void of belief, then nothing makes sense, and everything is permissible. It is exactly the problem that haunted Dostoevsky in the nineteenth century. In one of his letters, Dostoevsky raises this ultimate issue: "Why am I to live decently and do good if I die irrevocably here below? If there is no immortality I need but live out my appointed time and let the rest go hang . . . . For I shall die, and all the rest will die and utterly vanish."

How is the modern writer to believe in man, to affirm life, when the universe appears to him in the image of a nihilistic nightmare? God is slain, and death oppresses "the lonely crowd". How can the writer impose order on this chaos of futility? Alienated, tensely aware of the absurdity of existence, deprived of the support of the absolute, he must accept his all-too-human limitations and function creatively within a world of relative values. Whatever god he rejects, he realizes that as a man and as an artist he cannot afford to deny life, for he must work in behalf of life if his art is to survive. In all humility



(how shall he learn it?), he must acknowledge the inherent limitations of human nature. If he can somehow make his peace with existence (but on what terms?), then he will struggle as far as possible against the arbitrariness of evil, though aware that life is, alas, inevitably accompanied by suffering. His art will be a perpetual protest against the injustice and suffering that life entails. The only redemptive direction he can take is, as Tennessee Williams maintains, to affirm love, not hate. The writer, by resisting the temptation of divinity, will have to accept the painful fact of death and affirm his finite condition as a man. He must celebrate those values which enhance life and make it more productive. Even though the mystery of the universe remains impenetrable, though his tenure on earth is precariously brief and his life seems incredibly absurd, he must defend the dignity of man and give birth to his dream of a unified humanity. So long as civilization endures, art will survive. So long as art flourishes, the writer will oppose the deathward drive and ritualistically exalt the miracle of rebirth, the resurrection of the dead god, the mysterious, unbroken continuity of life.

## The Needy Poet

*by*

MARTHA BANNING THOMAS

It was never ambition  
But a tinsel lust for being stirred  
By wonder;

It was never talent, but a condition  
Of hunger  
For the false and delicately fevered word  
To describe dismay,  
Or grief, or the tintured sense of joy  
common to all;

It was deception and deceit,  
And watered wine drunk with a sour taste  
For truth.

It was a way  
To cheat  
Flatness of living, and to call  
Up thunder  
From a dull sky merely gray;

It was acknowledged waste  
Of honest values,  
the soaring height  
Without the arduous climb, the appetite  
For courage without the bursting heart, —  
always the free,  
Swift vision, never authentic victory.

## Brueghel's Day

*by*

PHYLLIS GOTLIEB

In the morning, children come bellowing from burrows  
steamheated holes-in-the-wall, extrusions  
of wood and steel unfolding, wagons  
tricycles, playpens, enameled  
heliotropes of noon.

Day reverberates with them in beaten gongs of wall and sky,  
Brueghel-coloured and intense.

Hardbodied, hot, they shrill past zenith  
turning and burning fleshflamed, crying  
out against dark with the candour of the sun  
they cannot stop

till that misty verge, the Corot-time  
claims them to bed where bodies  
still taut give off clear  
candleheat from their fierce metabolisms;

and outside all the lawn and sidewalk day has folded  
except where the classic line of a velocipede  
standing, stern as a heraldic dog,  
sable on vert, waits for the rust of night.

## The Tree and the Lie

*by*

PERCY ADAMS

God made the tree  
And blest it with a loveliness.  
Earth nourished it  
And Nature in a lavish mood  
Endowed it with a broad utility  
Of benefit to all mankind.  
Man's ingenuity converted it  
To ships and homes and furniture,  
To works of art,  
Fuel for the hearth  
And fodder for the printing press.  
All this was good and Heaven smiled.

The serpent cause took shape  
When the lie besieged the printed page.  
Little men with blades to grind  
Staining the sheet immaculate,  
Soiling the face of literature  
With untruths and propaganda,  
Prejudice and base appeal.  
Intellectual renegades  
Stumbling on in barren ways  
And blazoning their fealty to tainted  
art and avarice.  
Aloof from dark design and cold to sacrilege,  
Heaven looked on and shed a tear.

Deep in the woods,  
Where spruce and poplar thrive,  
The trees stood silently;  
Deprived of all escape  
And waiting the bitter will;  
Bending their mute boughs to heaven's breeze  
In prayerful gestures  
For God and man to see.

## Late Bright Sunday

*by*

H. E. HAMILTON

Fall-lit bones of trees raise questions  
In a tropic even blackbirds can't ignore:  
Something about weather that birds thought  
To be far South could answer, forecasters  
On wires and aerals casually noting new  
Terms on un-November blue, encore of August  
In arpeggios dated many months before:

Balanced in pre-church hush, north by  
North from yesterday's severing sun —  
Or dropped in a pause of topmost curl  
Of tawny leaves — bushtits and siskins,  
Whitethroats and improbable finches,  
Deny over and over that the seasons run.

The cruel cat of time, ice-ages ago  
Stalked my meteorologists on the wing;  
Yet wise in the contested line, they map  
The changing temperate zones, dialing  
Instruments that measure a mystery  
Since thresholds of mesozoic spring.

I guess the change they mean, or almost hear  
It on the way, though my ear but slightly  
Takes the rattling gold seduction, the russet  
Faille, by dials crude, ciphers less true  
Than leaf or feather, more shortlived than  
Wings; and sitting under roofs I'll lightly  
Read of ice-caps shifting, tropics getting near.



# The Vacation

— A Short Story —

*by*

DAVID GALLOWAY

**I**t was the long vacation and only five or six dons had dined in the college hall. Now there were two left in the college — an old don and a young one sipping a second glass of port in the senior common room. The old don had settled comfortably into the musty leather arm-chair; his feet were stretched out over the faded red-and-blue carpet.

"Yes," he said, "we had a good football team in those days." He wheezed as he spoke; he had been gassed in World War I.

The young don fidgeted on the edge of his straight wooden-backed chair. He drained his glass of port and said, "Well, I must be going, I . . . ."

"Yes, it was a good team," added the old don. "Jenkins used to play full-back — he used to play for Corinthians too, you know — he was pretty rough — you wouldn't think it to look at him now." Jenkins was the dean. "I used to play inside right. I'll always remember that game against Saint Peter's . . . ."

A waiter came through the heavy oak door.

"Do you wish for any more port, sir?"

"Yes, Bamford, I'll have another." He looked at the young don.

"Not for me." The young don rose. "I have an article to finish and I promised my wife I'd be back by ten." He shifted from one foot to the other.

The old don looked out of the far window into the twilit court. On the other side of the court a light went on and the leaves of the ivy outside the window made shadows on the carpet and on the walls of the common room.

The waiter returned with a fresh decanter of port. He switched on the electric lamp on the side-table by the old don's chair, and went out.

The old don filled his glass and then pushed the decanter towards his companion.

"No — er — thank you, I really must be going . . . goodnight."

The young don crossed quickly to the door. As he went out he glanced back at the old don who was half-buried in the leather-backed chair. The old man's head and shoulders were hidden in the shadows, but the lamplight fell on his legs and feet and on the faded blue-and-red carpet.

The young don drew a deep breath as he shut the door behind him. He should have left when the others did. He would know better the next time. Nevertheless he somehow felt guilty as he went downstairs and out into the court. But he had that article to finish and his wife expected him home by ten.

The old don still sat in his arm-chair, and stared into the fireplace. The grate was empty, for it was a warm evening.

He must have sat there for nearly an hour. Three times the waiter poked his head round the door and three times the waiter withdrew. At last the waiter said, "Will that be all, sir? I'm supposed to lock up . . . if you're finished, sir."

The old don placed his hands on the arms of the chair and pushed himself slowly to his feet. He picked up his stick, walked heavily across the room, opened the door and went out. Behind him he heard the clink of glasses. As he reached the court, the light in the common room window went out.

He started to walk across the lawn to his rooms which were directly opposite, but he saw a light in the porter's lodge and changed his direction. He would go and talk to old Doggett. Old Doggett was the senior porter and, over thirty years ago, he had played football for the servants' team. The old don had not heard much about the servants' team of late.

He passed under the arch of the main gateway and turned into the porter's lodge. The lodge was a bright clean place; the floor and the tables had been newly polished and a few lonely letters in the rows of pigeon-holes showed that it was certainly not term time.

"Doggett," called the old don. A young man with a round face, red hair and shiny cheeks came out of the inner room; he was in his shirt sleeves.

"Yes, sir?"

"Oh," said the old don, "nothing . . . nothing important — I wanted to speak to Doggett. I thought he was on duty."

"No, sir," said the young man, "he should have been, but he's over at Shelford at his daughter's place. She's having a baby or something. It's a bit of a nuisance. I had arranged to go to the second show at the *Regal*."

"The lodge is looking very clean," said the old don, "you've been tidying up a bit."

"Yes," said the young man stifling a yawn.

There was a moment's silence, then the old don turned away.

"I won't keep you — it was nothing really — I can see Doggett tomorrow, perhaps. Goodnight."

The old don walked slowly away, under the arch of the main gateway and across the lawn. The court was deserted; he and the junior porter would be the only people sleeping in college that night. He crossed to his own staircase and, as he passed under the wrought-iron bracket of the electric lamp, his white hair showed up for a moment against the darkened entrance. He disappeared into the blackness and climbed the three flights of stone steps, wheezing painfully and pausing on each landing to recover his breath. He reached his room at last and went into his study.

He crossed to the open window and looked out on the court. The summer breeze stirred the ivy and shadows of its leaves fell on his face. It would be better, he thought, when term started again and there was young life below him in the court. Yet it was pleasant to look down on the lamps and their wrought-iron brackets, on the fresh-cropped grass and the ivy-covered walls. It was good to have rooms in such a place as this, his old undergraduate friends told him when they paid him a visit — businessmen from London and retired civil servants from Mandalay. It was all so snug and so secure they said.

Then a clock struck somewhere and the lights in the court went out. The old don turned into the dark study and groped for a switch. He would get to sleep by daybreak, perhaps.

## The Elusive Ideal\*

—Economic Equality and the Soviet "Classless" Society—

by

MAX NOMAD

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*How has Russia applied the socialist ideal "from each according to his abilities, to each according to his needs"? Here is a blunt exposé of the fallacy of the principle and its distortion by Soviet leaders.*

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THE Twentieth century no longer takes at their face value the equalitarian protestations of the eighteenth-century champions of freedom. Not only disrespectful radicals, but even very respectable conservatives like G. B. Cutten, President of Colgate University, more often than not assume a sarcastic tone whenever they refer to the phrase about all men — including Negro slaves, hunted Indians, and poor Whites — being "created equal." And this holds also for the "Rights of Man" of 1789, which 150 years after their proclamation came to mean in Algeria — as the Manchester Guardian of March 3, 1955 put it — "that nine hundred thousand Europeans should have the same voting power as nine million Africans."

The equality of opportunity extolled by the modern democracies has incurred no less merciless criticism. For it gives, in the words of Bernard Shaw, any one able to spell, who owns a fountain pen, the opportunity to become a famous playwright. It enables any office-boy to become president of the billion dollar Metropolitan Life Insurance Company, and any manual labourer to become a \$50,000-a-year union president. In a similar way political equality gives any starving Puerto Rican immigrant the same power to determine by his vote the policies of this country as is wielded by any equivalent of Mr. Pierpont Morgan.

\*Adapted from a forthcoming book *Aspects of Revolt*, New York Bookman Associates, Toronto, Burns and MacEachern.

Some anticapitalist thinkers of the nineteenth and twentieth centuries have denounced all these sham equalities in the name of *real* equality. The first movement which championed "real equality" — i.e., equality of incomes — was inspired by the ideas of Morelly's *Le Code de la Nature* (1755). Its leader was Gracchus Babeuf (1760-1797) who headed the "Conspiracy of the Equals," 1796, against the régime of the Directory. Equality of incomes was also postulated by William Godwin (1756-1836) in his *Political Justice* (1793), the first anarchist opus of modern times. In the second half of the nineteenth century the Russian anarchist theorist Peter Kropotkin (1842-1921) preached the ultra-utopian idea of "anarchist communism" or "communist anarchism," according to which every individual had the right to satisfy his requirements from the public warehouses, whether or not he contributed his share of work. This idea, based upon the optimistic concept of man's inherent goodness and decency, was even more "radical" than the postulate of equality of incomes and unwittingly championed a new form of parasitism. A similar assumption as to the more gifted man's congenital altruism was also at the basis of Edward Bellamy's advocacy of equality of rewards in Chapter IX of his once famous *Looking Backward 2000-1887*. Even though he was by no means an anarchist.

The most famous advocate of equality of incomes was of course Bernard Shaw. In *The Intelligent Woman's Guide to Socialism and Capitalism* (1928) he wrote, on page 94, "Socialism means equality of income and nothing else." And three pages further on he repeats the same idea by saying "the first and last commandment of socialism is 'Thou shalt not have a greater or less income than thy neighbour.'"

For all his tomfooleries, Shaw was undeniably right when he asserted that the socialist *ideal* was meaningless without equality of incomes. For once there was no such equality, the division of men into rich and poor was perpetuated in a new, this time non-capitalist, setup. With the only difference that under this new social system, as exemplified by the U.S.S.R., the place of the privileged capitalists and big land-owners is taken by various groups of the intellectual élite — office-holders, managers, scientists, writers, and so on. This may be an ideal arrangement for those who at bottom never wished



for anything more "ideal" than their own propulsion into the ranks of the privileged, but it certainly does not mean much to the unskilled and uneducated who, though they are told that they are "equally owners of the means of production," would, for an indefinite period, remain at the bottom of the income ladder. Yet, according to the Socialists and the Communists, those unskilled and uneducated would *not* constitute a *class* different from that of the office-holders and managers. For, strange as it may sound, Marx and his disciples — whether of the democratic or the totalitarian school — did not recognize any *class* difference between the *rich* and the *poor*. It has always been their contention that the class status of a person is determined not by the *size* of his income but by the *source* of his income, in other words, that it depends upon whether the recipient of the income is an employer or an employee. The Marxists thus establish a theoretical solidarity of interests between a salaried man who, like the late ex-Governor Al Smith got \$50,000 annually as manager of the Empire State building, and the lowest paid porter or scrubwoman of the same building. For all its preposterousness, this is the theoretical ground upon which the apologists of the Soviet régime base their contention that the house built by Lenin and Stalin is a "classless" society, for everybody is an "employee" of the State which (a) "belongs" to all workers of brain and brawn, and (b) is "withering away."

With the exception of the afore-mentioned equalitarians practically all outstanding anticapitalist thinkers of the nineteenth and twentieth centuries rejected the idea of equality of incomes. Saint-Simon's most famous disciple, Saint-Amand Bazard (1791-1832), the real founder of the Saint-Simonian school of authoritarian socialism, in a letter addressed to the French Chamber of Deputies in 1830, expressly repudiated any idea of an "equal division . . . of the fruits of labour."

Karl Marx's views on that subject are laid down in his famous letter to the Convention of the German Socialists held at Gotha in 1875. In that letter which is known as the *Critique of the Gotha Program*, Marx emphasized that during the "first phase of communism," there would be no equality of rewards. It is only under the "higher phase of communism," apparently after many generations or

centuries — that the principle of “from each according to his abilities, to each according to his needs” would be applied. (Even this formula is as hazy as it is deceitful. For who is to determine a man’s needs? In theory, himself, but in reality none other than the office-holders, the same men who, in present-day Russia, determine that a high-class manager “needs” or let us say, “deserves”, several times as much as a plain worker.)

That aspect of socialism, as far as distribution is concerned, was particularly emphasized by Otto Bauer (1881-1938), next to Karl Kautsky the most outstanding theorist of the democratic wing of Marxism. In the May, 1936, issue of *Kampf*, the theoretical organ of the “Austro-Marxists”, he wrote: “Socialism is not equalization. It levels society by *abolishing the classes*, thus removing the privilege deriving from descent or property. But it differentiates society by rewarding those whose achievements for society are particularly outstanding and by raising them above the masses in matters of income and social prestige.” Bauer did not emphasize the words italicized in this paragraph. Had he done so, it might have perhaps occurred to some of his readers that to combine the concept of the *abolition of classes* with that of *inequality of incomes* was not unlike combining abolition of race discrimination with the maintenance of Jim Crow.

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Marx’s above-mentioned *Critique of the Gotha Program* was to play an important rôle in those writings of Lenin and Stalin in which they touched upon the subject of rewards under the economic system established by them. In his *State and Revolution*, written shortly before the seizure of power by his followers, Lenin could not help bringing up the question of distribution under the system of “proletarian dictatorship,” the political aspect of the “first phase of communism.” The father of Bolshevism knew very well that he found himself on very dangerous ground. So he followed in the footsteps of his teacher, Karl Marx, who dealt with that subject in a way that lent itself to the most contradictory interpretations. In the *Critique of the Gotha Program* Marx had written that “the first phase of com-

munism" represented a system that was still "in every respect tainted economically, morally, and intellectually with the birthmarks of the old society from whose womb it is emerging." Hence the "equal right" of the new system was "still handicapped by bourgeois limitations. The right of the producers is proportional to the amount of labour they contribute; the equality consists in the fact that everything is measured by an equal measure, labour. But one man excels another physically or intellectually, and so contributes, in the same time, more labour, or can labour for a longer time; and the labour, to serve as a measure, must be defined by its duration or intensity, otherwise it ceases to be a standard of measure. This right is an unequal right for unequal work. It recognizes no class differences because every worker ranks as a worker like his fellows: but it tacitly recognizes unequal individual endowment, and thus capacities for production, as natural privileges." In other words, there is "equality" — even though an engineer or manager, because of his intellectual superiority, is paid ten or fifty times as much as an unskilled worker. For that "natural privilege" consists not only in being able to perform more skilled or more complicated tasks, but also in the right of being remunerated in proportion. This, however, Marx was careful *not* to point out bluntly. (One should not forget that the alleged "natural privilege" covers not only the greater natural endowment, but also the purely economic fact that most men were born on the wrong side of the tracks and had never had a chance to acquire any "endowment", i.e., to learn a skilled trade or a profession. These would obviously remain on the bottom of the income ladder during the "first phase.")

In expanding upon these ideas of Marx, Lenin glosses over the unequalitarian aspects of this passage which, as a matter of fact, *he does not quote*. Instead, he uses such expressions as "equality of labour and equality in the distribution of products," "equality of labour and equality of wages," "every worker receives from society as much as he has given it," "the whole of society will have become one office and one factory, with equal work and equal pay."

Thus it would *seem* that the only difference between the "first phase of communism" and the "higher phase" was the circumstance that under the former there was equality of incomes enforced by the

authority of the State, while under the "higher phase," to use Marx's words, quoted by Lenin, "it will be possible to pass completely beyond the narrow horizon of bourgeois rights, and for society to inscribe on its banners: from each according to his ability: to each according to his needs!"

It is useless to speculate whether a man of Lenin's genius misunderstood Marx's plea for inequality of rewards, or whether he thought it more expedient to disregard this fundamental aspect of Marx's views and to indulge in equalitarian or near-equalitarian promises for the immediate future which, of course, were never kept. At any rate, both in his "April theses" of 1917 and in *State and Revolution* published a few months later, Lenin demanded that government office-holders be paid not more than skilled manual workers. This was open advocacy of near-equalitarianism, for it is hard to conceive that in speaking of government officials he should have meant only letter-carriers and garbage removers.

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The actual practice of the Soviet régime has made hash of all the equalitarian or near-equalitarian promises regardless of the question of whether Lenin's phrases were or were not deliberately concealing the very opposite of what they seemed to convey. For they altogether ignored the unskilled and semi-skilled, i.e., the majority of the nation's labour force.

Russia's top stratum, after the victorious Bolshevik Revolution, consisted of the former revolutionary conspirators who had been the driving force of the great upheaval. Though calling themselves Communists, they took it for granted that they were to have the cream of all the good things that were still left after the turmoil of war and revolution. The idea that it behooved men claiming to be the saviours of the downtrodden to live on the same rations as their charges did not occur to them. As in the proverbial case of the Spanish monks and the American Indians, the Communists worked for the future salvation of the masses and the masses were compelled to work for the present comforts of the Communist office-holders. True, for many

years the salary of a Communist was supposed not to exceed the maximum of 300 rubles monthly; but in practice this salary constituted mere "pin money"; for all the real expenditures, such as automobiles, country-houses, etc., were supplied by the State over and above the nominal salary.<sup>1</sup> This restriction, by the way, has been rescinded long, long ago.

To stimulate production the Soviet leaders decided to raise the managerial-technical personnel to the status of the best-paid stratum of the population. In the early 1930s the principle of preferential treatment was established in favour of another stratum as well. Skilled labour had always been at a premium in Russia; so in order to keep that element loyal and satisfied the Stalin régime engaged upon a policy of a much greater differentiation between the wages of skilled and unskilled workers than is customary in capitalist countries. An article published in 1935 in the theoretical organ of the Soviet Communist Party, bluntly stated that on a collective farm the work of a tractor driver is valued and paid *six times higher* than that of a plain agricultural labourer.<sup>2</sup>

Four years before the appearance of that article, Stalin<sup>3</sup> solemnly proclaimed inequality as the guiding principle of a better world in the making. "It is unbearable," he said, "to see the locomotive driver receiving the same wages as a copyist." That sentence meant that from now on not only the unskilled manual workers, mostly raw peasants from the countryside, but also those white collar employees whose education did not go beyond spelling and figuring, would stay in the lowest income brackets. The same principle of extreme inequality was applied to the army as well. It was widely reported during World War II that the disparity between the pay of a private soldier and that of an army marshal was in the proportion of one to one hundred and fourteen.

<sup>1</sup> In a moment of impish non-restraint Walter Duranty, a journalist generally considered as very friendly to the Soviet regime, expressed his wonderment in the *New York Times* as to how the Kremlin crowd could afford keeping French and English governesses for their children—all on a salary of 300 rubles monthly (for the commissars, not for the governesses who, as foreigners, certainly got more.)

<sup>2</sup> A. Leontiev, "Socialism and Equality," published in *Bolshevik* (Moscow) of March 15, 1935 (p. 50). The article appeared in German translation in the April, 1935 issue (p. 41) of *Unter dem Banner des Marxismus*, Moscow.

<sup>3</sup> In a speech delivered on June 23, 1931, *New York Times*, July 6, 1931.



At the seventeenth Convention of the Communist Party held in 1934 Stalin elaborated theoretically on the subject of inequality. In his speech — published in pamphlet form in most foreign languages as well — he paraphrased that passage from Marx's *Critique of the Gotha Program* which was quoted above. The head of the Soviet régime chose to apply the designation "socialism" to that period following the overthrow of capitalism which Marx called the "first phase of communism"; and he called "communism" that phase which in the *Critique* was referred to as "the higher phase of communism". Under the former, everybody was to be paid according to the quantity or quality of work performed, while under the latter the principle of "to everybody according to his needs" was to reign supreme. Marx had not been very specific about that "higher phase of communism". In fact, that "higher phase" was a mere pipe dream penned with his tongue in cheek for the benefit of those emotionally in need of a Utopia. And Lenin frankly stated that "it has never entered the mind of any socialist to 'promise' that the highest phase of communism will arrive." Stalin, however, whose realm was supposedly approaching that "higher phase," had to be more explicit; for officially Russia had already become a "classless society," all capitalists — the only real exploiters and parasites, according to Marx — having been thoroughly eliminated. He was therefore eager to emphasize the fact that "Marxism proceeds from the point of view that the tastes and the needs of human beings with regard to quality and quantity are not equal and cannot be equal, either in the period of socialism or in the period of communism." If words have any meaning at all, then the remark about "quality" and "quantity" means that the weaker or less educated worker apparently needs no more than, let us say, twenty-five dollars a week, while the select ones need twice, or ten, or fifty times as much. For just as everything is decided by the government, the "needs" will no doubt likewise be determined by the same agency.

<sup>4</sup> V. I. Lenin, *State and Revolution*, Chapter V, subdivision 4.—In his *Critique of the Gotha Program* Marx did not use the expression "highest phase of communism"; he spoke of the *higher* phase. Such "alterations" of the text (there is also another word for it) are not accidental. They serve the purpose of obscuring the issue.

Apparently conscious of the ugly implications of his words, Stalin immediately proceeded to mitigate them — at least for the great majority of the unsophisticated drudges who might not be cheered by this prospect of being always on the bottom rung in matters of “quality” and “quantity.” So he added that it was tantamount to “slandering Marxism” if one were to assume “that according to Marxism all humans had to wear the same clothes and to eat the same foodstuffs in the same quantities.”

That expression of “wearing the same clothes and eating the same foodstuffs in the same quantities” was one of Stalin’s stock phrases on that subject; he had used it almost word for word in 1932 during his interview with Emil Ludwig. It was of course a deliberate distortion of the idea of equality of incomes which he was attacking. For that idea meant merely that a labourer, if he put in a whole day’s work, was entitled to the same amount of money as the office-holder or technician for the same time, and that, within the limits of that sum, he could buy any quantity or quality of goods or services he preferred. It is beside the point whether or not such a system is a Utopia. The very fact that Stalin had to attack so often the “equalitarian idiocy” indicates that to the workers at large, or at least to the lowest paid among them, that “idiocy” must have a greater appeal than the wisdom of the ever increasing inequalities. In that speech Stalin — after rejecting the idea of equality of incomes — defined equality as “the equal abolition for all of private property in the means of production.” Thus “equality” became identical with the conversion of private capitalist into *collective* bureaucratic-managerial ownership, a process which is dubbed “abolition of classes.”

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The Russian Communists’ stock excuse for maintaining inequalities of income is the argument that they are necessary for stimulating the less skilled or unskilled workers to acquire higher skills which would enable them “to do better paid work . . . and to get twice or three times as much” as he or she is getting now. That acquisition of higher skills which apparently was meant to apply to the bulk of the working force, was reduced to its proper proportions in a study

published in 1935 in *Pravda*, the official organ of the Soviet Communist Party. A breakdown of the changes in the status of 20,000 workers employed by the Stalingrad tractor works shows that in the course of five years inequality of wages may have worked as an "incentive" only in the case of about 7,000 out of 20,000 workers; the point of departure of those who became foremen or supervisors is not given; those who became "technicians" and "engineers", were vaguely listed as former "workers and office employees". And not a single worker ever rose to the position of any of the fifty-eight real bosses of the establishment. As a result the roughly sixty per cent of the workers of the plant who failed to make the grade, and the roughly thirty per cent of those who rose to the next higher wage scale will apparently reproduce in their offspring the bulk of the unskilled and skilled workers needed to produce the comforts for the lucky eight or ten per cent of the "classless" society — just as under the capitalist class system.

In proportion as these inequalities increased, simultaneously with the greater consolidation of the army and the secret police, the Communist rulers began gradually to dispense with the "proletarian" masquerades in which they had been indulging. At the outset the champions of the working class had been coquetting with an outward show of poverty, wearing caps and shabby clothing so as not to arouse the envy of the workers. (It was in accordance with the same technique that during the first years after the seizure of power by Hitler the active Nazis were instructed to shun sumptuous banquets and similar affairs.) Stalin's proclamation of inequality as the basic tenet of socialism was the signal for the speedy abandonment of the masquerade. The Russian cities eventually resumed the normal aspect of the Western capitalist world with their external manifestations of wealth and poverty. In the December 22, 1935 issue of the *New York Times*, Walter Duranty, a correspondent consistently friendly to the Soviet régime, remarked that the "differentiation of wages . . . must lead to a new class differentiation in what claims to be a classless society, a new class of bureaucrats and directors of state enterprises, a new class of high paid upper workers all of whom together will form, or are forming a new bourgeoisie." Since Duranty

wrote these lines the introduction of comparatively high tuition fees for secondary schools and universities during World War II rendered the acquisition of higher education an outright monopoly of the new bureaucratic and managerial aristocracy. Inequalities of social and economic status have thus become hereditary institutions. It was reported that those tuition fees were later abrogated. But fees or no fees, the fact remains that an ordinary worker cannot afford to send his children to a university unless they are sufficiently gifted to get a scholarship, while *all* children of the bureaucratic-managerial élite, regardless of their abilities, have the economic opportunity to enter higher educational institutions.

The Soviet régime is of course very careful not to give any exact income statistics. It will at best publish the data about how much was produced, but not how the national product was distributed. This alone speaks volumes and gives plausibility to the assumption that about fifty percent of the national income is pocketed by about one tenth of the population composed of the office-holding, managerial, military and cultural élite of the nation (including their families). This is illustrated by the information given by *Science News Letter* (Washington) of February 16, 1957 which threw cold water on the hopes of those who think they could induce Russian scientists "to desert their country en masse." It pointed out that, as a member of the Soviet Union's new "classless" aristocracy, the "Russian scientist, particularly in the post-Stalin period . . . receives as much as ten times the earnings of the average factory workers." This, according to the Marxists-Leninists, does not disprove their claim that there is economic equality in the U.S.S.R. For, as they never tire of saying, both workers and scientists — and the rest of the new élite — are "equally owners of the means of production."

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The rise of a new privileged class coupled with totalitarian tyranny, in a society whose rulers claim that by expropriating the capitalists it has emancipated the workers from the yoke of exploitation, has suggested to many democratic socialists the idea that it is necessary to introduce a certain number of correctives into the con-

cept of anticapitalism. Anticapitalism, or collectivism, they contend, can mean liberty and equality only if it is coupled with democracy in the meaning of political freedom and a multiparty system. Some of them also suggest that the idea of a pluralistic or mixed economy — state, municipal, cooperative and private ownership — be substituted for the concept of complete nationalization, i.e., of exclusive government ownership, thus avoiding the potential threat of an all-powerful centralized bureaucracy.

The question now arises: will those correctives actually result in the establishment of that equalitarian and "classless" harmony that is inseparable from an ideal commonwealth?

The inauguration of democratic socialism can be envisioned only as a gradual process, occurring either under the impact of legislative measures adopted by a progressive, labourite or socialist majority, or as a result of the pressure of mass strikes, or both. (I am not considering here the eventuality of a revolutionary overturn, Bolshevik style, for in that case the result would most likely be a totalitarian form of collectivism which is the antithesis of democratic socialism. I am also leaving open the question whether the transition from a totalitarian collectivist régime to a democratic form of socialism will be effected as a result of military defeat, of a "palace revolution" involving the struggle for power among various sections of the bureaucratic apparatus, of mass sabotage of the industrial workers, or of a gradual evolution, as some optimists believe.)

It requires no great imagination to assume that the greatest influence under a system of democratic socialism will be wielded by those strata of the population which are in possession of a higher education and are therefore in charge of the political and economic aspects of the country's administration. In other words, by the politicians, the office-holders, the managers, the technicians, the economists. Their political and economic power will quite naturally be translated into incomes that are higher than the average income of the uneducated or less educated strata, that is, of the manual workers and the lower ranks of the white collar employees. One does not have to be a cynic to take it for granted that they will use their power to perpetuate their privileged incomes within their own social group



by making higher education accessible only to their own offspring (plus the few customary scholarships for the brighter children of the manual workers). *For higher incomes are the source of higher education and vice versa.*

But let us assume, for the sake of argument, that a newly established democratic-socialist régime, while maintaining inequality of incomes, should yield to the pressure of the masses or follow the promptings of an unearthly generous impulse and actually proceed to make higher education accessible to the offspring of all classes of the population. *Logically* that would result in the eventual emergence of a more or less homogeneous population of civilized human beings no longer divided into, let us say, those who read the *New York Times* and those who buy the tabloids. But would it *actually*? It would take years and years before the higher educational system could be made to accommodate all the graduates of the secondary schools and their equivalents. During that period of transition the equalitarian enthusiasm of the new socialist bureaucracy would have time to evaporate and the new office-holders and managers would have the opportunity to consolidate their power and to establish themselves firmly as a privileged class, differing from a totalitarian bureaucracy only by the application of civilized democratic methods in the maintenance of the status quo, i.e., of its higher incomes. Their class interests will prove stronger than any political principles proclaimed during the preceding period. Sooner or later higher education, the key to all privileged positions, will be made a hereditary monopoly of the families of those intrenched in power, tuition fees or no tuition fees, just as in the U.S.S.R. The loftiest principles cannot withstand the impact of man's predatory urge to take advantage of his weaker fellow man. And the man with higher education has the same advantage over the uneducated as the man with a machine gun has over a group of men armed with pitchforks.

Man is not an equalitarian animal. The man with higher education takes it for granted that he should get a higher remuneration than that received by the manual worker; and among the manual workers there is a similar attitude on the part of the skilled with regard to the unskilled, of the whites toward the coloured and so on. The

differences in the salaries of the functionaries of the various labour and radical organizations testify to the fact that greater compensation is the unavoidable accompaniment of greater skill, ability and education — even in those circles which on festive occasions are willing to render lip service to the principle of equality. And the example of the American labour unions — bona fide as well as the racketeer-ridden — in which a fabulously well paid hierarchy holds the rank and file in almost complete subjection, show the potentialities of class rule based upon the predominance of a well-knit, more or less educated minority over an uneducated majority — democratic freedom or no democratic freedom.

Shortly before the turn of the century England was deluged by the socialist best-seller *Merrie England* by Robert Blatchford. In that book the point is stressed that there are two phases of socialism which the author calls "practical socialism" and "ideal socialism", respectively; and that under the first phase the wages of the "managers, the artists, doctors and other clever and highly trained men" would be higher than the wages of workmen. The latter are, however, consoled by the promise that "under ideal socialism the official and the scavenger would be equally paid."

This view recalls Heinrich Heine's sarcastic remark in his piece about Louis Blanc: "It is true, we are all brothers, but I am the big brother and you are the little brothers; hence I am entitled to a larger portion."

Referring to the "big brothers", i.e., the ruling élite that would emerge after the elimination of the capitalists, the author of an article in the May, 1935 issue of the Austro-Marxist theoretical monthly *Der Kampf* (edited in Prague by the outstanding democratic Marxist Otto Bauer) wrote on p. 238: "This élite is no privileged class in the meaning of the classes of the capitalist society because it has no property in the means of production and circulation through which it would exploit the labour of others. Nor is it a privileged estate in the sense of the feudal society. For its composition changes continually. Everybody has the opportunity through higher output to rise into it. Membership is not hereditary." And he comes to the conclusion that "the formation of this élite is not in contradiction to

the aim of the social revolution, to the development of a classless society." A glance at the higher educational institutions in the USSR where the bulk of the students consists of the offspring of the bureaucratic-managerial élite could have made him realize that membership in that élite is as hereditary as membership in the capitalist or power élite in the rest of the world. The fact that the ranks of this élite are occasionally replenished by "intruders", i.e., recipients of scholarships stemming from the working class, is no argument against the hereditary character of the managerial class, for the composition of the hereditary capitalist class is likewise subject to changes due to the penetration of self-made parvenus rising from the poorer strata of the population.

\* \* \*

The vicious circle of higher incomes securing higher education (for the offspring) and higher education securing privileged positions with higher incomes under either totalitarian or democratic collectivism, points to the essential fallacy of all modern socialist theories in so far as they promise that what they call the "emancipation of the working class" would be the result of the abolition of private property of the means of production. In the opinion of the Polish revolutionary thinker W. Machajski, they altogether disregard the question of the abolition of the educational privilege which, after the elimination of the capitalists, could be effected only by wiping out the differences between the incomes of the office-holders and managers on the one hand, and those of the manual workers and low-paid white collar employees, on the other. For this alone—again according to Machajski—could enable the offspring of the latter to obtain the same higher education as the progeny of the office-holders, managers and other intellectual workers.

There are very valid reasons for assuming that this equalitarian "happy ending" of all social conflicts will forever remain a Utopia. In the first place, the ideal of classless equality is frustrated by the very conditions of the underdog's struggle against his masters. Spontaneous, i.e., leaderless, his revolt is invariably defeated. If it is organized and victorious, the fruits of victory are reaped by the educated organizers who, in Orwell's immortal phrase, will claim and

obtain a share that is "more equal" than that of their followers. Even if and when they happen to be disinterested idealists, they are as a rule unable to see beyond their own class or group interests which tell them to fight the capitalists but blind them to the privileges of their own class. They see themselves as mere "workers" and they cannot and would not realize that their own elevation to a ruling and better paid stratum after the elimination of the capitalists actually constitutes the establishment of a new class system. Not to speak of the cynics who are fully aware of the reality behind what they call "emancipation of the working class".

Secondly, in their rejection of equality of incomes, the leaders — whether democratic Socialists or totalitarian Communists — are indirectly supported by the bulk of the underprivileged masses themselves, even though occasionally the latter grumble against inequality, as evidenced by Stalin's violent diatribes against the demand for equality. For the underprivileged are themselves subdivided into different income groups each of which, if it thinks of equality, wants it only with those who earn more. The skilled worker aspires to the salary of the foreman or engineer, but he indignantly rejects the idea that a labourer should earn as much as he does. And the white labourer, as a rule, feels the same way towards women, non-whites and immigrants. And these, too, have their subdivisions until the very poorest are reached whose interests are simply ignored by the rest. Witness the fate of the American agricultural labourers whose union was left by the A.F.L.-C.I.O. to the tender mercies of their employers as soon as the law-makers of the "right-to-work" States (i.e. the States that had outlawed the union shop) had promised in 1956 to exempt all the other unions from the rigours of their anti-trade union legislation.

The general acceptance of the principle of inequality points to the conclusion reached by Robert Michels in his monumental *Soziologie des Parteiwesens* (1911) — published in English under the title of *Political Parties* — to the effect that while the preachers of the various schools of socialism may some day win, the socialist ideal of an equalitarian, classless commonwealth that has wiped out all inequalities in the standard of living is fated to remain — an ideal.

# Adam Kidd

—An Early Canadian Poet—

by

CARL F. KLINCK

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*This romantic apologist for 'natural' religion brought to his cult of the noble savage a distinctly Canadian flavour. Mr. Klinck, anthologist of Canadian letters, here offers a perceptive account of a poet whose death at 29 left unfulfilled the promise of his early work.*

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**A**DAM KIDD, author of *The Huron Chief and Other Poems* (Montreal, 1830), is remembered because he said that he suffered "an accidental fall from the cloud-capped brows of a dangerous Mountain, over which I had heedlessly wandered, with all that open carelessness which is so peculiarly the characteristic of poetic feeling." Such apparently undeniable proof of temperament in one of the first versifiers in Canada is supplemented by evidence of financial success: "fifteen hundred copies," he said in his Preface, "being already called for."

Here is a poet worth investigating, even at the expense of legend, which has indeed its charm and uses. There ought to be a gracious way of saying that Kidd did not fall from a hill in his native county of Derry, or in Canada, or even in the United States, which he had visited. Had it been a mountain in his homeland, the event could have been reconstructed, from the poems in his book, with romantic details about the "flowery-mantled" slopes of Slievegallion, described, for example, in "The Hibernian Solitary":



O'er the proud summit of Slievegallin fair — [sic]  
 Mountain renowned in song — by me adored —

Thus, as I wandered o'er the daisied banks,  
 I cast my eye tow'ards that loved Cot below —  
 Home of my childhood — seat of blissful hours:  
 But now that home's no more, nor inmates dear,  
 Nor blissful hours — for gone's my every joy!  
 [pp. 209-210]

He had lived, we learn from his notes, "in the romantic townland of *Tullinagee*", in the parish of Desertlyn, near Moneymore, in the southern part of the county of Derry. Here had been home and family, a maid "with glowing cheek and sparkling eye, and manners mild, inviting", an old Fort ("called by the Irish Forth . . . a standing monument of Danish ingenuity"), and the songs of the Irish bards (including those of a living one, Francis Dowling, or Devlin, known as "Rangleawe"). In this setting his poetic feeling had first been stirred. And Slievegallion (altitude 1735 feet) had been high enough for a resounding fall.

But Kidd's "Mountain", significantly in capital letters, was not a hill, but a man — no less a man than the Rev. George Jehoshaphat Mountain, Archdeacon of Lower Canada, son of the first Bishop Mountain and himself (later) the third Church of England Bishop of Quebec. A clue to this interpretation appears in Kidd's Preface, where the full statement shows that he wrote "during the leisure hours necessarily abstracted from a long round of professional studies, the benefits of which I have never yet reaped, owing to an accident fall from the cloud-capped brows of a dangerous Mountain . . ." The poet's studies may have been theological, although he was also a teacher in Quebec city. "Besides discharging the duties of Archdeacon and chaplain," says Mountain's son and biographer, "he [J. G. Mountain] undertook, in January 1827, and continued for several years, to superintend the studies of some candidates for Orders resident in Quebec, for which no other provision could be made, and they used to come to him for a certain number of hours every week."<sup>1</sup> As early as July 24th, 1824, Kidd had appeared on a list of candidates

<sup>1</sup>Armine W. Mountain, *A Memoir of George Jehoshaphat Mountain* (Montreal, 1866), p. 96.

in a document sent by Archdeacon Mountain at Quebec to Archdeacon G. O. Stewart at Kingston. The divinity students were recorded by Mountain in three classes: "(a) Students actually enjoying scholarships; (b) Students not actually rejected, but proceeding at their own risk; (c) Possible candidates." Fourteenth in this last category is "Kidd, Adam, Quebec, Supporting himself."<sup>2</sup>

Professor Millman has thrown new light on Kidd by drawing attention to pencilled marginal notes in a copy of *The Huron Chief* which is in the Toronto Public Reference Library. On the title-page this copy bears the name, probably the signature, of "Job Deacon 4th Octr. 1830". The Reverend Mr. Deacon, we know, was ordained by Bishop Jacob Mountain in 1822 and was rector of Adolphustown from 1825 to 1850. In the book (on page 55) there is a gratuitous fling at Kidd's enthusiasm for love among the Indians; Deacon — if the commentator may be identified as Deacon — deplores the poet's "perverted taste, to be first attracted by a squawl" Kidd's quarrel with Archdeacon Mountain and Deacon's support of his superior come out clearly on page 64, where Kidd says that his "wrecked heart forgot the pain / A Mountain Demon flung before it —." The pencilled comment cuts through the symbols:

It was thine own foolish wayward inclination and not "a Mountain Demon," that has blighted thy prospects. *Justice to the illustrious dead*, whom thy heartless calumny cannot reach, requires this much to be said. The living is able, if inclined, to justify his own conduct; but I apprehend is too conscious of his integrity and too exalted in mind to condescend to notice your base scurrility contained in this inharmonious doggerel.

Both Mountains appear to have been involved in Kidd's misfortunes: the "illustrious dead", the first Bishop (who died in 1825), and his son, the Archdeacon.

One of the Mountains had given offence to Kidd by "ranting" against Lord Byron, who had died in 1824, and whose exclusion from a grave in the Poet's Corner of the Abbey by the "Dean of Westminster"

<sup>2</sup>For this information I am indebted to Professor T. R. Millman of Wycliffe College, Toronto: personal letter, February 15th, 1956. Professor Millman is the author of *Jacob Mountain, First Lord Bishop of Quebec* (Toronto, 1947) and *The Life of the Right Reverend, the Honourable Charles James Stewart* (London, Ontario, 1953).

Kidd deplored in a "Monody, To the Shade of Lord Byron". The Bishop and his son (George Jehoshaphat, who later put out a book of religious poems, *Songs of the Wilderness*) had taken the official position of the Church with regard to Byron and had evoked this digression in the title-poem of *The Huron Chief*:

For me, I hate all whining cant,  
And, doubly so, the Churchman's rant,  
If even sent from sides of iron,

By hill, by dale, by grot, or fountain,  
Against the great, immortal BYRON!

In all the poisoning of a MxxxTxxN\*, [sic]  
Who nothing loves, but what's his own,  
Or some *thing* else that wears a gown.

[pp. 44-45]

Filling out the spelling of *Mountain* is not difficult, especially since Kidd's footnote (indicated by the sign after the last N) reads "*Vide*, the address to the REV. POLYPHEMUS, towards the end of this volume." The Polyphemus of classical mythology, it need not be added, was the one-eyed Cyclops, a shepherd who tried to keep Ulysses and his men confined in a cave, the entrance to which was blocked by a huge stone. The name is employed several times by Kidd in his book. In the Preface he says that "the miscellaneous poems . . . with the exception of the one to Polyphemus, were written for amusement." This poem (promised in the table of contents for page 141 under the title, "To the Rev. Polyphemus") never does appear. "Lines, Written on Visiting the Falls of the Chaudiere, 1827" is put in its place, and the author's footnote declares, "On consideration, it has been thought proper to substitute these stanzas, and the two following little poems, in place of the address to Polyphemus, which, perhaps, was too satirical for a publication of this nature." The satire was to occupy nine pages; unhappily it is not available! Yet one can see how clerical discipline and poetic temperament had seriously clashed, leaving Kidd bitter and perhaps employed only by the Muses.

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The title-poem of *The Huron Chief* shows where the Muses had led him; it is a "dramatic poem," which one may break down into three divisions: (i) the visit to Skenandow's (the Chief's) encamp-

ment "on Huron's banks"; (ii) a trip with Alkwanwaugh, a young warrior who finds his lost love, Ta-poo-ka; (iii) the battle of Skenandow and Tecumseh against the white men.

The first division is given over to stock situations and moods. An "Indian Queen" is heard singing of the death of Moranka, "the glory and pride of the Nation"; Skenandow, the Chief of the Hurons, protests against the white man's treatment of his people; Alkwanwaugh, a youth of the Sioux nation, laments the loss of Ta-poo-ka, who threw herself over a cliff to avoid marriage with an older man; the poet, a sophisticated Briton, contemplates the pleasures of Indian village life, especially because of a charming maiden, Kemana.

The second division is a romantic idyll of the reunion of lovers. Alkwanwaugh, the poet's guide among the lakes, is a warrior with a broken heart. He is related to the noted Atsistari, and he can recite the famous speech of the greatest of them all, Logan, the Mingo chief; but life has meaning for him only when he sees once more his beloved Ta-poo-ka, who had been saved from drowning five years before by Chippawas and adopted by their chief, Ou-Ka-Kee.

The story ends with a surprise attack by American white men when the wedding festivities are at their height. The great Tecumseh appears happily at this time "from the other shore" and helps to rout the invaders. Alkwanwaugh is killed, but Tecumseh and Skenandow are generous to three white captives, sparing their lives because "they may repent". Tecumseh goes home, but Skenandow runs into an ambush prepared by the same white men, and is killed.

Skenandow, an Indian patriarch, is the hero of the story; Mountain (the Bishop or the Archdeacon) is the villain of the piece — albeit in the digressions. The order of certain passages is significant: the poet's confession that he loved the Indian girl "over well" is followed by the attack on M\*\*\*T\*\*N, and then by an expression of admiration for Skenandow:

From this last theme I find relief  
To turn and view the Huron Chief,  
Where, like some noble lord of man,  
In all the dignity of feeling,

He stands, surrounded by his clan;  
 In every look and act revealing,  
 The fondness of parental care,  
 Which all around him freely share.

[pp. 45-46]

The father-image of the bishop is supplanted by that of Skenandow, the reverend pagan, who invites such a comparison when he says of himself and his home on "Lake Huron's banks", "I'm the Chieftain of this mountain" (page 22). So Kidd has natural nobility with Christ-like virtues set over against Christian nobility displaying demonic qualities — "A Mountain Demon", in the poet's own words.

Skenandow is a "Huron" Chief, and we should probably call him a Wyandot, a descendant of the Huron refugees from Iroquois persecution who stayed in the West instead of finding shelter at Lorette, near Quebec city. The original Skenando (sic) belonged to the Oneidas and died on March 11th, 1816, at the age of one hundred and ten years. It was this man, a noted convert of the Rev. Mr. Kirkland, who said, "I am an aged hemlock. The winds of an hundred winters have whistled through my branches; I am dead at the top." These words, somewhat altered, are taken over by Kidd in a footnote (page 22) for his chief of the Hurons, who possesses the virtues, but not the church affiliations of the Oneida Skenando described in the *Utica Patriot* of March 19th, 1816.<sup>2</sup> Kidd's noble savage, who is ideally Indian and Christian, is thus employed to show up the alleged weaknesses of the church leaders at Quebec.

Kidd's poem, *The Huron Chief*, also has broader significance; it becomes an imaginative treatment of the problem of missionary work among the Indians — a task for which he had undergone training. Mountain and Skenandow are symbols: the former is the Church seeking to impose its will upon pagans, and the latter is natural religion and virtue resisting the taint of civilization. The ethical debate thus imaged was an old one and had long confused philosophers and churchmen, the missionaries being largely responsible for accounts which gave as much comfort to deists and to sentimentalists (like

<sup>2</sup>See William W. Campbell, *The Border Warfare of New York, During the Revolution; or The Annals of Tryon County* (New York, 1849), pp. 265-267.



Kidd) as to theologians. The red Indian had to be represented as vile enough to make conversion imperative, yet good enough to make the programme feasible. *The Jesuit Relations*, for example, were found by Gilbert Chinard to have contributed to the European idealized notion of the Indian,<sup>4</sup> yet there is nothing more depressing than the life of the Hurons described therein. Kidd saw the missionary problem in a later phase — the centre of discussion having now returned to America — a romantic, Protestant and Canadian phase.

His sources, in addition to his own very real knowledge of the Hurons of Lorette, were — like James Fenimore Cooper's — principally Moravian. His numerous footnotes refer to *History of the Mission of the United Brethren Among the Indians in North America* (1789 in the German language, and 1794 in English) by the Rev. George Henry Loskiel, and to the works of an even more popular Moravian writer, the Rev. John Heckewelder, author of *History, Manners and Customs of the Indian Nations* (1818) and *A Narrative of the Mission of the United Brethren Among the Delaware and Mohegan Indians* (1820). Both missionaries described scenes and people associated with the Lake Erie-Lake Huron region around Detroit, including the southwestern tip of the Canadas, the setting for Kidd's "Huron Chief". Even without Heckewelder, Kidd could have favoured the Hurons for political reasons as "good Indians", since Canadians (French and English) — unlike the Americans — have always had the Hurons on their side. Knowing Heckewelder's books, however, he had a leading authority on Indian peace and harmony before the white man came, on the natural eloquence and dignity of the aborigines, and on their complaints against the ingratitude and injustice of the whites. Probably it was Kidd's love of Ossian, whom he quoted on his title-page, which drew him to Heckewelder's quotations of Indian speeches in which the sorrows of the red men were related, as Kidd phrased it, "with the eloquence of nature, aided by an energetic and comprehensive language, which our polished idioms cannot imitate."<sup>5</sup> The

<sup>4</sup>*L'Amérique et le Rêve Exotique dans la Littérature Française au XVII et au XVIII Siècle* (1913). See also Benjamin Bissell, *The American Indian in English Literature of the Eighteenth Century*. (New Haven, 1935), pp.8ff.

<sup>5</sup>*The Huron Chief*, p. 17n.

talkative Delawares of Heckewelder's narrative may have given better evidence to support the theory of the poetic Indian than could have been found in the history of any other, more laconic, tribe.

Cadwallader Colden, Alexander MacKenzie, Alexander Henry and other authorities on the Indian were used by Kidd, but William Tudor's *Letters on the Eastern States* (1820) appear to have contributed most to the background of the Mountain-Skenandow symbolism. Tudor, professing knowledge only of the Indians of Massachusetts, expressed certain of Kidd's own convictions: that the Indians would soon be wiped out by the evils introduced by white men; that "abstruse points of faith" were not "the only sources of all salutary influence" (Tudor's words); that the best Indians would not become subjects of civilization; and that missionary enterprises among them (except the Jesuit and the Moravian) were unsuccessful. "The Indians, particularly the highest and least vitiated among them," Tudor said, "are attached to their own notions, some of which are the soundest principles of natural religion".<sup>6</sup>

In Kidd's poem there is both ironic contrast and direct statement of such ideas. Natural decorum is held above European formality: the quiet life above the ambitious; Ta-poo-ka above "eastern beauties"; peaceful pursuits above greedy plundering; Indian generosity above sophisticated treachery; the religion of the forest and stream above sectarian missionary enterprise. The digressions leave no doubt about Kidd's meaning:

The Missionary evils brought,  
By those who first Religion taught —  
Forgive the phrase — had more of hell —  
And all the crimes with it connected —  
Than ever yet were known to dwell  
With those oft called the *lost* — neglected —  
The barb'rous Indian — Savage race —  
The outcasts of the human race! [pp. 106-107]

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The immaturity of the author — as well as the promise of future achievement — is apparent on almost every page. He was, to be sure, a young man. Some facts about him may be gleaned from the pages

<sup>6</sup>Tudor, *Letters*, 2nd edition (Boston, 1821), pp. 285-297.

of *The Huron Chief*. Born in 1802, he had lived for sixteen or seventeen years in Northern Ireland; in 1818 or 1819 he had come to America (perhaps not immediately to Canada), for he had lived, as he said in a note on page 94, on this continent for eleven years. The poet was a member of a *Literary Society*, established in Quebec in the winter of 1825," of which the lamented Henry R. Symes, and possibly men named Kirk-White, Dermody, and Orr were members. The famous Literary and Historical Society of Quebec was founded by Lord Dalhousie on January 6th in the preceding year. "By the request of a Huron Queen," he says, he attended an Indian dance in June 1826. He alludes to at least one visit to the United States, when, like Thomas Moore, he travelled along the banks of the Schuylkill and saw various waterfalls, and, in New York, lifted a shamrock from the grave of George F. Cooke, the "Irish Roscius".

In 1828 he made a trip which may have carried him to the St. Clair River (near Sarnia); on the way he saw sand-banks, near Hallowell, and "Mr. Jones rendered my journey through that part of the country very agreeable." It is not unreasonable to guess that this was the Rev. Peter Jones (Kah-Ke-Wa-Quo-Na-By), a Wesleyan missionary, whose famous *Journal*, however, makes no mention of Kidd in 1828. For this year there are, in the poet's book, references to the St. Lawrence (near Cornwall) and to Niagara Falls; to the same trip may belong the notes about the Falls of the Rideau, Point Fortune, the Thousand Islands, Belleville, Lake Erie, and "the West Lake". In May 1829 he visited an Old Chief at Lorette.

Meanwhile he was writing "Other Poems", which he printed with "The Huron Chief"; there were complimentary addresses to people whom he knew and half-named, perhaps to tease us: Clara; Miss E-R— (who sang an Indian melody); Miss — (whom he loved "for a minute"); Sophia (with whom he walked at Point Levi); and Mary (a girl from home). A drunken parson received the choicest treatment:

Here — sleeps, say what you please —  
 He's rescued now from bother —  
 He prayed, and sipped his glass, at ease,  
 But ne'er shall sip another —

Unless some friend, with friendship fraught,  
 Who, ere he saw him off in  
 His last caleche, had kindly thought  
 To slip one in his coffin.

In Grotius oft he took delight,  
 And Lincoln studied daily —  
 But Holland surely every night,  
 Because more clear than *Pale-ly!*  
 [p. 189]

There is not enough evidence to explain the following lines "To the Countess of D-E," although they obviously refer to the wife of the Earl of Dalhousie, the Governor General of Canada:

Oh! do not curse the humble bard —  
 He's poor enough without it —  
 For if he said your heart is hard,  
 There's very few will doubt it.  
 [p. 135]

"Q", who wrote a letter to the *Montreal Gazette* on May 30th, 1830, called this epigram "pointless", but "the malice," he said "is the same as if it were true. The Author here should have imitated his Hero. Skenandow in 'The Huron Chief' would never direct a poisoned arrow at a female — still less behind her back."

This letter by "Q" helps to bring out the facts about the principal event in Kidd's short life, the publication of *The Huron Chief and Other Poems*, printed at the office of the *Herald and New Gazette* in Montreal in 1830. During the winter of 1828-1829, "Q" records, a gentleman had called to see him while he was sitting at breakfast:

After a short preamble my visitor unfolded some eight or ten yards of a long paper roll, covered with names, to which he requested me to add mine as a subscriber to a forthcoming Poem, to be entitled "The Huron Chief". He added that the terms were half a crown, to be paid on subscription, and an equal sum on delivery of the work. The title being so attractive and many of the signatures respectable, I did not hesitate, but wrote down my name and paid the money. The Poet pocketed his two and sixpence, replaced his voluminous scroll under his arm, and made his bow and exit.

It is evident that the church had lost a persuasive preacher, and business a good salesman, when Kidd turned poet. If his Preface may be fully credited, the fifteen hundred copies were called for in advance. That works out to £187.10s on subscription, and a paid-up total of £375 for the whole edition — a sum which would yield a profit far beyond the dreams of our minor poets to-day.

"Spencer-Wood", one of the poems, appeared in the *Montreal Gazette* of January 18th, 1830, and the same paper acknowledged receipt of a copy of the book on March 4th. "Q"'s letter was dated, "Montreal, May 30th," and was printed in the *Gazette* of June 7th. "Q" had decided to save his second half-crown and merely borrow the book from a friend; this was enough for him. In a very critical mood, he pointed out Kidd's plagiarism or borrowing from Thomas Moore, "ideas already expressed, illustrations cut and dry, metaphors in bundles, and rhymes prepared for the novice." He also gave examples of excessive alliteration, repetition of lines ending in "minute" and "in it", the cutting in two of "helpless monosyllables" ("hour" and "bower"), and what he called pure nonsense (chiefly pathetic fallacies). This was the kind of reviewing which Keats' and Tennyson's early volumes received in the *Quarterly Review*. Kidd probably expected harsh treatment. Something more than modesty may have inspired the quaint words of the Preface in which he speculated upon the results of publishing a book:

the consequences may prove as serious before the ordeal of Criticism as the efforts of Pliny, who perished in the fire of Vesuvius, while searching into the cause of the beauteous, but destructive element.

The little birch canoe, in which I have safely glided through the tranquil lakes of the Canadas, could not securely venture on the boiling surge, and foaming breakers, over which Childe Harold and Lalla Rookh triumphantly rode in their magnificent Gondolas.

Fate had supplied a young and hardier compatriot, William Fitz Hawley (born at Laprairie, near Montreal, in 1804), who wrote for the periodicals, and who, in the summer of 1829, had published a book of poems entitled *Quebec, The Harp, and Other Poems*, printed at the very Montreal press which in the next year would issue Kidd's *Huron Chief*. For his poem "The Harp" Hawley had received the



Honorary Medal of "The Society for the Encouragement of Arts and Sciences" in Quebec. It is to be hoped that Kidd read Hawley's Preface:

From honest criticism he [the author] will not shrink; but as for those everlasting grumblers who find nothing but faults, he neither invites nor defies their growling — for growl they will whenever they open their mouths. Their criticisms are the *natural produce* of splenetic minds, which may as well be bestowed on Poets as on Pug, or the Kitchen Maid. Their mouths are like the crater of a volcano, from which nothing can be expected but fire and brimstone; and whose devastation recoils from the insensate rock, and settles into the flowery vale, replete with life and beauty.

Kidd was soon to be beyond praise or blame. *The Huron Chief* was published early in March 1830, and Kidd died a little more than a year later. The Very Rev. R. L. Seaborn, Dean of the Cathedral of the Holy Trinity in Quebec City, has been so kind as to provide the following entry from the parish records and to suggest that the poet may lie in the English Burying Ground on St. John Street, or perhaps in Mount Hermon Cemetery. The Chapel of the Holy Trinity, where the funeral took place, is now known as Trinity Church:

*Adam Kidd, of the city of Quebec, formerly a Teacher, aged twenty-nine years, died in the Hotel Dieu on the sixth and was buried on the seventh day of July in the year of our Lord eighteen hundred and thirty one*

*By me,*

*E. W. Sewell*

*Minister of the Chapel of the  
Holy Trinity*

*Present:*

*Alexander Kidd — father  
Hugh McGuire.*

## Review Article

### Soldiers and Politicians

by

GEORGE F. G. STANLEY

"Covenants without swords are but words". This dictum of the English philosopher, Thomas Hobbes, expresses one of the elementary truths of political science, namely that all social organizations must, at bottom, possess the sanction of force if they are to survive. There is no example in history of a national community, or state, existing without it. Necessary though such force may be, the very fact of its existence presents a serious challenge to the state; for the manner in which that force is organized and controlled will determine, in large measure, the political structure of the state itself. On the one hand, should the organized force of the state fail to give unquestioning obedience to the political head of the state, is the door not open to Caesarism and civil war? On the other hand, if the force is completely non-political, taking orders without question from its political chief whoever he may be, is not the road to tyranny unimpeded? Ought the German generals to have followed the course of the Roman Praetorians who made and unmade Emperors, or were they justified in refusing to rebel against the political tyrant, Adolf Hitler?

Therein lies the dilemma of the relationship of the soldier and his government. Edmund Burke summed up the problem when he wrote "An armed, disciplined body is, in its essence, dangerous to liberty, undisciplined it is ruinous to society."

The problem is an old one, but, like the poor, it is always with us. One need do no more than recall the quarrels between those whom Sir Henry Wilson called the "brass hats" and the "frocks" during the War of 1914-18, or cast one's eyes upon the contemporary scene in Egypt or in Indonesia. All societies are, at some time or other, compelled to find a solution of the problem of civil-military relationships. And a recent book edited by Michael Howard,\* one of the better known younger English military historians, has brought together eight studies by different authors dealing with this very important problem as it has taken form in such countries as Great Britain, France, Germany, Russia, Japan, Spain, Latin America, and the United States. These eight studies have been adapted from a series of lectures given under the auspices of King's College, London. Some of them were also broadcast over the B.B.C. As might well be expected from such a collection, the several chapters of this small book — it numbers no more than 190 pages — vary considerably in value and interest.

\**Soldiers and Governments*, edited by Michael Howard (Eyre and Spottiswoode, London, 1957).

Without indulging in invidious comparisons, it is enough to observe here that the introductory essay, with which the editor ties the several contributions together, is easily the best thing in the book.

Nevertheless, it would not be unfair to say that Mr. Howard has his eyes closely glued upon the contemporary scene. And they are British eyes, too. He writes as a man might write who comes from a country where an orderly tradition of power and obedience has been firmly established, and which has largely solved the problem of reconciling the subordination of the military force with the necessary restraint upon the political head who controls the force. Solved it on the surface at least. For the problem is never far beneath the surface. Scratch the soldier and you will invariably find a deep-seated suspicion of the politician; question the politician and you will discover that he is not a little fearful of the soldier.

Reduced to its simplest terms the problem of civil-military relationships is one involving the very nature of war itself. Too often the soldier, deeply conscious of his responsibility as the guardian of the security of the state, forgets that warfare is, in essence, a political rather than a military act. According to Clausewitz, "Wars are in reality . . . only the expression or manifestations of policy (politics) itself. The subordination of the political point of view to the military would be contrary to common sense, for policy has declared the war; and it is the intelligent faculty; war is only the instrument, and not the reverse. The subordination of the military point of view to the political is therefore the only thing which is possible." In other words, war is the instrument and politics the purpose. The generals and the admirals and the air marshals are the servants, and the political leader is the master. To separate warfare from politics will invariably lead to disaster, to what is referred to in the popular parlance as "losing the peace".

Those people experienced in the art of politics and war have long realized that the politician rather than the soldier must give the orders. Ever since the days of Cromwell and his Major-Generals, the British have viewed military dictatorships either in peace or in war, with extreme repugnance. And in 1689 the very existence of the Army was made subject to the annual passing of a parliamentary enactment. To the British parliament, war has been for generations, to use the words of Major-General Fuller, "a business proposition and not a gladiatorial contest". Those who shaped British policy were not simple-minded soldiers but practical-minded politicians. Their object was to ensure the security of Great Britain and its Empire by maintaining the European balance of power. They never proposed that their country should set itself up as the chief constable of the European morality squad. British policy was one of self-interest; and from the British point of view, enlightened self-interest. It is only by appreciating this fact that the various shifts in British foreign policy can be understood. Nor were the peace treaties looked upon as

a means of punishment. Rather they were regarded as a means of reducing the enemy's power potential to a point consistent with the maintenance of the traditional balance of power. And the success of a war was measured, not by how many men were killed or how much destruction was wrought, but by how far the war achieved the political end for which it had been undertaken.

If this be true of Great Britain, it is not true of the United States. Only within recent years has the American republic begun to appreciate the necessity of subordinating the military to the political point of view. Representative Davy Crockett of Tennessee might shout in Congress that "A man could fight the battles of his country, and lead his country's armies, without being educated at West Point" — he proved his argument by dying as an amateur soldier in an amateur army — but the American Civil War was soon to establish the predominance of the professional soldier and the "militarization" of the armed forces of the United States. The Civil War had been fought and won by professional soldiers in a professional way. Congress was kept in its place, and the chain of command led directly through military channels to the President, by-passing, on occasions, such civilian authorities as the Secretaries of War and of the Navy. After the Civil War, the commanders, men like Grant, Sheridan, Meade, Farragut, and Porter, emerged with an aura of prestige born of success; a prestige which served to protect the vested interests of the services for generations to come. In some respects it was unfortunate that the Americans never had a Crimean War to rub the gilt off their military professionals and to lead civilians to ask some of the reasons why. That is why the Americans continued to place their politico-military future in the hands of service officers long after the disillusioned British subordinated the Commander-in-Chief to the Secretary of State for War. Events during the last World War and operations in Korea spring to mind as illustrations of the mere companionate marriage between the military and political objects of warfare which has been so much part of American military history since the Civil War. It is not without significance that General Omar Bradley wrote in the preface of his book *A Soldier's Story* "The American Army has also acquired a political maturity it sorely lacked in World War II. At times during that war we forgot that wars are fought for the resolution of political conflicts; and in the ground campaign for Europe, we sometimes overlooked political considerations of vast importance. Today after several years of cold war, we are intensely aware that a military effort cannot be separated from political objectives." At the same time, however, the almost complete exclusion of Congress from any control over military matters; the lack of civilian supervision over service expenditures; the secrecy surrounding the actions of the Pentagon; the heavy responsibilities entrusted to the officers of the Continental Air Command; all these things suggest that there still exists a dangerous degree of independence on the part of American service chiefs.

If a government fully appreciates the idea that the political object must take precedence over the military means, it will accept the corollary that the general direction of the war, like the general direction of peaceful policy, must be based upon the political considerations that it has in mind. That means simply that the political object, not merely the hope of military victory, will determine whether a war shall involve the complete conquest of an enemy country, or whether the war will come to an end as soon as the aggressive nation abandons the purpose for which it went to war. It will be the political object of the government which will determine the amount of force necessary to gain the object, and the broad method of employing that force. In Canadian terms it will mean whether the army should be a volunteer or a conscript army; whether an expeditionary force should be employed, in what numbers, for how long, and under the command of what British or American commander-in-chief; whether the Canadians will operate as a unit or be split up in several theatres of war as was done in 1943, and was not done in 1917.

There is, of course, no obvious limitation upon the political objective. A government of madmen might conceivably think in terms of world conquest. Historians of little discernment are forever making this the political object of every aggressive nation. But for practical purposes the political object is surrounded with restrictions and limitations. Such, for instance, as the general support of the public, the economic resources available, the size of the manpower pool. The political object must, in fact, accommodate itself to the means, even if such modification involves a serious change in the political object itself. But whatever the limitations may be, the political object, in the end, must retain the prior right to consideration. Thus we should think of the military services of our country, not simply as a form of insurance against calamity, but as a positive political force; and warfare should be looked upon not merely as a matter of destroying the enemy but as an activity related to and part of the political development of the country. There is a co-relation between war and politics which must be thoroughly understood both by the soldiers and by the politicians if government policy before, during and after a war is to have any continuity or significance.

But the question of civil-military relationships is not quite as simple as all that. There still remains a difference in point of view over the respective spheres of the soldier and the politician, particularly in the matter of military operations. Ludendorff took the view that war was the highest expression of the national will to live, and that the rôle of the commander in wartime must therefore include that of laying down the lines along which the politicians should move in support of the war effort. The elder Moltke wrote "the politician should fall silent the moment mobilization begins, and not resume his precedence until the strategist has informed the King, after the total defeat of the enemy, that he has completed his task." In other words the army should, in



wartime, be a state within a state, claiming the right to define what is or is not in the national interest. And such was the attitude of the German Army until its political rôle came to an abrupt end with the débâcle of Schleicher in 1933 and the advent of Adolf Hitler. This was an attitude of mind which was by no means confined to Germany. In 1914 France virtually surrendered itself to the quasi-military dictatorship of Joffre; not until November, 1917 did Clemenceau re-establish civilian control. And in Great Britain how many were there who were prepared to challenge the mighty figure of Lord Kitchener? On the other hand there are those who will attribute the German defeat of 1945 entirely to the absence of military autonomy and to the constant interference of the civilian, Hitler.

In those states where the political head of the state is also the commander-in-chief, the problem of civil-military relations is a simple one. Neither Frederick the Great nor Napoleon Bonaparte experienced serious difficulties in reconciling the political and military points of view. But where, as in the modern democratic state, the two functions are carried on by separate individuals there have been many instances of quarrels and mutual recriminations. Outstanding illustrations are those afforded by Moltke and Bismarck during the last century, and by Haig and Robertson and Lloyd George in the present century. During the last war Mr. Churchill solved the problem by combining the Prime Ministership with the post of Minister of Defence which enabled him to preside over the meetings of the Combined Chiefs of Staff and thus to influence military policy. If Churchill agreed to the purely military demand for unconditional surrender, it was because of the pressure exerted upon him by President Roosevelt and the American military chiefs. Broadly speaking Churchill followed the dictum of Clausewitz. He claimed as his right the definition of the object of the war and laid down the general lines within which his generals had to work, not the reverse. Like Clausewitz he believed that the soldier had no other purpose than to create a military situation which could be exploited by the political leaders.

But surely this question is now largely an academic one. Is not the Curragh Incident in which General Paget justified his orders to move against Ulster on the ground (quite unjustified) that they came from the King and not from "those swine of politicians", a thing of the past? Despite the conflicts between the soldiers and the politicians during the First World War was the ultimate supremacy of the civil power ever really in doubt? Surely Lloyd George's notions of a "military conspiracy" were mere fevered imaginings; and, in any event, was not the resignation of Robertson and the subordination of Haig to Foch a victory for the civil authority? In the United States was the problem of civil control not solved by President Truman's dismissal of McArthur? And in Canada did not the generals wait until their pensions were due before beating their swords into pen nibs?

This may be true; and yet the idea dies hard that only professional soldiers can be trusted to fight a war, or to prepare to fight it. Admittedly the old forms of conflict have largely been solved, at least in countries like Great Britain, United States and Canada, even if events in Latin America and the Far East attest to their continued presence in those parts of the world. But the problem in our own lands has not entirely disappeared. It has merely changed its form. Today the struggle is not over command, but over the amount of the nation's resources to be allotted to national defence. And once allotted, how is it to be divided between three competing services, each anxious for the largest share of the financial pie, and each claiming that its services are more essential to the nation's security than those of its competitor. Perhaps the earlier problems were, in fact, simpler than those facing the government of the present day.

The problem has been greatly complicated by both the increased responsibilities of government and the increased costs of national defence. Government is no longer a mere matter of protecting the citizen at home or abroad while allowing economic man to have his own way within the law. Government has assumed social responsibilities of a kind never contemplated one and two generations earlier. And with these increased demands upon the national treasury how much can the country afford to spend upon defence, or how much can it afford not to. And this problem, interestingly enough, has its own political implications in the sense that the amount spent upon national defence tends to shape the pattern of our society. Particularly is this true in an age in which the world is constantly brought to the brink of war by two giants each with thermonuclear chips upon their shoulders shouting nasty names and accusations at each other across the polar ice cap.

The great danger to our liberties will be found less in the appalling costs of defence than in the development of the "garrison state" mentality on the part of our people. The great prestige presently enjoyed by the soldiers, particularly in the United States and in Great Britain, since the successful conclusion of the Second World War, is strongly reminiscent of that which grew up around the professional soldiers after the American Civil War. It is no mere coincidence that the conclusion of peace saw the election of military officers to the presidency of the United States after both wars. In neither Germany nor France has this been the case, for in both instances the sense of disillusion has run deep. But in the victorious countries the new concept of Total War has had a tremendous effect and the generals and the admirals and the air marshals have been surrounded with the aura of success. In a world of continuing tension the danger is lest our peoples not merely yield their internal liberties, but surrender them willingly to the service officers in return for the illusive promise of security. The readiness with which the Canadians surrendered control over their own air defence, and gave to American officers in Colorado Springs the power

to commit this country to war with the minimum of political safeguards, is evidence of the nervous state of our minds. Self preservation would appear to be a much stronger motive than love of freedom. And the soldiers may yet find powers, greater than anything they have sought, thrust upon them by politicians all too ready to accept military control rather than risk annihilation from hostile attack. Perhaps we are on the verge of a political and ideological revolution in which the old values must be replaced by new ones, in which the fear of sudden death is greater than the fear of Caesarism. It remains to be seen whether liberty will survive a third world war.

Perhaps we would do well to remember the aphorism of Lord Salisbury: "If you believe the doctors, nothing is wholesome; if you believe the theologians, nothing is innocent; if you believe the soldiers, nothing is safe. They all require to have their strong wine diluted by a very large admixture of insipid common sense."

## Review Article

### Hermann Hesse A Neglected Nobel Prize Novelist

by

G. W. FIELD

A number of questions are posed by the reissue of Hermann Hesse's last and greatest novel, *Magister Ludi*,<sup>1</sup> and the publication of his *Journey to the East*.<sup>2</sup> While the decision of the academy committee on the Nobel awards is no infallible guarantee of immortal literary fame (or political success) and a glance at the list of recipients reveals a number of writers whose distinction proved ephemeral, nevertheless among the novelist winners virtually all have achieved a considerable measure of habilitation in the English-reading world, at least in their life-time. Hermann Hesse remains almost unnoticed among other continental winners such as Gide, Mauriac, Camus, Thomas Mann, Romain Rolland, Hamsun, Undset. This paradox is heightened still more by the contrast between the indifference towards his work in our part of the world and the adulation showered upon him in German-speaking lands. The national and local celebrations on his eightieth birthday last year left no doubt that, since the death of Thomas Mann, Hesse is regarded at home as the foremost writer in the German language.<sup>3</sup>

What factors account for this national renown and international neglect? This very question contains another anomaly since Hesse abhors all connotations of nationalism and from the opening days of the first World War has been united in fraternal bonds with men of international outlook and pacifist conviction, such as Romain Rolland.<sup>4</sup> Does his work contain qualities which are essentially uncongenial to the Anglo-Saxon temperament? To what extent is the translator to blame? Does his work not submit to translation? Has he something to say of sufficient importance to warrant the effort of overcoming translation difficulties or deficiencies? Is contemporary literary fame after all a mere fluke, a fortuitous concatenation of the temper of a time and of a society and the inter-play of mass media such as Hollywood and the Book-of-the-Month Club?

<sup>1</sup>Translated by Mervyn Savill, Frederick Ungar Publishing Co., N.Y. 1957.

<sup>2</sup>Translated by Hilda Rosner, Noonday Press, N.Y. 1957.

<sup>3</sup>This circumlocution is necessary since the phrase "German writer" is open to ambiguity. Born Swiss, Hesse was naturalized German at 14, and after the first World War became again a citizen of Switzerland where he has ever since maintained residence.

<sup>4</sup>Of interest to French as well as German readers is the volume of correspondence, each writing in his own language and containing coloured reproductions of original water-colours by Hesse: Hermann Hesse/Romain Rolland, *Briefe*, Fretz & Wasmuth, Zürich, 1954.

Recent studies in the sociology of communications in our age<sup>5</sup> leave little doubt that a mere handful of experts in control of such media can create or break reputations of all kinds. This realization brings many sobering thoughts, not least among them the refutation of such homely ingrained proverbs as "the world will beat a path to his door". Goethe had already seen through this easy optimism when he wrote: "Fame, we may understand, is no sure test of merit, but only a probability of such."

An obvious comparison springs to mind between Thomas Mann and Hermann Hesse, both German novelists, almost exactly contemporary, both Nobel prize winners. Thomas Mann became a perennial choice of the Book-of-the-Month Club and a household word in America. This is not to say Mann did not deserve the glory that came to him. Hesse who was bound to Thomas Mann in loyal friendship would be the first to protest such an insinuation. But on the other hand Thomas Mann was always aware of this disparity and took every opportunity to bring Hesse's merit to public attention, praising *Magister Ludi* as "a sublime work, drawn from all sources of human culture, both East and West — prophetic of the future".

On the question of translatability we are confronted by another paradox, for there can be no doubt that Thomas Mann, at least in his later works, poses virtually insuperable problems for the translator, while Hesse's prose in its lucid simplicity submits relatively readily to the process. This does not mean Hesse can be translated without loss. In fact the apparent ease may be deceptive to the translator, for the lapidary polish of his prose has some affinity with the seeming simplicity of the lyric poem which notoriously resists the translator's efforts. Hesse in fact is also a prolific lyric poet whose verses have been more often set to music than those of any other living German poet. His prose has admittedly an elusive poetic quality rich in allusions and to retain these overtones in translation is seldom possible. Nevertheless enough of merit should remain — a smooth-flowing, highly readable narrative.

When we come to the actual translations, it is apparent that Thomas Mann has been better served than Hesse, despite the mistakes found and articles written pointing out the obscuration or loss suffered by Mann's original text.<sup>6</sup>

A problem of basic importance to all humanists is to be seen in the unmistakable decline in quality of translation and in the prestige of the translator as such. Gone are the days when the greatest creative writers were proud to share in translations of world literature — Goethe and Schiller, Carlyle and Scott, Dryden and Pope. If Sir Walter Scott's translations from the German show a surprising number of boners, he at least was supported by a literary sensitivity

<sup>5</sup>For example, *Explorations, Studies in Culture and Communication*, Toronto, 1953-57.

<sup>6</sup>E. Koch-Emmery, "Thomas Mann in English Translation", *German Life and Letters*, July 1953. Oskar Seidlin, "Stiluntersuchung an einem Thomas Mann-Satz", *Monatshefte*, XXXIX (1947), 439 ff.



which eschewed stylistic ineptitudes. The status of the translator today is no doubt lower in the English-speaking world which with its literary wealth and diversity represents a "giving" rather than a "receiving" literature. But if we regard translation as mere hack-work, we have only ourselves to blame for its low literary quality. The tendency towards anonymity is a sign of the trend and a check of any book-store today will reveal books translated without acknowledgement of the translator or of the fact that the work is a translation. Even Hesse's *Demian* in the 1948 Holt edition belongs in this category of anonymous translations. When three years ago Igor Gouzenko's novel *The Fall of a Titan* was awarded the Governor-General's prize for the best Canadian work of fiction, the local reviews and the ensuing polemics seldom made any reference to the fact the work is known only in translation from the Russian. It may well have deserved the award but one cannot help wondering whether the judges had access to the original Russian text. And finally one may wonder whether it might not be desirable to establish a comparable award for the best literary translation. Who knows whether Mr. Mervyn Black, the translator of Gouzenko, might not have ranked for such a prize?

The English versions of Hesse sometimes give an impression of careless haste. Hesse told the writer a German student had listed more than 350 flagrant errors in the English text of *Magister Ludi*. This may not be as damaging as it first sounds in a work of this magnitude and it must be admitted that mistakes *per se* are not necessarily obstacles to the unsuspecting English reader. Mistakes that do not falsify the intrinsic meaning often do less harm than awkwardness or infelicity of expression.

A *lapsus linguae* on a simple German word results here in relationships of more than Gilbertian absurdity: "... grandmother and great-grandmother of many nieces and great-nieces" for the original clear statement "... of many granddaughters and great-granddaughters". The female lineage, by the way, has to be emphasized since the passage deals with a matriarchal stone-age community. In the following phrase the translator is not literally in error but he jars us with a mixed metaphor absent from the original: "a soil full of a thousand roots, in whose woof he himself was a single thread". This could just as well be rendered by "... roots, in the tissue of which he was a single fibre". Factual and stylistic obscurity are unhappily combined in this passage: "... methods and exercises taken from the highly cultivated secular experience of asiatic spiritualisation." This should read "... methods and exercises of a spiritualization process highly cultivated in Asia for centuries." In view of the fact *Magister Ludi* has been hailed as a work of old age rich with wisdom, it is ludicrous to read: "Had it been only the cynical bleating of old age no longer to be taken seriously ..." This should of course read: "... of old age which is no longer capable of taking anything seriously." A curious mistake which however does not hinder the flow of the English text is the following: "Dasa

did not wish to depart without taking his leave of the old man, for whom he still felt a great affection." The original reads: "Dasa did not wish to depart without taking leave of the old man. Moreover he had another request to make of him." On the very last page, when the hero's tribulations recede in the perspective of Maya and the revolving wheel of life and reincarnation, it is disconcerting to read: "he had taken a human life". He had in fact murdered his half-brother Nala in this last incarnation but this is not the meaning of the original text which states "he had fulfilled (absolved) a human destiny". In the next sentence the rotating wheel of life is unhappily referred to as the "spinning wheel".

However a catalogue of such errors of fact or fancy could create a misleading impression. In a book of 500 pages the best work a humanly fallible translator could produce would still reveal some faults. Although the translation leaves much to be desired, the English reader will read considerable stretches without a hitch and even capture here and there some whiff of the poetic fragrance of the original. We must conclude that the shortcomings of the translator can be only partly responsible for the limited impact of this work. At any rate the economic facts of publishing being what they are, we are not likely to see other translations of Hesse replace those already published in our generation. It is a melancholy fact that even the classics are subjected to these economic forces. For example today's publishers give us only the inferior Constance Garnett versions of Tolstoy, because copyright has lapsed and they cost nothing whereas the superior Maude translations are still protected. *Sic transit gloria litterarum humaniorem!* If Hesse's great novel is worth reading in English, it must be read in the only version available and it is probably true that intrinsic merit must to some extent prevail over the defects of the medium. Hesse suggests this in another connection in his *Steppenwolf* when the hero discovers at the end that the immortal spirit inherent in Mozart cannot be entirely disfigured or obliterated even by the hellish contraption of the radio or phonograph (this was in 1926 before hi-fi).

If we look for other factors we soon run into yet another paradox. We may ask whether Hesse's mode of writing and feeling is too Romantic and Germanic for ready assimilation by Anglo-Saxons. Hesse has certainly never concealed his debt to German Romanticism and its continuing tradition. But if this is unpalatable to us, how are we to account for the fact that we have swallowed Thomas Mann who is no less committed to this legacy? It must be admitted that Romanticism covers much territory and there is room for many fine distinctions within it. One might pursue these starting from the fact that Mann allied himself mainly with late or neo-Romanticists such as Wagner, Storm, Nietzsche, while Hesse goes back to figures of the original school, Novalis, Jean Paul, Mörike. But this is not the place for such tenuous probings. Essentially

\*Frederick Ungar Publishing Co., N.Y.

Romantic is the personal, subjective element, although it has also been a pervasive German tradition since Goethe ("all my works are fragments of a single confession"). Mann's most enduring work, *Buddenbrooks*, is on one level of interpretation a highly personal projection of his own family and himself. The key to the apparent paradox lies in the phrase "on one level of interpretation". Hesse's works are not only more directly subjective and personal, they lack the multiple levels of meaning found in Mann's writing. With Hesse it is a virtual necessity for the reader to know the author and see and feel with him. *Magister Ludi* is, of course, relatively objective and hence offers the English reader perhaps the easiest approach to Hesse. But there is still a strong personal note in this late work. Set in the future revolving around an Utopia — or what at first seems utopian — a host of associations suggest the world of Hesse's youth in the nineties and the Royal Württemberg Klosterschule Maulbronn. These contacts with a real past have a curious effect in the otherwise futuristic work. They reinforce the atmosphere of concrete reality which is so easily left behind in chiliastic literature and at the same time they nourish the feeling of a timeless *nunc stans*. This, Hesse has subsequently admitted, is the intention behind the work. In other words the relevance to our immediate epoch and its problems is not confined to the Introduction with its retrospective critique of our "warlike age" from the vantage point of the chronicler several centuries hence. The work as a whole has a direct bearing on our social order. The élite of the Castalian Order represent the faithful scholars and artists striving to preserve and continue the human cultural heritage in a Toynbeeian "time of troubles".

At a time when speculation is rife upon the dead-end the novel has reached in our day, it is pertinent to recall that Thomas Mann described Hesse as a daring innovator, especially in *Demian*,<sup>8</sup> *Steppenwolf* and *Magister Ludi*. Among the innovations of the latter which may be baffling is the peculiar form or what may seem formlessness. The novel proper seems to end two thirds of the way through the volume and what follows are the posthumous writings of the deceased hero. These are divided into some dozen poems and three "incarnations", perhaps better rendered as "imaginary careers". It cannot be emphasized too strongly that these poems and the three "careers" (each of which is a magnificent novelette in its own right) are not mere appendages but integral parts of the whole. Failure to appreciate this led an otherwise perspicacious critic to give a negative interpretation of the life and death of the hero, Joseph Knecht. Admittedly the interpretation is left to some extent open when the chronicle of Knecht's life ends and the reader is called upon to respond to the challenge of this still open question. This is an example of the many stimulating pedagogical insights which abound in the work and which are especially relevant to current educational controversies. The reader is then gently assisted towards the positive view by the unmistakable retrospective flashes.

<sup>8</sup>*Demian. The Story of a Youth.* With foreword by Thomas Mann. H. Holt & Co., N.Y. 1948.

The theme of "service" is one of these clues and the translation unfortunately obscures some of these references. The hero's name, Knecht, means "servant" and this name is retained in the first "incarnation", *The Rainmaker*, which powerfully illuminates the theme by the self-sacrifice with which the stone-age Joseph Knecht ends his life of service to the tribal community. In the second "incarnation" the holy hermit is called Joseph Famulus and one needs to refurbish one's rusty Latin or recall Goethe's *Faust* in order to appreciate the connotation. In the third, the Indian "incarnation",<sup>9</sup> the protagonist is named Dasa which in Sanskrit means servant. While no longer used with this meaning in modern Indian vernaculars, it is still preserved in proper names such as Ram Das, "servant of Rama" or "God's servant". However even the German reader is apt to overlook this esoteric Sanskrit allusion. On the other hand, to the German the name Dasa may consciously or subconsciously suggest "Dasein" (existence), thus concentrating on another leading theme: the rôle of contemplation in the revolving wheel of life. The translator is seen to better advantage in the following passage in which Dasa views with horror the vista of endless existence:

He had had enough of this demonic patchwork quilt of events, joys and sufferings, which strangled the heart and made the blood stand still simply to become Maya. . . . He wanted nothing except to bring this eternally revolving wheel, this endless picture-show to a standstill and to extinguish it. . . . But what then? Then there would be a pause of unconsciousness, slumber or death, and immediately one would be awake once more, would be obliged to let in the stream of life into one's heart again, and the beautiful, terrifying flood of pictures — endless and inescapable — would ensue until the next consciousness, until the next death. Yes, there would perhaps be a pause, a short insignificant respite, a moment for breathing space, but then it would continue and once more one would be one of the thousand figures in the savage, intoxicating, desperate dance of life. Ah, there was no extinction, no end!

There is however at least a partial release through contemplation and in this art Dasa now begins his apprenticeship under the tutelage of the silent ascetic, the Yogi. This theme will not seem so remote from Western experience, if the reader realizes that contemplation here stands to some extent for the rôle of art in life.

*The Journey to the East* is an odd choice for a paper-back edition, since it stresses the subjective, whimsical and esoteric side of the author. Here Hesse, who tells the story in the first person, meets and converses with characters from his own books as well as from those of other poets and with figures from diverse periods of history: Vasudeva, Klingsor, Albertus Magnus, Goldmund, Novalis, Plato, Zoroaster, Tristram Shandy, Baudelaire, Don Quixote, Hugo Wolf, Brentano, et al. Among the figures is Hesse's deceased friend and psycho-

<sup>9</sup>Hesse's preoccupation with the East goes back to the Indian Mission served by his father and grandfather. An example of the odd cross-fertilizations that sometimes arise may be seen in the fact that his novel *Siddhartha* (Translated by Hilda Rosner, New Directions, New York, 1951), a generation after its first appearance has been recently published with great success in a number of Indian languages.

analyst, Dr. Lang, under the Latinised disguise Longus. There are a few errors in the translation [of which the worst is perhaps the following: "... only a few barriers were actually overcome and few advances made into the realm of a future psychiatry" where "psychiatry" ought to be something like "sovereignty of soul" (German Psychokratie not Psychiatrie)] but on the whole the English reads well on a matter-of-fact level. Unfortunately more is required to convey this journey into time as well as space which in the original text depends for its impact largely on a poetical, mystical, mythical, linguistic medium. This tale was the immediate precursor of *Magister Ludi* with which it shares many motifs, notably that of service suggested in the name of the leader, Leo der Diener (the servant).

For both these works the motto "ich dien" would be appropriate as Hesse wrestles in them with the problem of serving struggling humanity and serving at the same time the highest ideals and achievements of culture, art and learning. Martin Buber came from Israel to give the principle address in Stuttgart on the celebration of Hesse's eightieth birthday. In his title the eminent German Jewish scholar and author paid tribute to Hesse's contribution to humanity: "Hermann Hesses Dienst am Geist" (Hesse's Service to the Human Spirit). Although, as we have seen, for the English reader access to Hesse requires the surmounting of certain barriers, the effort should not be without reward. *Magister Ludi*, the distillation of the poetic wisdom of a lifetime, can be recommended to those who have the will to penetrate directly into the heart of Hesse's world. Once the acquaintance with Hesse has been made, the reader will want to explore this domain further in the other works that have appeared or shortly will appear in English, such as *The Journey to the East*, *Siddhartha*, *Steppenwolf*, *Demian*.



## THE NEW BOOKS

### Toronto's Slum Clearance

*REGENT PARK, A Study in Slum Clearance.* By Albert Rose. London: Oxford University Press. Toronto: University of Toronto Press. 1958. Pp. 242. \$5.50.

The need for slum clearance in the larger cities of Canada is apparent to everyone. In large areas of these cities, mostly built before 1914, people are overcrowded in dilapidated and obsolete dwellings. The result is misery and degradation, excessive costs for public services, high crime rates and low tax revenues. "Regent Park" describes a successful large scale experiment in slum clearance in the City of Toronto. The author is Professor of Social Work at the University of Toronto and has been associated with the Regent Park development from its inception.

Slum clearance is a highly complex and extremely difficult operation. It is therefore desirable that the experience gained in such projects should be made generally available. The present book not only describes the conception, planning and building of Regent Park but also reviews the experience gained in its eight years of operation as a public housing project.

Serious concern was expressed about housing conditions in Toronto as early as 1909 but almost forty years went by before anything significant was done to improve the situation. During all this time buildings were becoming progressively more decayed and overcrowded. Even cities such as New York, which have been tackling the housing problem with determination for many years, are steadily losing ground—the number of slums is increasing rather than diminishing. One is forced to conclude that satisfactory rental housing for low income families cannot be built in modern industrial cities by the normal operations of a private enterprise system. At the same time, governments are reluctant to embark on costly programmes of slum clearance and public housing. Ultimately, in civilized countries the establishment and support of minimum standards of housing becomes a public responsibility, but Canadians have not yet developed this degree of social conscience.

According to Dr. Rose "A hard lesson has been learned in almost every densely populated area in Europe, United States and Canada during the past half-century: public housing, to meet the needs of families of low income, does not 'just happen'. Only after much pressure and demand from a variety of groups in the community . . . is the required social legislation enacted and the civic projects undertaken". The author describes in detail the activities of the Citizens Housing and Planning Association in Toronto which, with great perseverance, urged during the years from 1944 onwards that slum areas be replaced by public housing projects. It is important to notice that the two go together: when slums are cleared the people who live there must be re-housed, preferably in the same locality and this can only be done by means of public or quasi-public housing. Consequently, a municipality that embarks on a programme of slum clearance finds itself also a landlord on a large scale. It is then faced with many of the difficulties that plague a private landlord. How are tenants to be selected? How can maintenance costs be kept down? What community services shall be provided? How can deterioration and obsolescence be delayed? These and other similar problems are of acute difficulty and this becomes abundantly clear from Dr. Rose's account.

It would appear that many unnecessary difficulties are caused by linking too closely public housing and slum clearance and this in turn results from considering slum areas as isolated problems. It seems likely for example that many Regent Park residents would have preferred a suburban house to a town apartment. It could have been provided at less cost.

The first major problem in a slum clearance scheme is the tremendous cost of site acquisition and clearance. These costs must be liquidated to some extent or they will impose a crushing burden on whatever is subsequently built on the site. In the Regent Park project one-half of the site cost was paid by the Federal Government. In addition the Province of Ontario made a grant of \$1,000 per dwelling unit. In spite of

these direct subsidies, there has been an accumulated deficit up to 1956 of over a million dollars which may, if present conditions persist, be liquidated by 1986. In considering this deficit it should be noted that the project has benefited from inflation as rents have been increased and interest rates were low when the debentures were first issued. It is also significant that tax revenue from the area amounted to \$260,000 in 1957 as compared with \$32,000 in 1947.

The rentals at Regent Park are based on income and the wisdom of such a policy is certainly open to question. It can be maintained that income is not a factor in housing need and that direct subsidies of income are preferable to subsidies of rents. As the author observes, a potential tenant must state his income and that of other members of his family, he must name his employer so that his income can be verified and as a tenant he must continue to keep the authority informed of his family income. These inquiries are not normally made by landlords and may be resented. Many Canadians however cheerfully submit to similar inquisitions by finance companies.

The author conveys the impression that those who were working towards the realization of Regent Park were not particularly concerned about the niceties of architectural design. Certainly the result is monotonous and drab and compares most unfavourably with public housing in other countries such as Sweden and England and with Regent Park-South, now under construction. It is significant that in a book of 242 pages less than two pages were devoted to the actual design of the project. No information is given concerning floor areas of dwelling units or the density standards of the whole project. In a pioneer experiment attention must of course be directed towards overcoming the obstacles to any scheme at all but final judgments will be based upon its physical realization.

Perhaps the most valuable part of this book is a before and after study of the Regent Park area. This showed that the tenants responded to improved facilities and did not, as many people believed they would, create new slums. (It should be noted however that since 1949 over 100 families have been asked to leave.) Although the figures on juvenile delinquency

are difficult to assess "The men and women responsible for policing, juvenile court and social work feel very strongly that the Regent Park Housing Project has made a tremendous difference in an extremely important area of the city".

Regent Park has removed one of the blackest spots in the City of Toronto and has provided valuable experience on which to base further slum clearance projects. It has demonstrated, as has been demonstrated many times before, that low cost housing cannot be built on high cost land and that apartments are more expensive than houses. It seems clear that any long term solution of the housing problem must be based in part on the re-development of central urban areas and in part on the development of satellite towns or suburban housing projects.

Although this book can hardly be recommended for light reading it is written in English and not in the "socialize" with which social scientists are apt to communicate to each other.

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### Russia — Once Over Lightly

*INSIDE RUSSIA TODAY.* By John Gunther. New York: Harper & Bros. Toronto: The Musson Book Co. Ltd. 1958. Pp. 550. \$5.95.

Fifty years hence, historians will undoubtedly list John Gunther among the major influences on the mid-century American mind. Since 1933, when his "Inside Europe" was published, countless millions of readers have acquired their knowledge of the world without—and often their political judgments—from Mr. Gunther. He had not only supplied his readers with an easily digestible mass of information; he had also made them feel they were being made privy to secrets denied to the world until then. He introduced the insular Americans "inside" an alien state, a government, a politician's private study—and they loved it without quite realizing what Mr. Gunther was doing.

With his "Inside Russia", Mr. Gunther offers the public his most ambitious project. For if in his other "inside" books he

roamed over largely familiar territory, where a writer had no difficulty interviewing leaders, tapping the brains of the local press corps, travelling wherever one would, and staying as long as one pleased, now he was attempting to penetrate a vast and complex land with a passion for secrecy.

It is a reviewer's duty to report that Mr. Gunther finds his way around the Soviet Union with almost the same ease with which he did it in Europe, and with much more assurance than he displayed in Asia. Even his old formula remains unaltered—a great deal of solid material, told in a brisk, no-nonsense manner, and flavoured with the occasional anecdote or a piquant detail. He achieves all this in the face of great handicaps, which he mentions in passing with the victor's insouciance. He was allowed to visit the Soviet Union for only a few weeks late in 1956, but then he had been there briefly in 1928, 1935 and 1939, and he did manage on his last trip to cover 12,000 miles of Soviet territory, mostly by air. And does it really matter how far a reporter goes, or for how long? "I learned more about Russia," Mr. Gunther explains, "in one evening at the Moscow airport than I could have picked up in a month in Siberia." Moreover, if real sources of information are barred, "nobody will keep you from strolling down the street, going to the theatre, and visiting shops and museums freely."

Mr. Gunther soon proves his eye, ear and nose—as well as his writing hand—had been busy. No auditory, visual, olfactory or even gustatory detail is too trivial to escape his notebook. He tells his readers about the uniforms worn by hotel maids, the window in his hotel (and erroneously spells *fortochka* *fortoshka*), the plug in his bathtub, the width of the picture frame on the wall, the problems of ordering breakfast, the prices at the hotel restaurant, the excellence of ice cream and of the "stoutly good" soups, and the difficulty of getting porcelain teeth. Mr. Gunther also passes a number of judgments which may startle those unacquainted with Mr. Gunther's earlier works. "The whole country," he reports, "has a fixation on shoes. Moscow is the city where, if Marilyn Monroe should walk down the street with

nothing on but shoes, people would stare at her feet first." Or, "Toughness—that is a characteristic everybody sees at once. Perceptible is a latent capacity for violence, running just below the surface. Hardly anyone ever visits Russia without seeing somewhere a sudden inexplicable fist fight. Also, let us repeat, life is extremely serious. . . . Such puritanism! Some citizens break bonds if only on account of the strain imposed on them. . . ." Or, the Russians are "a terrific, a tremendous, a magnificent people," who "can be angels one minute and devils the next." And, finally, "The Soviet Union covers 8,602,700 square miles and has not a single golf course. A serious country!"

So much for the trivia, for the exclamatory prose, for the forced humour, and even for the occasional lapses into what sounds like a Hollywood travelogue. So much, too, for Mr. Gunther's pre-occupation with the more colourful aspects of Soviet life (already covered in some detail in such books as Edward Crankshaw's) at the expense of a closer look at, say, the Soviet economy. Yet, when all this has been said, "Inside Russia" cannot be dismissed as a piece of journalistic claptrap. For if Mr. Gunther's touch is often lighter-than-air, and his travels in the Soviet Union less than extensive, he is still a first-rate reporter who knows how to use the tools of his trade. With all its flaws, "Inside Russia" does cover Soviet life, politics and the pursuit of happiness in greater and better detail than any other single book I know. It is all there—the secondary school and the university, the Soviet boss, the Ukraine, the state of medicine, Komsomol, trade unions, Moscow, Leningrad and Kiev, Agitprop, Lenin, Siberia, bureaucracy, writers, Krushchev's famous denunciation of Stalin, the first Sputnik, the theatre, prostitution, the church, the army Kazakhstan, relations with China, and the "jet set". A great deal of the material comes out of the admirable digest of the Soviet press, published in New York by the Joint Committee on Slavic Studies, but then how many of Mr. Gunther's readers would ordinarily study the digest? And if "Inside Russia" does not tell much about anything, it is almost encyclopedic in telling something about nearly everything that might interest a Western reader.

The other virtue of the book is its effort to be fair. Sometimes it goes to such extremes as, "Such dishes as an American T-bone steak or a French *coq au vin* are altogether unknown. Well, so are they unknown in India or parts of the British Isles." But this attitude is maintained through most of the book, and it is reflected in Mr. Gunther's few conclusions. He blames the United States as much as Moscow for the "dangerous and cumulative tensions", he emphasizes that "we have to co-exist, since the alternative is nuclear war", he suggests that "the Russians keep up the Cold War partly because they fear that we will make it hot", and he argues that "the United States should be strong . . . ; it should also be patient, not so touchy as it is, less committed to the all-out Cold War approach, less dogmatic in our assumption that Communism is bound in time to disappear, more aware of the enlivening changes that are without doubt going on in the Soviet Union, more sensitive and sympathetic to the liberalizing developments in the satellites, less heavy-handed in the Middle East, more realistic about China, and, above all, not afraid."

Mr. Gunther's probing inside Russia may not always be more than skindeep, but the work does give countless readers who might never have picked up a book on Russia a good deal of solid and memorable information, and it does so in a calm, non-inflammatory manner. It will be a long time before any other American author will do as well.

MARK GAYN

MONTREAL

### Russian Thought

*RUSSIAN LIBERALISM.* By George Fischer. Cambridge: Harvard University Press. Toronto: S. J. Reginald Saunders. 1958. Pp. 240. \$5.95.

*THE PHOENIX AND THE SPIDER.* By Renato Poggioli. Cambridge: Harvard University Press. Toronto: S. J. Reginald Saunders. 1957. Pp. x + 238. \$6.50.

Here we have two books about Russian thought in the latter part of the nineteenth century, one political and the other literary. They interconnect only in that they both deal, ultimately, with the same writing and

reading intelligentsia of the period, a period which had such a fateful influence on the political history of Russia and of Europe in the twentieth century. *The Phoenix and the Spider* is a collection of essays about nine writers, written and assembled with the aim of telling us about these writers' views of the 'self'. *Russian Liberalism* attempts to describe the development of liberal ideas in Russia in the period between the Great Reforms and the Revolution of 1905. Mr. Fischer traces the story sociologically from the liberalism of the wealthy lesser nobility to the liberalism of the bourgeois intelligentsia, and, politically, he shows the continual dilemma of liberals between conciliation of the autocracy and adoption of revolutionary methods, between the "small deeds"—attempts to improve things locally on a small scale—and the "senseless dreams" of democracy and a constitution. In the end he gives us a good, clear account of a neglected aspect of Russian history, and gives us as well an insight into the similar problems that confront liberals in the newer countries of Africa and Asia in our own time. Then in Russia, as there is today elsewhere, there was the search, or better the hankering, for a third choice, a way out of the dilemma. Russian liberalism failed to find the third choice. It rejected the second choice, revolution, and it disappeared in the chaos of 1917. Looking back on its formative period, with the aid of Mr. Fischer's book, we see that there was never any other possible outcome, given the uncompromising attitudes of the autocracy and of the Marxists, and the political unsophistication of the Russian people.

Renato Poggioli is Professor of Slavic and Comparative Literature at Harvard. In *The Phoenix and the Spider* there are two major essays, on Tolstoy and Vasilii Rozanov, which together form almost half the book. There is a brilliant essay on Chekhov, and a less successful one on Dostoevsky. The other writers are less well known to English readers: Goncharov, Bunin, Babel, the poet Ivanov and the historian Herschensohn.

Poggioli uses the device of taking Moliere's *Alceste* as the prototype of Tolstoy, and comparing the two. It is a



literary game, but it's fun, and very revealing about the man Tolstoy and his work. On the other hand, Vasili Rozanov is all but unknown to English readers, and Mr. Poggioli has given us a useful and entertaining introduction to this self-styled philosopher. He was an almost unbelievable character; hedonistic, amoral, and quite simply, vulgar; a curious phenomenon of Russian literature and thought. He probably deserves the attention paid to him in this essay, but it may be doubted whether the English reader has been deprived, up till now, of more than a footnote in the history of Russian culture.

The essays in this book, we are told, have been put together to give us some idea of these writers' view of the 'self'. It is a vague aim, and the reviewer can hardly decide that it has been met successfully. Rozanov does his part generously, because indulgence of the self was the main principle of his life and his writings. But one can scarcely say that Rozanov was a typical Russian, although he may have been typical of one sort of European of the nineteenth century. The other writers are not so amenable: their ideas have to be quarried out of their writings on other subjects, and one always runs the risk of identifying the author's views with those expressed by their characters. In other words, it is impossible to decide whether or not Mr. Poggioli has done a good job of what he set out to do. He has, nevertheless, written essays that are readable, interesting, and informative. Despite the intentions of an essayist, perhaps this is all that can be required of literary essays.

D. B. CLARK

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### No Mean Prelate

*NAKED TO MINE ENEMIES: THE LIFE OF CARDINAL WOLSEY.* By Charles W. Ferguson. Toronto: Little, Brown and Company (Canada) Limited. 1958. Pp. 543. \$6.75.

Thomas, Cardinal Wolsey, Chancellor of England, Archbishop of York and, in England, legate *a latere* for the Holy See,

was no mean prelate. No one can deny that the butcher's son from Ipswich did well for himself, and the colossal figure on the bedizened donkey, moving through London with sumptuous humility, is as impressive to the modern eye as it was to that of the London populace in his day. It is the spectacle of power which excites the common man, and Wolsey's successive biographers have all had their views on the classic theme of his rise from obscurity, his astounding success and his final fall from grace. Even without the drama of the royal divorce and the continental reformation his career would have made a worthy tale: as it is it has also made a battleground of controversy.

To one biographer, Mandell Creighton, Wolsey was "probably the greatest political genius whom England has ever produced"; to Froude he was "a man who loved England well, but who loved Rome better". Not many have been found since to agree with Creighton against Froude, but Wolsey's latest biographer seems to want to agree with both.

Wallace K. Ferguson is an editor of the *Reader's Digest*, and we are told that his study is the result of six years of research and four years of editorial condensation of 450,000 words of text. Although his book reveals no new material of note, it shows a thorough acquaintance with the existing literature on the subject, and *Naked to Mine Enemies*, furnished forth with capacious prose and a wealth of description, is a good story.

It falls short, however, of being good history. Mr. Ferguson is at his best in rounding out the human details of his period—the construction of Hampton Court, the extravagant planning for the Field of the Cloth of Gold—and he describes these occasions with zest. If we occasionally feel that some extraneous material eluded the practised editorial blue-pencil Mr. Ferguson's sidelights on the Tudor scene are usually welcome in themselves and the detours don't leave us impatient. He admires Wolsey and respects him as a biographer should always respect his subject. His style, leisurely and at times florid, only really comes unstuck when his interpretation does too, as when Wolsey weeps at the scene of Becket's martyrdom. Here we probably



discover the inherent difficulty of a judicious approach made through secondary authorities. No imagined grasp of the period can be a substitute for a real sense of the limits of evidence. Mr. Ferguson himself comments that Wolsey "appeals to the strong desire in all of us to reconstruct the whole from the fragment or to know what goes on behind the facade." To yield to this desire is to substitute invention for knowledge, and to conceal the real problems of knowing the past.

Perhaps for this reason the author's judicious and respectful approach makes Wolsey a sympathetic figure, but does not come to terms fully with the difficulties of the subject. On the whole he seems to agree with Froude; Wolsey was a "magnificent mystery" but a man always "steadfast to the ideal represented by the Holy See". In the end his ultramontane loyalties led him to choose Rome over the King's wishes in the matter of the divorce and brought about his downfall. In this picture of Wolsey as an admittedly ambitious and power-intoxicated man who nevertheless sacrificed his ambition to an oecumenical ideal it is easy to lose sight of the many interests at work, and of the vast responsibilities of Wolsey himself. Significantly he seems to move through the Ferguson book, for all its careful evocation of the period, surrounded but unaffected by the violent excitements of an anti-clerical London, a turbulent parliament, and an uneasy and resentful episcopate. No doubt the occasion for his downfall was his failure at Rome and was brought about by the rising influence of a new faction at court. But the Boleyns had greater forces in their favour than the King's interest in Anne as a wife, and the royal decision to enlist these forces behind the throne was the most important in the history of the dynasty.

Finally, what of the Wolsey who, with unprecedented power in church and state, did virtually nothing to remedy the condition of a church crying for reform in the midst of a nation teeming with new life and discontents? If a "Christendom unified by conscience above Crowns" was really the one ideal for which Wolsey consistently worked, is nothing to be said of the manner in which he chose to serve it? It is worth remembering that in the new parliament

after his fall from power Wolsey was the object of a savage public attack for which the spokesman was the new Lord Chancellor, a distinguished lawyer, humanist and reforming layman, Sir Thomas More.

JAMES MCCONICA

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### Fanny Burney Re-visited

*THE HISTORY OF FANNY BURNEY.* By Joyce Hemlow. Oxford: Clarendon Press. Toronto: Oxford University Press. 1958. Pp. xvi + 528. \$5.25.

Miss Hemlow, a Queen's graduate and a professor at McGill, has been happily occupied for some time with the task of going through and sorting out the enormous mass of Burney letters, diaries and literary manuscripts that have come to light in recent years. In her bibliography she lists three main collections that bulge with them: the great Berg Collection in the New York Public Library, the Barrett Collection acquired by the British Museum in 1952, and the collection of Mr. James Osborn of New Haven, Connecticut. In addition to these she lists no fewer than twenty-three lesser hoards, all of which she has drawn upon. The industry required for going through all this material is only a little less admirable than the persuasive charm by which she induced private collectors and public curators to share their wealth with her. The entertaining volume that has resulted reveals on almost every page the gusto with which she went about her work. It is an impressive piece of scholarship and perhaps the first of its kind to be done in Canada by a Canadian. The only saddening thought is that she had to "go foreign", as sailors say, for every scrap of her materials.

The amount of new matter may be judged from the fact that she deliberately excluded all extended references of what was previously known, such as the published Burney diaries, in order to keep the bulk of her book down to reasonable proportions. Even so her text runs to about 500 pages. As a result the picture we had of her

heroine must be revised. We now see her as a person in her own right, who lived a long and by no means quiet life, surviving the French Revolution and the Battle of Waterloo, and dying three years after the accession of Queen Victoria. She has been detached from Dr. Johnson and Mrs. Thrale, who appear in this book but do not dominate it. During this long life she shows herself as a woman of character, and not the convention-ridden person her critics have sometimes thought. Flouting the proprieties established in her class as well as the wishes of many of those dearest to her, she married for love an impoverished French emigré nobleman. The parallel between this marriage and that of her former friend, Mrs. Thrale, makes one look back to see what Miss Hemlow had to say about the quarrel which occurred at that crisis. She does not explain it and the ensuing coolness quite successfully, but she does make clear that Fanny's actions then were kindly and by no means unreasonable. Thus she is cleared of another charge against her. Further Miss Hemlow has filled in the background of Fanny's literary works, studying the origins of her genuine if limited gift and pointing out the dangers which threatened and eventually overwhelmed it. She has also discovered the manuscripts of several unpublished plays that she believes represent Fanny's true talent far better than her tedious later novels. The full description given of them, with generous quotations, may not entirely justify the high opinion Miss Hemlow has of them, but does make us want to see the full text which, I suspect, she intends to publish someday. These are not all, though they seem to be the most important, of the new materials presented.

Miss Hemlow is frank about her heroine, resisting the temptation to exaggerate her importance. She admits that Fanny's later story is one of steady decline in literary powers, and that, though her reputation remained high for years and her later novels sold well on the strength of it, she is really the author of only one book, *Evelina*, published at the age of twenty-six, and a handful of unpublished plays. The latter part of her history is mainly occupied with family matters. Consequently Miss Hemlow's book is something of a tour de

force, for she manages to sustain a considerable degree of interest without introducing us to any people of note in either the literary or public life of the times. Instead she is mainly concerned with the Burney family, a numerous clan composed mostly of mediocrities and having a fairly high incidence of instability. A few skeletons crash out of cupboards, but even their grins are not ghastly enough to carry the reader on by themselves. The family background, however, does serve to set Fanny off as the one who had by far the best stuff in her. In fact we acquire great respect for her as we see her surmounting her difficulties with unflinching courage and good sense. She had much to try her, especially during the years she spent in France after the Revolution and during the Hundred Days. The chapter describing Brussels before and during the Battle of Waterloo is a vivid piece of narrative, perhaps not as picturesque as Thackeray's but in many ways more gripping because it is true.

This book is not a biography of Fanny Burney but a history of her. Miss Hemlow is content to chronicle what Fanny did and suffered in a clear, readable and well-balanced story. One may regret that she did not attempt the analysis and synthesis required in a biography, but one cannot fairly criticize her for a decision thoughtfully made and conscientiously stuck to. I think she may be criticized, however, on another score. She is so anxious to avoid repeating what has been written before that she rashly assumes on the part of her readers more knowledge of Fanny and her books than most of them are likely to have. This is especially true of the chapter on *Evelina*, in which she breaks new ground without giving enough basic information to a reader who has not read the novel itself recently. Consequently if you wish to enjoy this book to the full and have not got your Burney at your finger tips, you ought to do a little home-work first. But on the whole this is a minor criticism of a book that deserves to be widely read and is likely to remain authoritative for a long time.

CLARENCE TRACEY

UNIVERSITY OF SASKATCHEWAN

### A 'Contradictorious' Spirit

*THE TRUE BLUE.* By Michael Alexander. London: Rupert Hart-Davis. Toronto: British Book Service (Canada) Ltd. 1957. Pp. 215. \$6.50.

"Frederick Gustavus Burnaby, 1842-85. Soldier, traveller, politician, and balloonist. Memorable for his famous 'Ride to Khiva' in 1875-6. Killed in action in the Soudan." Such is the caption under a portrait in the National Portrait Gallery in London of a young officer in the Royal Horse Guards, the Blues. Even the name sounds soldierly, and Burnaby grew up to be one of those rather unpleasant men who was never happy unless he could find someone to fight or knock down. His professional career was somewhat marred by this pugnacious self-assertiveness, but this may well have been accentuated by the lack of active service. For mid-Victorian England, which G. M. Young described as the finest age in which to have been young, offered little scope for the professional soldier. Frustrated by the gay social round of the London season, Burnaby sought diversion in adventure. It was to seek adventure that he took up ballooning, until forbidden to do so by the Commander-in-Chief. Thereafter he was obliged to limit his search for excitement to his annual leave which began in November. One winter was spent with the Carlist rebels in the Pyrenees, another on the upper waters of the Nile in the attempt to interview the new Viceroy, General Gordon. While he was in the Soudan, Burnaby read a report that the Russian government had issued an order that no foreigner was to be allowed to travel in Russian Asia. Following his "contradictorious" spirit, Burnaby determined to set off as soon as possible for the remote wilderness of Turkestan.

Arriving in St. Petersburg in December, 1875, he received permission to visit Russian-held territory but was warned not to proceed into the Moslem areas beyond. Characteristically, he determined to ignore this advice. After several hundred miles in below zero temperatures, beset by violent snowstorms and broken sleighs, Burnaby eluded the Russian frontier ports, and

arrived in Khiva. There he met the Khan, whom he described as a "cheery sort of fellow", despite all that he had said about the cruelties perpetrated by him, and despite the sight of gallows towering high above the market-place.

Burnaby returned from Khiva convinced of the dangers of Russian imperialism, and added not a little fuel to the anti-Russian fervour which swept over Great Britain in the late 1870's. He became ambitious for a political career based on true blue principles, and insisted on tackling the hardest obstacle, in the constituency of Birmingham, then being efficiently organised in the Liberal interest by Joseph Chamberlain.

After his political defeat, Burnaby again looked for adventure abroad. In 1884 he let it be known that he was going to spend his leave in South Africa, whither a telegram was sent instructing the authorities not to allow him near any scene of action. In reality, however, he sailed for Egypt, determined to join the expedition, under Wolseley's command, then embarking for Khartoum to relieve Gordon. Wolseley had hired some Canadian voyageurs to help him up the Nile, for he believed that if they could get him to Fort Garry in 1870, they could surely reach Khartoum in time to rescue the besieged general. Halfway there, however, in attempting to cut down the distance, Wolseley ordered the Canal Corps to proceed across the desert, Burnaby being unofficially attached. Shortly before they reached the wells of Abu Klea, they were attacked by fifteen thousand of the Mahdi's followers. The British quickly formed a square, but not before close skirmishing took place and Burnaby received a spear in the throat. He died, as he would have wished, on the field of battle. He was spared the knowledge that the expedition arrived at Khartoum two days too late.

Mr. Alexander gives a lively and entertaining account, which captures well the atmosphere of the time, even if he cannot persuade us of the correctness of his hero's opinions.

JOHN S. CONWAY

UNIVERSITY OF BRITISH COLUMBIA

**Holmes: Duty, Action, Passion**

**JUSTICE OLIVER WENDELL HOLMES: THE SHAPING YEARS, 1841-1870.** By Mark De Wolfe Howe. The Belknap Press of Harvard University Press. Toronto: S. J. Reginald Saunders. 1957. Pp. xii + 330. \$6.50.

Oliver Wendell Holmes, Jr., bred of the purest of Puritan New England stock, was graduated from Harvard College in 1861, and straightway went off to the Civil War. In three years as a soldier, he endured the mud, dysentery and exhaustion, survived a score of battles and three severe wounds. When the United States was in economic collapse, President Franklin Roosevelt came to him in his retirement and asked his advice. "Mr. President, you are in a war . . . In a war, there is only one rule: form your battalions and fight". Life was duty, action, and passion to the end.

Holmes is one of the great commanding figures in law and political philosophy in the Anglo-American world. Several books and scores of essays have been written bly argued, became the inspiration for the intellectual ferment that has marked the great American law schools for the past generation and still continues.

Even in his nineties, he still felt a compulsion to improve his mind. He thought of the Day of Judgment—there was still work to be done, great books he had not read. In the dark days of March, 1933, and wrote one of the few great books on the Common Law before he was forty. He was a judge, first in Massachusetts, and from 1902 to 1932, on the Supreme Court of the United States. Dissenting often from his brethren on the Supreme Court, he pronounced views on the American Constitution which became the settled doctrine of the Court after his death. His views on law and life, luminously phrased and super-speaking to comrades many years afterwards, he said, ". . . in our youth our hearts were touched with fire. It was given us to learn at the outset that life is a profound and passionate thing". The fire kindled in his youth, by Puritan inheritance, no doubt, as well as by war, sustained him in the stern self-discipline of a thinker for more than sixty years.

He studied, practised, and taught law,

about him since his death. He continues to be controversial. To some, he is a distiller of wisdom for liberal democracy; to others, he seems a jingo and a fascist. There is still a great deal to be said about his thinking on the themes he made his own.

Mark De Wolfe Howe was Holmes' secretary in 1933-4, and is now a teacher in the Harvard Law School. Before beginning to write Holmes' life, he edited Holmes' Civil War Letters, the Holmes-Pollock Letters and the Holmes-Laski Letters, preparing himself to write an official biography, of which this is the first volume.

As the title indicates, it deals with the formative period in Holmes' life, his childhood in Boston, and in the house of his father (Oliver Wendell Holmes, the Autocrat of the Breakfast Table), at Harvard College, in the Civil War, at the Harvard Law School, and in his first year at the Bar. It certifies the book to say that it gives a more convincing account of how these years shaped the man than does any earlier study.

It is not as moving a book as Catherine Drinker Bowen's, *Yankee from Olympus*. Mrs. Bowen's sources supported, but did not supply the art for, her narrative. Mr. Howe's facts are woven into the page, letting us see for ourselves more clearly how the man came to be. We see how the friction with, if not the antagonism to, his father helped to shape his course. We see the set which war gave to his mind and his energies. Most important for the student of ideas, a chapter called, *Contours of Conviction*, based on the records of Holmes' reading between 1865 and 1870, lays bare his intellectual lineage. His theory of morals, his distrust of formal logic, his exaggerated faith in science, are all shown to be derived pretty directly from British empiricism, even to the point of identifying specific arguments and whimsies. These, supplemented by a sense of history and an hypothesis that evolution is at work in the law as well as in biology are the tools he brought to his prodigious labours in the Common Law and to his judicial statesmanship on the Supreme Court. By 1870, he knew pretty well what he thought about life and "the cosmos" (his quizzically respectful term for the universe). These doubts and convictions, in turn, were the



springs of his original work in the law. This volume is indispensable for the understanding of Holmes' philosophy and augurs well for the volumes yet to come.

J. A. CORRY

QUEEN'S UNIVERSITY

### Literate Lives

**THE LIVING NOVEL: A SYMPOSIUM.** Edited by Granville Hicks. New York: Macmillan. Toronto: Brett-Macmillan Ltd. 1957. Pp. 230. \$4.00.

**CRAFT AND CHARACTER IN MODERN FICTION.** By Morton Dauwen Zabel. New York: Viking Press. Toronto: Macmillan Co. of Canada. 1957. Pp. 331. \$5.25.

**LITERARY BIOGRAPHY.** By Leon Edel. Toronto: University of Toronto Press. 1957. Pp. 113. \$2.00.

**THE NATURE OF BIOGRAPHY.** By John A. Garraty. New York: Alfred A. Knopf. Toronto: McClelland and Stewart Ltd. 1957. Pp. 289. \$5.50.

The deceitful and dangerous experiment of the criminal *quaestio* was admitted rather than approved by the jurisprudence of the Romans. They applied this sanguinary mode of examination to servile bodies only. Not so our modern inquisitors. For Mr. Hicks, ten novelists eagerly strap themselves to the rack; and some of their confessions are wilful, to say the least. Mr. Zabel strains to separate such character from biography, and at the same time extorts—on the basis of fourteen novelists—a paradigm of Nineteenth Century Appeal and Twentieth Century Response. Blithe Procrustes commends the symmetry of his bed, and neglects the Carys, Faulkners, Joyces, Orwells, Waughes and Woolfs. The *quaestio* performed on random cadavers can be just as misleading as that on the Living Novel.

Mr. Edel invokes Sainte-Beuve:—"Literature, literary creation, is not distinct or separable, for me, from the rest of the man." But in reviewing his own pursuit of Henry James, Boswell, Gray and Willa Cather, he distinguishes clearly between what excites the biographer and what excited the writer in question. He sees bio-

graphy as a splendid adjunct to (almost a branch of) literature. But it's an adjunct which must heed the discoveries of psychoanalysis. Mr. Garraty agrees, and goes so far as to say that the proper study of mankind is responsible biographies. His aim is to examine "the sources from which our modern biography has drawn inspiration and precept". He makes his points fully yet without a suggestion of erudite grubbing. (Especially interesting is his discussion of the Greek lack of interest in biography:—it was only late in the development of their civilization that they produced prose memorials of heroes; they were concerned more with types and perfect essays than with individuals. Xenophon ignored aspects of Agesilaus not included in the traditional rubrics). From an urbane and minute analysis of biography from Ion of Chios to Suetonius, from Alcuin on Willibrord up to Vasari, Strachey and Maurois, Mr. Garraty derives the ideal method without minimizing those ineffable, casual and spasmodic things that Messrs. Edel and Zabel rightly refer from the life to the art. Absolute systems and absolute methods preclude the partialities on which taste is founded. Yet nothing is more essential to the literary biography than taste—catalyst to the inspired guess and the dazzling *trouvaille*.

Mr. Edel does what Mr. Hicks's symposium of the Angry Young Pen recommends:—he sees the novel in the life, the life in the novel. Applying the *quaestio* brilliantly to the vulnerable parts of Virginia Woolf's *Orlando*, he finds more meaning than a strictly aesthetic critic ever could. It's not a novel, he says; it's a tract with a key. "It was not . . . intended to be a work like *To The Lighthouse* or *Mrs. Dalloway*." Perhaps so. Perhaps the book really is a pastiche of Sackville family history, really is an extravaganza on the life and genealogy of Vita Sackville-West, to whom it is dedicated. But this raises what the clinicians of criticism call the intentional fallacy, as well as the more important question of a creation's autonomy. Great literature constantly, and good literature occasionally, offer phrases, episodes and patterns which entail no investigation of authors' lives. Of course, books must eventually refer us back to people; writers



ought to be sincere without having to be shown to be so; and a mediocre book may yield enormous insight into a man—into the reasons for the mediocrity. But literature is more consistently artificial than life; and the same rules don't apply. Wilde's art of epigram matched an equal art of public demeanour; but such an example is rare. Almost always we should pose the aesthetic question first; there's no law against the biographical *quaestio-to-follow*. But Mr. Zabel, of all these writers, has a conscience about biographical inquiry. Having worked up some brilliant essays into a scheme, he reflects how "they make much of character" but "little use of biography". This is true, and seems to have been deliberate. But you can no more detach character from life than you can works from character. Only a critic of exquisite and robust conscience, like Mr. Zabel, would attempt the impossible compromise between pure criticism and the facts of a life. This character criticism cannot exist:—laudable in its motives, it has no boundaries, and Mr. Zabel cannot but apply its hazy canon unsteadily—going deep into Dickens's life, merely skimming that of Willa Cather. But Mr. Zabel is too wise to let such adopted funambulism spoil his book. Read it as you would Lionel Trilling's loosely grouped *The Liberal Imagination*, and it's a cluster of critical pearls. His essays on Dickens, E. M. Forster and Henry James are magnificent. He practises Mr. Edel's precept of painstaking inquiry, sifting the little from the big, shaping the whole into an outline of "understanding, sympathy, illumination". Which is more than some of Mr. Hicks's novelists do in their frankly autobiographical essays. Saul Bellow's essay is one of the most stimulating here:—he would attach life to letters ("certain ideas can't be held idly"); he desperately wants the novel to live on, full of presence (in the religious sense) and rich with the very power that mass media have over the new leisure class. What shall the novelist do? Desert his allegedly dying form, and adapt himself to lucrative T.V.? Or vault disgustedly into the intellectual stratosphere? Everyone who cares about the serious novel should study these agonized self-appraisals, especially the calm reconnaissance of Mr. Bellow, the rhi-

noceros charge of Mark Harris, and the impassioned hard sense of Wright Morris and Harvey Swados. Here is the art laid bare—"Speak of me as I am; nothing extenuate".

All *quaestio*, as Mr. Garraty's study reveals, is towards understanding—whether directed upon cadaver, self, artefact or friend. "The biographer", says Mr. Garraty, "must derive the kind of universal insight that is also sought by the uninhibited artist." All coincide in this. The story of a life is paramount, and the anatomy of a mind is priceless. But the basic and essential distinction has to be made between consumer material and literary achievement, in fiction as in biography. A needed attitude has to be maintained, just as Mr. Hicks's essayists maintain one, against the switch-on crassness of T.V., the clichés of the Good Life, and the hebétude of confused middlebrows. Not irreverence but craftsmanship dismays the synods of the mass media; and, as Wright Morris points out in 'The Territory Ahead'—easily the best essay in *The Living Novel*, Americans want life to be rawer than it is: they crave the frontier. Useless \$64,000 information is tangible, raw. Form, urbanity, idea and anagoge aren't. All of which is innocuous theory until the pulp-consumer starts to reflect, wants to discriminate. Then the paradoxes attain neon brilliance:—if you start with any gumption at all, the more pulp you read the greater will be your yearning for explanation. Hence the American dichotomy—raw chaos or the absolute Gestalt. The craving to know how others think and live is inescapable, but thanks to the dedicated sanity of books like these it's not reduced to its L.C.M. Art takes possession and manipulates; biography shows how life is met; and only the insentient automaton of a scientific paradise can dispense with either. As Wright Morris says, "The artist does not want man merely to prevail, but to prevail as he has been able to conceive him". In other words, man as one who seeks comfort in art's articulateness and biography's behaviours. Both bear on the art of living. That surely is enough to still the aesthetic conscience of Mr. Zabel and justify the intimacy of Mr. Hicks's young refuters.

PAUL WEST

UNIVERSITY OF NEWFOUNDLAND

### Melville's Well-kept Secret

*CALL ME ISHMAEL, A STUDY OF MELVILLE.* By Charles Olson. New York: Grove Press, Inc. (Evergreen Books). 1957. Pp 119. \$1.25.

*THE FINE HAMMERED STEEL OF HERMAN MELVILLE.* By Milton R. Stern. Urbana, Illinois: University of Illinois Press. 1957. Pp 297. \$5.75.

*MELVILLE AS LECTURER.* By Merton M. Sealts, Jr. Cambridge: Harvard University Press. Toronto: S. J. Reginald Saunders and Company, Ltd. 1957. Pp 202. \$5.25.

"There is more power and beauty in the well-kept secret of one's self and one's thoughts than in the display of a whole heaven that one may have inside one." The statement by Maurice de Guérin elicited Melville's comment in 1869, "This is the finest verbal statement of a truth which everyone who thinks in these days must have felt." "Power and beauty of the well-kept secret"? Yes, perhaps, and an undying fascination too, for interpreters, critics and scholars have never tired in our day of seeking to reveal that "whole heaven" of a riddle wrapped in an enigma which is by almost general consent Herman Melville, the man and the artist. The three recent works here considered are cases in point.

There are two important statements by Melville himself which suggest and justify the methods of approach to the secret that have almost inevitably been employed by modern critics. Neither statement in isolation can provide full understanding; both must be considered together. "Great geniuses," he wrote in 1850, "are parts of the times, they themselves are the times, and possess a corresponding colouring." And a short time later he declared, "I somehow cling to the strange fancy, that, in all men hiddenly reside certain wondrous, occult properties . . . which by some happy but very rare accident . . . may chance to be called forth here on earth." The cultural and the individual contexts: the most light has been thrown upon man and artist by those critics who have seen their subject through these double lenses.

These reflections are prompted by reappearances in a new paper-backed edition of Charles Olson's little impressionistic study which had its first publication more than ten years ago. He was not the first, of course; D. H. Lawrence's *Studies in Classic American Literature* is a pioneer work whose influence, for all of its idiosyncracies, cannot be ignored. Still, Mr. Olson's study is a little classic in its own right and well deserves republication, for he boldly states an assumption which has been accepted almost without question by later writers, and he was in no small degree responsible for the view of Melville as Myth which has gained such currency. "I am willing to ride Melville's image of man, whale and ocean to find in him prophecies, lessons he himself would not have spelled out. A hundred years gives us an advantage." That is Mr. Olson's starting point, the view suggested by the second of the Melville statements listed above. The rest of Mr. Olson's case is built on the ready acceptance of Melville as a cultural phenomenon, as one "homeless in his land, his society, his self." And finally it was Mr. Olson who suggested—and it was little more than a suggestion, an intuition, for this is a poet's vision of America and its space—that it was Melville who sought to find his way back from the desolate isolation of Faustian man to vital relationship with the believing community of man. So long as one does not read with an excessive literalness a study conceived in the spirit of *Moby Dick* itself, vastly and imaginatively, both student and casual reader will continue to find much here to please as well as to provoke a quarrel. It is valuable for both qualities.

During the years following the first appearance of Mr. Olson's contribution there have been almost as many interpretations of Melville's "well-kept secret" as there have been books devoted to the subject. The latest of these studies, that of Milton R. Stern, is among the most interesting. This is no introduction to Melville, certainly, but for anyone who has read and pondered the meanings of Melville's major works, Professor Stern's study is a stimulating and provocative volume. Implying as it does a prior knowledge of these principal works, it takes an additional step

forward in providing fuller understanding of the conflict of convictions in the ideological sphere which is so essential a feature to the reading of Melville and of the American cultural heritage as hammered out in the fine steel of American cultural patterns during the middle years of the nineteenth century.

Professor Stern suggests an answer to Melville's "secret" which, if not entirely original, is yet so cogently expressed as to win a willing assent from his reader. The questions posed by the writer in his Foreword suggest the answers provided in the detailed analysis which follows. "What if a man arrives at an antiromantic theme not from sociology but from an antiromantic view of the cosmos? What if experience demands that multiplicity remain multiplicity? What if, because romantic cosmic patterns don't hold for him, he then turns to an evaluation of experience, or history?" Melville, the writer holds, is both cosmic and anti-idealistic, is, in short, a Naturalist. In an age of absolutes, Melville denies absolutes; in an age of the ideal, Melville is a relativist.

In challenging the absolute, Melville rebels not against God, but against a false concept of God and the course of the rebellion witnesses his creation of a gallery of absolutists who deny the need for relative, human demands and in consequence violate their own natures as well as the natures of those unfortunate victims of their wills. And finally, we are told, Melville's sense of isolation stemmed from "the discrepancies between his empirical views and the idealities of a Christian society." And Melville's God is time—"the physical, infinite reality of eternity—nothing more and nothing less." This thesis is ably demonstrated in the detailed analysis of the work which follows a brilliant introductory chapter on "The Absolute and the Natural."

Despite some differences regarding interpretations of specific novels, this reviewer finds himself in substantial agreement with the thesis. The difficulty of the relativistic position is, perhaps, that it requires even such an excellent study as the present one to be accepted only relativistically—not absolutely. Too rigid an insistence upon the thesis denies to the artist who is the

subject of the study the ability to develop through experience and in history. Such criticism tends to freeze the writer in a static position with a view to making the work conform to a thesis. One feels, for example, that Melville almost certainly worked toward the objectives that Professor Stern outlines, yet he was almost as certainly expressing idealistic positions in the humanitarian attitudes of a book as late as "White-Jacket".

Certainly this must be one of the most beautiful examples of bookmaking in the current year. It is handsomely printed on large pages with generous margins that simply invite annotation. A full bibliography and checklist of Melville studies is a final valuable feature.

The interesting feature of Professor Seal's scholarly round-up of all available materials bearing upon Melville's three seasons of lecturing from 1857-60 is the awareness which one has of the shadowy figure of Melville doggedly keeping to schedules in East and South and Middle-West, reading from manuscript in his soft voice the generalizations he had prepared upon "Statues of Rome", "The South Seas", and "Travelling: Its Pleasures, Pains, and Profits". Professor Seal's has clearly shown that, despite the willingness of audiences to receive "the man who had lived among the cannibals", he had neither the matter nor the flamboyant manner to make a strong appeal from the platform. For one who considered so much contemporary writing intolerant of "plain speaking" and "mealy mouthed", there is something pathetic in these painful attempts to satisfy the popular taste. One of the more interesting features of this book is the appended Memoranda of Travel Expenses with its revealing insights: "Bill at Smithland (damned rascal) 1.50 . . . Cigar (Dismal Sunday night) .05 . . . Bath (Buffalo) .37."

The lectures could certainly provide no hint of the "well-kept secret". Leaving the lecture platform he stepped into his contemporary oblivion, closing the door to a career of the man who lived among the cannibals.

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INDIANA UNIVERSITY

### Dissecting Poets

*TEN CANADIAN POETS.* By Desmond Pacey. Toronto: The Ryerson Press. 1958. Pp. 350. \$5.50.

*Ten Canadian Poets*, a group of biographical and critical essays, deserves your attention. Half way through, the book comes suddenly to life. Dr. Pacey's discussion of the work of the five living poets rewards the reader with some lively opinion and good analysis. This is the kind of criticism that profits the student and should interest the intelligent Canadian who wants to be informed about contemporary verse.

The quality of the criticism improves sharply as the bibliographies shorten. Dr. Pacey read exhaustively in many libraries and pays too great a tribute to earlier critics. Finding the brief treatment he accorded the major poets in *Creative Writing in Canada* to be inadequate, in the present book he subjects ten of them to a more leisurely study. The result, he hopes, will be "at once more thorough and more lively". Sangster, Roberts, Carman, Lampman and Duncan Campbell Scott got the thorough treatment; Pratt, Smith, Frank Scott, Klein and Birney, the lively.

The author quickly establishes communication. You will find yourself responding to his comments, often to protest and more frequently to approve his sudden insights into character and his revealing interpretations. This stimulation, listening to a good conversationalist, is greater when the speaker states his own opinions; the solemn process of quoting authority can produce only formal debate at best and is more likely to stifle good talk.

For whom does a Professor of English write? The question is relevant. Does he write to win the grudging approval of other Professors of English? If he does, then every statement is hedged about with footnotes and no unguarded protestation of affection can be made. The acrimony of scholiasts is a black frost. If he writes for students, then he can marshal all the forces of the old criticism and bring the big guns of the new to bear upon his subject. The array of learning is imposing. If he writes for the general reader, he could at least betray some of his enthusiasms.

Charles Sangster is the first poet to be put under the microscope. There is little in the thirty-three pages of this essay to revive interest in him. Although Dr. Pacey concludes by condemning "the cultural apathy of a country that would permit his later poems to lie unpublished for over half a century," this stricture seems unfair after his considered opinion of Sangster: "He is simply a very minor Victorian versifier and our interest in him can be justified only on historical, perhaps only on antiquarian, grounds." "Scattered through Sangster's volumes are occasional lines which can still be read with pleasure." Why Sangster?

This dispraise persists throughout four of the first five essays. Lampman "writes only two types of poem reasonably well." "He fell short of greatness as a poet because he lacked in himself the full measure of the rare qualities that go to the making of poetic genius." Roberts "left us only a handful of good poems. However, a life that produced *Actaeon*, *Tantramar Revisited*, a dozen first-class sonnets, *The Solitary Woodsman* and *The Iceberg*, was far from having been lived in vain." "One cannot safely ignore any of [Carman's] books, for scattered through all of them are good poems or at least good lines." Duncan Campbell Scott comes off best; if he "did not perhaps scintillate", at least he "burns with a steadier and more lasting flame"—presumably, if my imagery is correct, as a candle in the dark Canadian night.

The machinery of criticism is all here. All ten poets are "influenced". The influences range from Longfellow and Tennyson, through Byron and Shelley, to Auden, Spender and Eliot. Especially Eliot. "Eliotian" does have a nasty sound to it. If every critic is going to be a tune detective, the only really original poet will be the one who is not found out, being influenced exclusively by Canadian poets, I take it. Pacey equates *derivate* and *weak*.

Much more profitable are the analyses of such poems as *The Lonely Land*, *Heat*, *Tantramar Revisited*, *David*, *The Canadian Authors Meet*, and the studies of Pratt's narratives and Birney's *Trial of a City*. Dr. Pacey is a discerning critic in his own right. He has illuminating comments to make on



the romantic, suggestive imagery of Duncan Campbell Scott; on Lampman's use of "balanced opposites" and the light this fondness for contrast throws on the tensions in the man. He identifies Roberts' restlessness, Carman's despair, Sangster's melancholia, Lampman's anxiety neurosis. He sees Birney as the Chronicler, Klein the Psalmist, Scott the Satirist, and Smith the Dedicated Craftsman. In Pratt's poems he sees both the poet's "joyous, creative, affirmative and humanistic side" and his "terrifying awareness of [man's] capacity for barbaric violence." This is the stuff of which good lectures are made.

The biographical content of the essays varies in interest. There are people who remember Sangster, but it will take someone like Arthur Bourinot to look them out; their recollections are not going to be found in library stackrooms. To refuse to consider Roberts as a writer of animal stories is to shut one's eyes to the facts of publishing life. To call P. D. Ross an anonymous journalist is to provoke the *Ottawa Journal* to reply. The brief sketches of the careers of Smith, Klein, Frank Scott and Birney, on the other hand, heighten our appreciation of their work. This is an informative book.

I like Pacey when he is discussing poets he really enjoys. In a revised and expanded edition, the author will include Livesay and Layton, whose exclusion from the present text he regrets. He may then find space to fench *The Cachalot* and swig *The Witches' Brew*. That will be the day!

FRED SWAYZE

TORONTO

*ON THE POETRY OF KEATS.* By E. C. Pettei. Cambridge University Press. Toronto: Macmillan of Canada. 1957. Pp. viii + 396. \$6.75.

Here is a challenging book on Keats: interesting for its point of view, and useful by virtue of the richness of its scholarship and the close reading of the text. The point d'appui is the notion that the use of imagery in one poem may be invoked in the interpretation of another; the method turns upon a view of language as a repository of the poet's experience, full recognition being given to the interaction of con-

scious and unconscious elements in the poet's "imitation" and "synthesis", the critical stress rightly falling upon the synthesis. Within limits, the method is demonstrated to be profitable.

The work takes the form of parallel studies of topics and poems, with a stronger undercurrent of unity than the author is willing to claim for them. The first of these studies, on "Keats and his 'Influences'", (one is grateful for the inverted commas), is in part a summing up of the results of other scholars but goes farther than others have done in pointing out parallels between *The Eve of St. Agnes* and *The Lay of the Last Minstrel*. The whole chapter, like many of its kind elsewhere, ranges from citations which "almost certainly are", through those which "possibly are", to others that "may be", echoes of the earlier work. Some of the more strained comparisons seem to arise from having given an indiscreet blessing to the discoveries of more ardent hunters. The author's own unaided judgments are generally sober. It is here that his emphasis on synthesis rather than imitation shows up.

The second and third chapters are devoted, respectively, to studies of some of Keats's characteristic imagery and to melody in his "poesy". Following a hint in one of Bailey's letters, a good case is made for the poet's conscious artistry in the arrangement of vowels and consonants into melodic patterns. More important to the structure of the book, is the author's attempt, by the collection of recurrent images in some of Keats's major poems—such as water, moss, luxuriant vegetation, all the realm of Flora and old Pan generally—to sustain his judgment that while Keats is predominantly of the earth, "the images and sensations in his poetry do constitute a recognizable and distinctive 'world', and it is this achievement that establishes one of his strongest claims to be considered a major poet". The credit here established is freely drawn on in later chapters.

The chief immediate gain from this attention to imagery is that it permits the author to take a fresh view of *Endymion*, not as an immature, partially realized whole that somehow fails to attain to full Aristotelean stature; nor as a Neo-Platonic allegory; but rather as "the record of his



royal and leisurely progress through this poetic kingdom of his first choice". Two chapters are devoted to *Endymion*. The first is largely concerned with reviewing some previous analyses of the poem, and repelling allegorical interpretations generally; the second might almost have been headed "The Former Subject Continued". But not quite: for the chapter also contains a close reading of the poem as "a tale of sensuous, passionate love", in which there are momentary identifications of the poet with the protagonist—a poet, be it added, who is not yet two and twenty. Moreover, the poem is found to contain hints of an incipient death wish, which is later to be associated with the notion of love as an ultimately destructive force in *Lamia*; and in the *Ode to a Nightingale*, with "an attempt through fancy to escape from the pressing reality of misery and pain"—an attempt from which the poet, in both instances, turns back. There is here foreshadowed in Mr. Pettet's view, an important and central conflict in Keats's poetry; and after *Endymion* the note of torment predominates over that of pleasure.

In the later chapters of the book, one senses the growing importance of this interpretation to the author's thesis. One or two disquieting thoughts must be recorded. In the first place, while it seems admirably relevant to make whatever use of *Endymion* one can in shedding light on the symbolism of the later Odes, one is committing oneself, if this is pushed too far, to recognizing a relationship between thought and imagery that is somewhat inflexible. As the greatest critic of Keats's day was wont to remark, no simile (*i.e.* figure of speech) can be expected to run on all fours. And the criticism under review falls into the danger of attempting to construct a sort of truth-functional system for a poet's symbols. This, for several reasons, is impossible. One cannot set logical boundaries around such a system: the total symbolic context of a poet's thought is, in the nature of things, never available to the critic. In looking for it he is only too apt to fall so far short of the ideal as to make his own selection of images for special consideration—and that is no better than the discredited game the source-hunters used to play.

The weakness of the method becomes most apparent in Mr. Pettet's reading of the *Ode on a Grecian Urn*. When Keats writes of the little town "emptied" of its folk, there is no need to look for symbolic links with "faery lands forlorn" either through the use of the word *desolate* or otherwise. May we not just as readily assume that Keats is writing with his eye upon the object (even an imaginary object), at once recording the power of art to effect a permanency in the "eternally arrested moment" and commenting ironically on its limitations? In his attempt, not to say eagerness, to refute the suggestion that the Ode contains "some profound spiritual or metaphysical utterance", the author too lightly concludes that it is "no more serious, philosophically speaking, than *Fancy*," or the Sonnet to Reynolds: "O that a week could be an age. . . ." (What is "serious", philosophically?) When, at the other extreme, the "luxury" of the poem is stressed, the little town must inevitably become a symbol of disenchantment, and the Ode issues in "a fundamental uncertainty of spirit". "Amid these alternations, what," Mr. Pettet asks, "are we to make of 'Cold Pastoral'?" What indeed! Surely not an ironic epithet, which his interpretation of the urn as "the very antithesis of a 'cold Pastoral'" would require. May it not be that neither "solace" nor "disenchantment" is at issue? Keats also wrote these lines to Reynolds:

O fret not after knowledge—I have none,  
And yet the Evening listens.

This time it is the thrush, not the nightingale, that was not born for death. These words may well contain symbolic links with truth and beauty and all we need to know; indeed, a reader of the Ode might be led to conclude that the poet has now come to terms with certain conditions implied or stated by the thrush—all the more so in view of his expressed faith (in October, 1818) that he would be among the English poets after his death. Hence, while the earlier chapters of the book are remedial in effect, in that they compel us to re-examine some common assumptions about Keats's poetry, this last is not so satisfactory. So often literary critics seem to reverse the old saying, attributed to

Leibniz, that men are usually right in what they affirm rather than in what they deny.

In spite of this, the final chapter, "Some Conclusions", is in the main salutary. The trend of the book is away from a good deal of recent criticism towards an older view of the poet (and particularly of Keats) as one whose business is primarily to give pleasure. As Mr. Pettet points out, the joy has largely gone out of our reading of poetry, to be replaced by a "disciplined seriousness". It would be a pity if this seriousness should turn out, after all, to be merely ponderous bluff. For that commodity the reader will look in vain in Mr. Pettet's book.

ISAAC NEWELL

QUEEN'S UNIVERSITY

**TEN CENTURIES OF SPANISH POETRY.** Edited by Eleanor L. Turnbull. New York: Grove Press. 1958. Pp. 452. \$2.45.

**THE PENGUIN BOOK OF ITALIAN VERSE.** Edited by George R. Kay. Harmondsworth (Middlesex) and Baltimore: Penguin Books. 1958. Pp. 423. \$0.95.

Teachers of Spanish and Italian in English-speaking countries are prone to a persistent obsession—that of putting on display for the benefit of the underprivileged the literary treasures of their own area of interest. In Canada the response to such an obsession is normally so cold that the obsessed may feel impelled resolutely to bridle his tongue or pen and retreat into seclusion, enjoying his Lope de Vega or his Dante in cloistered isolation. In these two volumes, the missionaries have worked with undamped zeal, undiscouraged and with colours high, to beat down the walls of isolationism and add to the body of the elect. The initiated will admire these volumes and lament that the editors did not give us more of the same; but they can satisfy their wants better elsewhere, and have no need for the accompanying translations intended as a lure for novices. If Spain or Italy were at present in a position to threaten the world with a twentieth-century counterpart of the Armada of 1588, our awe of such power would certainly incline us to pay attention to a literature which might accompany or inspire

such "progress". As it is, a few lovers of poetry who lack the patience to acquire foreign languages may find much to their liking in these volumes, but it would be surprising if the number of such devotees were greatly expanded by these proselytizing onslaughts.

For the curious, a brief description of the books may be of service. *Ten Centuries of Spanish Poetry* contains representative verses of eighteen poets, selected from six defined periods beginning with the eleventh century and ending with the "Generation of 1898". Among the latter is included the name of Juan Ramón Jiménez, winner of the Nobel Prize for literature in 1956. A great many high-ranking poets are not represented at all, but mention is made of a previous volume by the same editor, *Contemporary Spanish Poetry, Selections from Ten Poets* (the Johns Hopkins Press, 1945), which makes up some of the deficiencies with respect to our own century. Nothing, however, is suggested to fill the lacunae with respect to the rich "Golden Age" of the sixteenth and seventeenth centuries. The translations are in verse and generally good as poetry, but often they range a long way from the literal meaning of the original. Miss Turnbull did her own translating when she found no good translation available, but she first went far afield in her quest of translators, of whom no less than forty-two have been utilized, including such names as Lord Byron, Longfellow, Massfield, Dos Passos, and Roy Campbell. Some of these names may have been intended as a delicate hint to the effect that some at least of the noted English-language poets have found Spanish letters respectable.

*The Penguin Book of Italian Verse* gives a far more complete coverage of outstanding poets than does the corresponding book of Spanish verse. It includes the work of forty-four poets, with some of the most important, like Leopardi, Ugo Foscolo, Dante, and Petrarch, being given about thirty pages. Unlike the Spanish volume, this edition does not offer a verse translation of the text on the opposite page, but rather a plain prose translation, in small print, at the foot of the page. This is certainly less satisfactory to the English reader who wishes to enjoy poetry in his own language, but it is a much more accurate

record of what the poets actually said. It further offers greater encouragement to learn the language of the original text, whereby the reader's enjoyment can be immeasurably enhanced.

Both of these books represent a praiseworthy effort to stimulate wider interest in the poetry of an alien culture. In both there is very little added to the text by way of note or comment. The editors have evidently expected that the presence of a translation would provide a sufficient attraction to new readers. This is perhaps judicious, but the present reviewer is still unconvinced that many readers will be led to enjoy these literatures in any way except the long, hard way.

HARRY W. HILBORN

QUEEN'S UNIVERSITY

### Spanish Childhood

*BEFORE NOON.* By Ramon J. Sender. Translated from the Spanish by Willard R. Trask and Florence Hall Sender. Albuquerque: University of New Mexico Press. 1958. Pp. 408. \$6.50.

Señor Sender's story of a Spanish boyhood in the second decade of this century wanders through more than 400 large, closely printed pages like a placid river that is in no particular hurry to reach the sea. A "roman à fleuve", in fact, which is considerably more "fleuve" than "roman".

Originally published in three parts between 1942 and 1957, the novel—patently autobiographical despite a tacked-on introduction—records the tenth year of Pepe Garcés, who lives in a small town in the province of Aragon; his education at a monastery school; the last days of his childhood in the city of Zaragoza.

The first part, "Chronicle of Dawn", presents Pepe at odds with an excitable father, a mocking older sister and a tearful younger one. His only consolation is a sweetheart named Valentina, a model of devotion who is prepared to believe that there are real giants, if Pepe says so. Together they hunt grasshoppers, sacrifice one of her father's favourite pigeons, write love letters which draw their inspiration from prayer books read during mass and agree

to practise free love because, as Valentina announces to her horrified family, marriage is "moronic".

These mild beginnings are followed by school days in the monastery at Reus, easily the most successful section of the trilogy. The friendship between the proud, impetuous boy and a humble lay brother—a man of "liquid soul"—is lovingly described. This central episode is full of gentle humour. More playful are the incidents in which Pepe and his friends practise the "correlative yawn" during the Good Friday sermon, take saffron before examinations and develop an unusual but convincing attack of yellow jaundice. Pepe assures some devout Catalan youths that in order to become priests, they must prove that their ancestors had nothing to do with the death of Jesus. For it is a well-known fact that legions from Catalonia crucified the Lord!

The author has not been served equally well by his translators. Florence Hall Sender brings a noticeably lighter and more intimate touch to Parts II and III than does Willard R. Trask to the opening section. But the book has undoubtedly lost much of its original colour and savour. Few, few will be the readers, we fear, who persevere through the long morning of Señor Sender!

U. M. BEER

KINGSTON

### Playwrights and Playgoers

*SOPHOCLES THE PLAYWRIGHT.* By S. M. Adams. Toronto: University of Toronto Press. 1957. Pp. viii + 182. \$4.75.

To a number of scholars, particularly some modern critics and analysts, the plays of Sophocles are varied, diverse, even baffling. By them a "happy ending" may be looked at askance, a few are dubbed "diptych" plays, and the poet's last play is deprecated as "episodic". With the exception of *Oedipus Tyrannus* (the rendering of the title preferred by Prof. Adams), the plays are not all considered to be superb specimens of expert craftsmanship.

But Prof. Adams would have us regard these plays not by modern and, therefore, alien criteria but by the conditions and

standards of their own day. It seems to me, however, that the Sophoclean criteria set forth by Prof. Adams could be applied to all tragedy. These plays present, at least implicitly (but to Prof. Adams clearly and consistently), not a philosophy of life but "an overall design" having a religious function; they are not only entertainment but a religious observance, not only an art form and a performance but also a deeply pious participation in the state religion. This is a dominant theme throughout the essays because, as the Preface states, "not everyone realizes the importance of religion in Sophocles" and this author's treatment of each play—presenting first an interpretation of its general nature and then a detailed analysis of the design, in the structure of the play, that conveys that interpretation—tries "to show that this association of drama with religion not only prescribes the substance of his plays and divinely validates his insistence on the need for piety and justice, but also gives unity to all his works." This unity is based on the recognition that there is "a controlling power exercised by a god or goddess, with divine participation in the affairs of men"; and the gods, like Theseus in *Oedipus Coloneus*, will keep faith.

Thus rather cogently he demonstrates that *Ajax* after the death of the hero does not go off at a tangent or fall to pieces. It has a unifying theme: "to justify the worship of this *daimon*; and the will of the goddess Athena, working through her agent, Odysseus, is the motive force. Nor is *Antigone* a diptych play composed of two discrete stories; it is "a drama of conventional pattern, the pattern of *hybris* [pride] assailed by *peitho* [temptation or persuasion] and brought to punishment." A man in power, by blasphemous arrogance, is impelled, by *Antigone's* behaviour, to consider himself equal to the gods. *Electra*, with its "happy ending", was grim tragedy to its Greek audience, a "serious drama" in which the will of the god Apollo, working through mortals, effects an act of divine justice, the expiation of a crime in which with Sophoclean irony *Electra* becomes a tragic figure. *Trachiniae*, a drama about Heracles, its "tragic hero", is not a diptych play even though Heracles and, especially, Deianeira play major rôles. Its

title is properly *The Women of Trachis* "because it is they who really make the fatal decision; they are here, in perhaps the fullest sense, an actor." *Philoctetes*, too, seems to have a "happy ending", its major reversal brought about, some way, by a change of heart, not of fortune, and concluded by an inartistic *deus ex machina*. To Prof. Adams the "ending is masterly: inevitable failure becomes, by divine command, success"; and the motive force throughout the overall pattern is the whole spirit of its title rôle. *Oedipus Coloneus* is not "episodic" but, rather, "a patriotic and religious mystery" maintaining "an ordered progress from beginning to end, with not one scene, nor part of a scene, irrelevant or otiose. . . . the will of the god Apollo guiding men and events to an appointed end." But, finally, the essay on *Oedipus Tyrannus* presents, in my opinion, the clearest and most acceptable interpretation that I have yet seen. He also stays strictly within the play itself, avoiding the dramatic background or anything which, as Aristotle said, is outside the drama. And his analysis (together with the excellent generalizations in the introductory chapter) should induce a producer to attempt, on its basis, an impressively dramatic, fully authentic, and tellingly perceptive performance of the tragedy of *Oedipus* in which "the ordinary woes of man are small indeed". For that, above all, we should be grateful to Prof. Adams—those of us who lack a knowledge of the original Greek (or lack pedantry) to confute him.

WILLIAM ANGUS

QUEEN'S UNIVERSITY

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PARIS THEATRE AUDIENCES IN THE SEVENTEENTH AND EIGHTEENTH CENTURIES. By John Lough. London and Toronto: Oxford University Press. 1957. Pp. vii + 293. \$6.75.

Professor Lough starts from the premise that "all historians of the theatre recognize that there is a connexion between theatre audiences of a given time and country, and the types of drama which are produced for them." He then proceeds to examine the generally accepted statements that figure



in literary histories to the effect that the audience in the Paris theatre in the early years of the seventeenth century was almost entirely plebeian, that the audience for which the great Classical dramatists wrote was preponderantly aristocratic and that the rise of the middle classes in the second half of the eighteenth century brought about the introduction of the 'tearful play' (comédie larmoyante) and the 'drame bourgeois'. To test the validity of these statements Professor Lough divides his book into three sections: The Age of Alexandre Hardy; From Corneille to Lesage; From Marivaux to Beaumarchais. He concludes his study of the theatre audience in the age of Hardy by stating that the theatre was then neither an exclusively plebeian nor an exclusively masculine entertainment and adds: "it would seem rather rash to conclude that respectable women did not frequent the theatre in Paris in the opening decades of the seventeenth century."

As he proceeds through the second section of his book, Professor Lough discusses the size of theatre audiences, giving pertinent statistics, and then turns to the composition of the audiences, showing that the *parterre*, where one stood, was composed, not of lower-class groundlings, but of solid middle-class citizens, with a sprinkling of noblemen and foreign visitors. Although the *parterre*, "the mainstay of Molière's popularity", often represented more than half the total receipts, Professor Lough concludes from the general evidence that the drama of the age was strongly influenced by the aristocratic outlook of the society in which it was produced.

For the eighteenth century the statistics that Professor Lough produces indicate a slump in the fortunes of the *Comédie Française* from 1715 to 1750 and a decline in the importance of the *parterre* during the last twenty or thirty years of the *Ancien Régime*. The *parterre* became more plebeian and this change in its composition was attributed to the removal of the *Comédie* from the Latin Quarter to the Right Bank.

*Paris Theatre Audiences* will be an extremely useful book and is, I should judge, an extremely sound book. It has brought existing authoritative works like Lancaster or Gaiffe up to date and is not only a contribution to the history of French drama

but also a sociological study. As for the economics of the history of the theatre, I feel that scholars should agree once and for all on a conversion table for *livres* and *sous* at different stages of the *Ancien Régime*. It is not much help to know that 600 *livres* was equal to over £40 in English money of the time, i.e., 1598, if the reader has not some means readily available for converting either into their paper equivalent of to-day. To query two minor points: Professor Lough states on page 165 that the Théâtre Italien merged with the Opéra-Comique in 1762, but *L'Etat ou Tableau de la Ville de Paris*, 1763, gives the two theatres as still separate, and, although Professor Lough states that the doubling of prices for new plays at the *Comédie Française* was abolished in 1753, the same *Etat . . . de Paris*, 1763, gives prices as 'simples' or 'tiercées', this latter indicating an increase in the price of seats, but for what purpose?

However, what is fascinating about this book is the incidental information which Professor Lough has discovered as he has searched the by-ways of the *Ancien Régime* for his evidence: for example, that *Le Misanthrope* was almost the only play of Molière not performed before the King in Molière's lifetime. Professor Lough is to be congratulated on giving us a readable and scholarly book.

W. H. EVANS

QUEEN'S UNIVERSITY

#### SHAKESPEAREAN TRAGEDY AND THE ELIZABETHAN COMPROMISE.

By Paul N. Siegel. New York University Press. Toronto: Ryerson Press. 1957. Pp. 243. \$5.00.

The "Elizabethan compromise" to which Professor Paul N. Siegel, chairman of the English Department at Long Island University, refers in the title of his book is not the Elizabethan church settlement, the *via media* of the Church of England, but the division of political power effected during Elizabeth's time among the old nobility, the new nobility (i.e. those who owed their titles to Elizabeth or her father Henry VIII) and the bourgeoisie. Professor Siegel is concerned with how this compromise



was destroyed by the growing power of the bourgeois mercantile interest. One consequence of this dissolution of the compromise, as Siegel sees it, was a defeat for the Christian humanist ideal, which he identifies with the new aristocracy. To this defeat he attributes that period, around 1600, of scepticism, stress and strain which Mr. Patrick Cruttwell has labelled in a recent book "the Shakespearean moment".

The main objection that must be taken to Professor Siegel's thesis arises from his depiction of the old nobility as uninterested in the arts, and of the new nobility as the champions of Christian humanism. What family was more attached to the arts than the Howards, chief of the old nobility, whether we consider the poet Earl of Surrey in Henry VIII's time, or the connoisseur Earl of Arundel who in James I's time did more than any other man to bring England knowledge of the painting and sculpture of the Italian Renaissance? As for Elizabeth's William Cecil, Lord Burghley, and his son, the Earl of Salisbury, both men as patrons showed little interest in literature, much preferring treatises contributing to the economic or political improvement of the state. The simple truth is that both old and new nobility, and even some of the bourgeoisie, shared in Elizabethan Christian humanism. While undoubtedly the intellectuals did become increasingly disillusioned about it, Siegel fails in his avowed purpose of demonstrating a political cause for that disillusionment.

In Part Two of his book, Siegel gives us chapters on *Hamlet*, *Othello*, *Macbeth* and *King Lear*. Only very occasionally does he manage to link these chapters to the failure of the Elizabethan political compromise. (What, by the way, would Sir Toby Belch have said at finding himself catalogued as representing the decaying feudal dependent?) For the most part what we are given is pretty standard Shakespearean criticism. Not everything that is said has been said before, and there is enough that is new, though not always convincing, to make the final chapters worth the reading. In its main purpose, however, the book does not succeed.

G. P. V. AKRIGG

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## German Literature

*MEDUSA'S MIRROR.* By August Closs. London: Cresset Press. Toronto: Ambassador Books Ltd. 1957. Pp. viii + 262. \$6.00.

A review in *The Literary Supplement*, (August 9, 1957) of Professor August Closs's most recent work on German Literature, *Medusa's Mirror*, states that the author "while offering an abundance of stimulating ideas, again refrains from drawing the conclusions which the reader eagerly awaits, contenting himself with a bewildering concentration of allusion. . . ." The reviewer also regrets that Professor Closs "seems occasionally uncertain whether he is addressing an English or a German audience." Such criticism notwithstanding, this writer feels that Professor Closs's new work is one which will be welcomed as an outstanding contribution in the field of German letters, and one which will be a most welcome handbook in the college seminars on German Literature.

Professor Closs notes in the Preface to his work that the 14 studies and "Prelude" which comprise the work "are not forced into a unity," but that directly or indirectly "the theme of Reality and Poetic Symbol is dealt with." The first two essays in *Medusa's Mirror*, "Intuition and Intellect", and "Substance and Symbol in Poetry", though illustrated richly and poignantly with references drawn mostly from German Literature (careful and excellent translations being provided in most cases) present at once an erudite and lucid guide for the critic of poetry in general; these chapters, if carefully read, also provide a "climate" for the ensuing chapters on German poets and poetry from the age of Minnesang to the present day.

One of the book's outstanding merits is the theme of validity of literature, past and present, for the present century and its needs. Of Gottfried's *Tristan and Isolde*, Professor Closs notes that "its exquisite sublimation of passion remains for us today, even after Richard Wagner's *Liebestod*, an inexhaustible source of inspiration." (p. 82) Austrian writers of this century, notably, Bahr, Rilke, von Hofmannsthal "reveal the hidden regions of the subconscious and the irrational in human nature."

(pp. 92-3) Above all Goethe stands before the 20th Century student as a symbol of strength and a source of our understanding the atomic age, one who "prophetically foresaw the scientific development of our own generation," (p. 98) of whom Professor Closs writes:

"Especially now that our civilization is in mortal peril of becoming disrupted by the unbearable split between theoretical research and reality, science and society, mind and body, Goethe's profound conviction of the continuity of life and the oneness of centre and circumference is of vital importance to us all."

Of all Goethe's works, Professor Closs evaluates *Faust* for this century as "doubtless the most gigantic achievement towards harmonizing the intellectual and sensual chaos in our modern world." From among the many modern writers discussed, Rilke, George, Trakl, von Hofmannsthal, von Heiseler, and others, Professor Closs singles out Gerhart Hauptmann as the "champion of our age" in that he "calls forth the vision of humanity." (p. 210) Throughout *Medusa's Mirror* one is reminded of the many ways in which all great literature is applicable to our present age and need.

For the student interested in changing emphases and characteristics of German literature and the German mind from the formality of courtly love to the present "age of anxiety", Professor Closs's new work will prove a stimulating and enlightening supplement to our literary histories. The author obviously did not intend his work to be viewed as an historical analysis: it is a series of essays, succinct and sharp analyses or re-evaluations of an age, a movement, or a writer, concluding with two epilogues on the present European scene, and the rôle of the poet in today's mass age.

This reviewer too wishes that greater delineation of ideas might have been indulged by Professor Closs from his "massive erudition", to quote the *Times* reviewer, but then another history of German Literature would have been the result. Certainly the work is filled with stimulating, challenging, and perhaps sometimes controversial statements about a work or author. Professors will find it a rich area of sug-

gestion, or at least point of departure, for seminar debate. Perhaps this is the reason that the *Times* critic felt "that too much home work is expected" of the reader. Such a work has a very important place, at least in the college library.

J. B. MACLEAN

VICTORIA COLLEGE, VICTORIA, B.C.

## State and Church

*THE STATE IN THE NEW TESTAMENT.* By Oscar Cullman. London: S. C. M. Press. Toronto: Ryerson Press. 1957. Pp. 121. \$2.50.

*INTRODUCING NEW TESTAMENT THEOLOGY.* By A. M. Hunter. London: S. C. M. Press. Toronto: Ryerson Press. 1957. Pp. 160. \$2.25.

Dr. Cullman's book is an important contribution to a question which has continued to occupy the minds of Christians through the centuries, namely what the New Testament teaches on the relationship between Christianity and the State. The author, distinguished Professor of New Testament at Basel and Paris, whose writings have been so widely read in recent years, thinks that this question is urgent not simply in times of historical crises, when, as in Nazi Germany, Church and State are in direct conflict, but one which must arise continually "because of the very essence and presuppositions of the Christian faith".

This "very essence" and these "presuppositions", Cullman finds in the eschatological setting of the faith, the conviction that the end of the age, "the end-time", has already begun, but that the final consummation is still in the future. There is thus a tension between the "already fulfilled" and the "not yet completed" which is the basis of the New Testament attitude to the State, namely the acceptance and support of it as willed of God in the present age, the continual criticism of it, and uncompromising opposition to it when the State exceeds its proper bounds and demands of the Christian what must only be rendered to God.

The writer finds this position set forth in the teaching of Jesus, of Paul, of the Apocalypse, and stresses the unity of the New Testament on this issue. In maintaining his case Cullman has given skilful exegesis of major relevant scripture passages and has added a significant, though controversial, excursus defending the position that "powers" (*exousiai*) in *Romans* 13:1 means both "angelic powers" and "State".

This little book is far more important than its size would suggest, and is required reading for seekers after guidance in this area of Christian inquiry.

For a time, because of the emphasis upon biblical criticism, biblical theology, including New Testament Theology, was in eclipse. This era has passed. Biblical theology is being restored to its proper place so rapidly that it is possible, as the Professor of Biblical criticism at the University of Aberdeen here demonstrates, to write a small book, not exhaustive, gathering together the salient features of a great mass of New Testament Theological thinking, and to do it so adequately as to provide ministers and laymen alike with a brief, simple and most satisfying introduction to the subject.

The book is organized about what has been described as "the Christ-event". The "Fact of Christ" is dealt with as "the totality of what Jesus Christ's coming involved", including the historical setting of the Fact itself and what issued from it. This Fact was first proclaimed by the preachers of the primitive Church. What did they preach and how? What were their convictions about the life and witness of the Church? Later when great apostles like Paul and Peter and others, while continuing to proclaim the Fact, sought to interpret it, what rich and fundamental meanings were found in the Fact and passed on to the Church? These are the questions which Dr. Hunter answers with remarkable skill and with rare judgment in distinguishing what is vital.

Specialists in the field will have little use for this volume. Hard-working ministers who find it difficult to keep abreast of scholarly thought, or theological students looking for perspective in a field which they will necessarily have to pursue much

further, or laymen in search of instruction to give depth to biblical study, will find here an indispensable and trust-worthy companion.

ELIAS ANDREWS

QUEEN'S THEOLOGICAL COLLEGE

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*THE PAUL'S CROSS SERMONS 1534-1642.* By Millar MacLure. London: Oxford University Press. Toronto: University of Toronto Press. Pp. 261. \$5.50.

This, the sixth in the series of texts and studies published by the Department of English in the University of Toronto, is a survey of the sermons delivered at the preaching Cross in St. Paul's churchyard from the time of the Reformation to the outbreak of the Civil War. In it MacLure examines the manner in which the outdoor public sermon, a mediaeval institution of great importance, was transformed under the stress of political and theological conflict into a vehicle for propaganda which illustrates the great changes that occurred in the religious, intellectual and social life of England.

The book contains a brief antiquarian chapter, a balanced discussion of the historical and sociological importance of the sermons, and a scholarly examination of homiletic technique. In addition to the notes and index, MacLure has appended a Register of Sermons which should be of considerable value to the historian and student of English literature alike, and which gives a fascinating glimpse of the martyrs, cranks and criminals of the age.

The laymen will be especially interested in what may be called the footnotes to history provided by the sermons. We see them used by Henry's spokesmen to justify the English Reformation, by Barlow—on the prompting of Cecil—to defend the execution of Essex, until in the Jacobean period the preachers merely echo, sometimes not too clearly or intelligently, the voice of the administration.

The sermons themselves were often dull, and written to a "tri-partite formula: England's blessings, England's sins, the inevitability of God's judgments." As the author observes, preacher after preacher

repeated the platitudes that were illustrated by the title-page of a popular collection by Bishop Carleton on which is portrayed the figure of the true Church, sitting in the centre, her foot on both Pope and Puritan. For despite the anger with which the preachers might inveigh against simony, the neglect of the scholar, the immorality of the theatre, or the rapaciousness of the merchants, they were firmly convinced that the people of England "had come up from Sheol into a land flowing with milk and honey, from darkness into light." It was under such circumstances that there emerged that concern for order, that mystic union of church and state with its peculiar blend of nationalism and messianism, which is the genius of the Church of England.

It was no accident that the virtues which the preachers extolled were celebrated by Spenser whose English paladin, Georgos, is typified by the young David, shepherd of Bethlehem, and King of Judah.

S. E. SMETHURST

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### Locke and His Contemporaries

*JOHN LOCKE AND THE WAY OF IDEAS.* By John W. Yolton. London and Toronto: Oxford University Press. 1956. Pp. x + 235. \$4.50.

Locke published his *Essay Concerning Human Understanding* in 1690. In it he provides a theory of knowledge for the new natural sciences and lays the foundations for later British empiricism. There have been studies concerned with the relation between Locke, Berkely, and Hume, and also his relation to men of science of his day. Very little has been written, however, about how Locke was received by his contemporaries so as to show which of his doctrines drew the most criticism and which were used by others for their own purposes.

Yolton has now made up this deficiency. After a short chapter describing the general reaction to the *Essay*, Yolton devotes one chapter to each of the main areas of thought that Locke influenced. He discusses the polemic against innate ideas, the problem of knowledge, religious scepticism and finally deism.

To any person interested in Locke it is probable that the chapter on innate knowledge will be of most interest. Scholars have long been puzzled as to whom Locke was criticising. Descartes has often been suggested, though it was recognized that Descartes did not hold views like those Locke attacks. Others have suggested the scholastics; Cambridge Platonists and Cassirer have suggested that no one ever held such views, but that Locke constructed them for polemical purposes of his own. Yolton notes that there is a certain element of truth in all these positions, but also points out that it would never have occurred to Locke to argue against such a position unless it had been held in his own day. In fact, he says "the doctrine of innate knowledge was held, in one form or another, to be necessary for religion and especially for morality from the early years of the (seventeenth) century right through to the end and into the beginning of the following century."

Yolton gives for the first time a good survey of the change in the theory of innate ideas from the naïve view that held that God impressed upon the mind certain ideas and precepts for the foundation of morality and guidance in life, even though we only become conscious of them at maturity, to more sophisticated views that regarded innate ideas as dispositions of the mind. The result of this account is to show that there is not a single form of the arguments for innate ideas against which Locke argues that was not held by some person either prior to Locke or contemporary with him. So important was the doctrine considered to be for morals and religion that even after the publication of the *Essay* many writers still held it and attacked Locke using arguments he had already countered. It was only after his death that with the growth of a naturalistic religion the doctrine gradually died out. As a result of Yolton's account, therefore, the book on innate ideas can be seen to be of great importance for Locke, since he had to destroy this widely held doctrine before he could hope to establish his own view that all our ideas as materials of knowledge come only from experience.

Yolton also considers the criticisms made of Locke for using the word "idea" which



some of his contemporaries claimed they did not understand. Here, he points out, some of them tried to involve Locke in metaphysical disputes as to the nature of ideas and also as to how they are produced. Both of these topics Locke had ruled out and refused to be drawn into a consideration of them. Others asked the very pertinent question, which was shortly to give rise to Berkely's immaterialism, as to "How can we know there is any physical world outside us if we only know our ideas?" However, the aspects of Locke's philosophy which caused most discussion were his reduction of all knowledge to relations between ideas, his distinction between real and nominal essences, his views that substance is unknowable and finally his aside that, for all we can know to the contrary, God could add a power of thinking to matter. It was thus the doctrines of Book II that attracted most interest because of their religious implications. Yolton discusses how others used these doctrines so as to provide a basis for deism, and how Locke's view on substance was attacked because it was thought to make it impossible to understand the Trinity. It was also thought that this position destroyed the basis for the immortality of the soul by making it impossible to distinguish between the soul and body. His aside on thinking matter was attacked for the same reason and some tried to make him out as a follower of Spinoza.

Of course, not all men were opposed to Locke, and in his last chapter Yolton describes the views of those who used Locke's epistemology for their own purposes. Some of these were deists, but others were traditional theologians who utilised Locke's views to combat deists and other non-orthodox thinkers. Thus Locke was variously interpreted by others depending on their prejudices and interests, and in this way his ideas became absorbed into British thought.

Yolton has done a good service in presenting these controversies. Any person who is interested in the late seventeenth and early eighteenth centuries will find this book of interest, especially so since Yolton has added a twenty-one page bibliography of works related to the *Essay*.

QUEEN'S UNIVERSITY WALTER B. CARTER

## History and Story

*THE WAR OF 1812 IN THE OLD NORTHWEST.* By Alec R. Gilpin. East Lansing: Michigan State University Press. Toronto: The Ryerson Press. 1958. Pp. vii + 286. \$6.95.

This book fills in a much neglected part of the story of the War of 1812. The importance of the Northwest as a *casus-belli* has long been urged, and as forcefully denied. But no one has thoroughly and painstakingly outlined the details of operations in that debatable area. The sad thing is that Mr. Gilpin seems to have deliberately set his face against taking sides with any one who would argue either side of the question whether the Northwest was, or was not, the most important reason for outbreak of the war. The result is that we now have a much better picture of the operations in the Old Northwest than we formerly had, but we are no nearer a knowledge of their significance.

Nevertheless, Mr. Gilpin must be complimented for the success of his war narrative. Starting with the story of Tippicanoe, the prelude to the war itself, he outlines American plans for the invasion of Canada which was believed, erroneously as it turned out, to be no more than a military exercise. The inadequacies of the American militia forces are fully described in this book, in the course of a day to day account of military operations. This book should be read by all Canadians who would see what happened on "the other side of the hill".

But the extent of opposition among the American frontier population to the war is not made clear. If there was as much support among the American frontiersmen in the Northwest as would appear from Mr. Gilpin's account, that area differed markedly from the St. Lawrence region, which was at that time an even newer pioneer settlement. Mr. Gilpin has unintentionally given support to the thesis that American hunger for western expansion was the underlying cause of the war.

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*SEA STORIES FROM NEWFOUNDLAND.* By Michael Francis Harrington. Illustrated by H. B. Goodridge. Toronto: Ryerson Press. 1958. Pp. 172. \$4.00.

A terse entry in a ship's log, a laconic account in a nineteenth century newspaper—such are the bones that Michael Harrington has brought together, breathed upon, made to live and stand upon their feet, in these eighteen tales of the sea.

The word "story" in the title is to be taken in its archaic sense of "history" for there is little of fabrication although plenty of imagination in these chronicles of the strength of men against iceberg, wind and wave, cold and hunger and thirst. Nature's cruelty and man's courage are the themes, and there are enough incidents for future expansion into many an epic poem or novel. In particular, "Miss Journeaux's Amazing Journey" seems to cry out for characterization, description of the *mise en scène*, and above all, for conversation. On the night of Sunday April 18th, 1886, Louisa Journeaux disappears from a rowboat in the harbour of St. Helier in Jersey, one of the Channel Islands. The young man who was with her is accused of murder, but he pleads innocence and there is no body, so the case is dismissed. Three months later Louisa returns in triumph to St. Helier, well and happy and bearing gifts from the people of far off Newfoundland where a strange and unwilling voyage had taken her. In St. John's she had been invited to stay at Government House and been given the run of the principal stores. What did all this do to the girl? And did she settle down in Jersey with her former sweetheart? The reader is tantalizingly left to guess.

In his list of acknowledgements the author pays tribute to those "who, down through the years in a labour of love, gathered and preserved many different versions of these tales in publications long since out of print and mainly forgotten—". One wishes that a full list of these printed and manuscript sources had been given. Perhaps this deficiency will be remedied in a second edition. The publishers might also consider providing the book with an index or at least a list of the ships mentioned and of their captains.

Six lively pen and ink drawings by the distinguished Newfoundland artist H. B. Goodridge embellish and give point to these stories. Indeed the entire volume is an excellent piece of book production with clear type well placed on the page, margins that are generous and satisfying and paper that pleases both the eye and the hand.

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### Economic versus Political Power

*THE POLITICS OF INDUSTRY.* By Walton Hamilton. Toronto: McClelland and Stewart. 1957. Pp. 169. \$4.00.

This little book is composed of five lectures given on the William W. Cook Foundation of the University of Michigan, by Walton Hamilton, professor emeritus of the Yale University School of Law. It is a clear, incisive, yet simply written, statement of the relationships that go to make up modern capitalism.

It is the author's contention that the market is no longer supreme, but rather a host of procedures (mostly political in character) have invaded the domain of business. As a result there exists a government of business with its own constitution, statutes, administrative and judicial processes, and police. Each industry has its own government and it varies considerably from that of other businesses. In some (dairying for example) the distributor has the predominant power; in others such as tobacco it is the manufacturer who dominates. This reality, he feels, reduces free enterprise to a myth, a part of our folklore.

Since the self-regulated economy no longer exists, the government has had to regulate certain key sectors of the economy in the public interest. The administrative commission has been devised to control the large public utilities, but has found it difficult to escape being itself dominated or influenced by the industry it was supposed to be regulating. The copyright and patent laws have been turned by business interests into devices for controlling the technology, prices and organizational structure of industries. The result has been the spread of

monopoly and oligopoly, supported by the government, through the enforced organization of industry first by the codes and regulations of the N.R.A., and later by those of the war and post war emergencies. Now only the largest firms are awarded government contracts, and so the smaller ones depend upon them for subcontracts.

The great corporation is not confined to one country but spreads its operations over several. This leads to the carving up of the world markets among a few giant firms in each industry. Cartels continue their operations even when bisected by a war between the chief countries in which they operate. Since the world is divided into so many political units almost all of which take cartels for granted, any effective control of these agglomerations of economic power is nearly impossible.

The actions of corporations are likely to be narrowly in their own interest without regard to considerations of conscience. This is so because managers either place the interest of their firms first or are replaced. Recognizing this the U.S. government has developed its antitrust machinery, relying mainly on judicial remedies. These are slow and in the end inadequate. Also they are partly undercut by firms using the regulatory commissions to justify violations of the anti-trust laws. In addition the methods of military procurement employed have done much to foster further concentrations of industry.

Government regulation of industry has not proven an adequate method of guarding the public interest. While the regulating agencies are policy-making bodies in theory, in fact they limit themselves to the details that cannot be escaped. They tend not to act, and so the industry is left to do its own regulating. The commission becomes a

board of review listening to cases already handled by hearings examiners. In this way it is busy with detailed problems of the moment and has no time to raise questions on its own motion. This situation frustrates the commissioners and they are led to accept more lucrative posts within the industry they were regulating, leaving vacancies to be filled by less experienced persons. Naturally, the industry uses all its wiles to ensure that the commissioners appointed have favourable attitudes to the industry. "Whether by chance or design, the Federal Trade Commission for the last three decades has had so many weak appointments as to neutralize any vigorous campaign for the maintenance of competition." There has been an "erosion of purpose and of personnel", and "there is a general conviction that the best shield against criticism is a concealment of the facts". Judicial review is ineffective because of the vast mass of the commissions' decisions—so the courts defer to 'expertise'.

The book ends by showing that we have no real choice of systems anyway. Now we are committed, and we are in too deep. Hope lies in doing what we can to enhance the spirit of competition.

The *Politics of Industry* does not reveal anything that is new, but by lucid expression and excellent illustrations it shows up the weaknesses of current government-business relations in a way that the layman can understand and find interesting. It is a good antidote to the drum-beat of the professional public relations men with their slogans about free enterprise, prosperity, competition and "what's good for business is good for the country."

• HUGH THORBURN

QUEEN'S UNIVERSITY



# OBSERVATIONS on HUDSON'S BAY 1743-1749

Their Robust nature and  
Strong Constitution is Very  
surprizing having seen  
some women that has been  
Brought to bed upon the  
Bare ground, with the  
Heav'ns for a Canope', and  
in an hour afterwards has took the Child

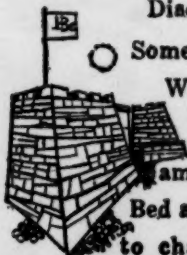
upon their back's, and has gone to the  
woods two Long miles, Brought a Stout Load  
of wood, which wou'd make a stout man  
to flinch, and be nothing at all Concern'd or



Disconsolate about itt, I can not say but in

Some parts of England, Necessity obliges the  
Women to use almost the same methods,

—therefore I think itt's only pride an  
ambition, that some takes in Keeping their  
Bed a full month, and putting a poor C—'n  
to charge and Expence for aught.



JAMES ISHAM, whose Observations on Hud-  
son's Bay provide a fascinating account of life  
during the mid-18th century at the two great  
northern forts of the H B C, took over Prince of  
Wales's Fort at the age of 25, and five years later,  
was made chief at York Factory, where he served  
on and off until his death there in 1791.

Hudson's Bay Company.

INCORPORATED 1791 MAY 1870.

BY JAMES  
ISHAM